



# PURSUIT OF THE TRUTH

BOOK 03

*Er Gen*

EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

# Pursuit of the Truth

(求魔)

by  
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# Synopsis

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Three thousand years of bowing down to the Demon Lord,

I would rather be a mortal than a celestial being when looking back,

but for her I will...

become one who controls life and death!

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# Chapter 201: I See, So I'm The One Sighing With Regret...

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"The child really sensed a second Berserker Mark!"

Amidst the snow floating down from the sky, the old man sucked in a deep breath, and as he looked at the ground, eager anticipation appeared in his eyes.

"His first Mark was the Sky Mark. The second is snow. This snow fell from the sky, but belongs to the ground. It's caught between the sky and earth. This sort of Mark... is incredibly rare!

"The Berserker Mark reflects the soul. Unless there's a unique serendipity, most of the Marks are ordinary. This child's first Mark was the moon, and the moon was not cold, but was made of fire. It's clear that the fire moon has a large influence in his life!

"That's why when he Transcended, he sensed... the fire moon in his trance.

"As for the second Berserker Mark, it's a chilling air that turns into snow... it didn't appear out of nowhere either. There's... there's... some sort of sentimentality lying within..."

The old man mumbled in a pensive silence. A glint appeared briefly in his eyes. He stared at the two figures that were indistinct in the snow on the mountain. He looked at the two of them holding hands as if they were walking in the snowstorm, and those

two figures did not disappear for a long time.

"Due to an encounter, the Moon Mark appeared, due to love, the Snow Mark appeared... This child, if he is up to my standards and becomes my disciple... then it'll be my great fortune, and also his serendipity!"

The old man sucked in a deep breath. He lifted his right hand and pressed it to the center of his brows with a grave expression on his face.

"I can't use Timeless Creation to enter the child's Transcendence thoughts anymore. Oh well, he's worth breaking one of my seals!" the old man mumbled.

A blue light suddenly appeared on his right index finger, which remained pressed to the center of his brows. That light instantly covered the old man's entire body, causing the sea of blood behind him to turn in to a sea of blue blood. Even the stone statue inside was letting out a strange blue light.

As the blue light shone through the sky, the snow that floated down was also stained with blue. The old man lifted his right hand abruptly and pointed towards the ground.

"The Ancient's Words, Three Timeless Creations! Bucca, Taureus, Bratus!"

The old man let out a low growl. The moment he spoke, the

ground trembled, and an illusionary world appeared out of nowhere, causing the area of thousands of li to start distorting as if there were multiple layers overlapping with each other.

A vast amount of energy collected from within the old man's body and a strange totem appeared on his face. That totem... was formed from three odd pictures!

The first picture was carved under his chin. Its pieces looked like the cracks on a tortoise shell, and it was filled with blue light.

The second picture was that of a two-horned bull, which appeared on the center of the old man's brows.

The third picture was that of a dried up old tree. It crawled up the old man's face, causing his face to look terrifying.

There was a sword penetrating through each of the three pictures. The three swords were dull, but as of then, one of them was glowing with blue light.

Within the cavern in the mountain covered by snow, Su Ming remained seated. His entire body was covered in a layer of frost. There was also ice crystals spread through the area all around him. He remained unmoving, but there was a hint of loneliness and forlornness on his face.

The lake had disappeared in the world before Su Ming's eyes. It was replaced with a large mirror completely formed from ice - an



ice mirror.

He stood in front of the mirror and saw his own reflection. As he looked into the mirror, Su Ming heard a whisper calling out to him. That sound seemed to be dragging out his soul, causing his will to slowly blend into the mirror...

When his mind became clear, he saw an endless expanse of snow before him. The area was familiar to him.

Compared to the moon in the lake he saw before, Su Ming could see his body this time. It was as if the world within the mirror was not an illusion. It was real.

Su Ming walked silently forward in the snowstorm with a hint of bafflement. The snow was falling heavily and it covered the sky, causing him to be unable to see the stars hanging in the sky. He could only see the snow that was falling so densely that the two seemed to be connected. They danced in the sky and created a veil of snow that blocked his view and his way forward.

Su Ming walked forth without a word as he looked at the snow. Gradually, he felt as if his surroundings grew more familiar. The moment a light chuckle that sounded like silver bells traveled into his ears from afar, he immediately started trembling. He lifted his head swiftly and looked in the direction the laughter had come from.

"This is..."



Su Ming felt shaken. He stomped on the ground and flew up as the snow on the ground jumped into the air. He saw a city through the snowstorm that was not too big in the distance while he was in midair. The city looked like a slumbering beast lying on the floor in the midst of darkness...

"Wind Stream... Mudstone City..."

He could see a lot of invisible ripples spreading out from behind the city. Beneath them, he saw a sealed mountain clearly.

When he saw that, Su Ming trembled harder. He slowly turned around and cast a glance in another direction.

This was the direction to the forest. From this height, he could vaguely see five summits that looked like fingers on a hand behind the vast forest.

"Dark Mountain..."

Time trickled by slowly. He did not know how much time had passed by. When the chuckle that sounded like silver bells appeared again, this time much closer than before, Su Ming snapped out of his daze. He did now know when, but some time ago, two lines of tears fell down his face.

"Have I come home..?"

Su Ming lowered his head in anguish. He saw a girl walking

closer to him on the snow as she laughed happily.

He saw a foolish looking boy behind the girl. There was happiness on his face, along with exasperation as he chased after her.

Laughter echoed in the air, and it was carefree. When the boy caught up to the girl, he played with her in the snow...

Su Ming watched all of it quietly. He looked at the naivety in the boy and his carefree attitude, observed the brightness in the boy's eyes, and the face without the scar.

He also looked at the girl, the girl who exuded a wild and untamed beauty. Her sparkling, big eyes contained a dream, her look making others intoxicated.

"Is it a dream..?"

Su Ming felt his heart clenching in pain. His body slowly descended from the sky and he stood beside the boy. He looked at the familiar people before him sitting in the snow holding hands as they uttered familiar words.

He could see them.

Yet they could not see him.

"Su Ming, what will we become in ten years..? Are we still going to be as carefree as we are now..?"

"Are you still angry?"

"Don't be mad."

"I'm not mad."

"Ten years later, we'll definitely still be as carefree as we are now... And by that time, my level of cultivation will definitely be very high!

"The elder told me yesterday that I'll be staying in Wind Stream Tribe in the future. I'll receive the same guidance as Ye Wang from Wind Stream's Elder... Perhaps in ten years' time, I'll be close to Transcendence Realm."

The words that sounded like the boy's fantasies traveled into Su Ming's ears. He sat down quietly beside them. As he sat next to the girl and looked at her, a gentle look gradually appeared in his eyes. After a long while, the pair of youths stood up. As they laughed, the boy picked the girl to carry her on his back. She buried her head in the boy's back with a shy look and the two of them went away into the distance.

"You look silly..." the girl whispered softly.

Su Ming could not hear her clearly in the past. Now, as he stood

by her side, he heard her.

It was as if he could not control his own body. He followed the pair of youths and walked with them through the snow until they arrived in Wind Stream City.

He stood in the city and watched the girl sweeping away the snow off the boy's body with a shy smile on her face.

"Su Ming... it'll be an important day for me seven days later... I've always spent that day with my grandma in the past... This year, I want to spend that day with you... alright?"

"That's a promise..."

The moment Su Ming heard the words once again in his current situation, the pain in his heart reached its peak. It made his face pale and he took a staggering step back. His chest clenched in pain and his fingers dug into his flesh, as if he was trying to stop his anguished heart from beating so that he would not be in pain again.

He stood by the side quietly with a conflicted look on his face. That conflict was clearly due to grief stemmed from sorrow.

"That's a promise. Seven days later, no matter where I am, no matter what I'm doing, I'll definitely come and find you..." Su Ming mumbled, saying the exact same words as the boy by his side. He did not miss a single word, but the meaning of their sentences

was different due to the difference of age and time between them.

As he mumbled his words, Su Ming saw the girl blushing. She ran back to Dark Dragon Tribe's lodge with a shy look. He looked at the boy laughing happily and foolishly as he walked in another direction.

Su Ming's laughter eventually fell silent and turned into a sigh. It echoed in the air, just like when he had heard it in the past when he did not know who eventually sighed...

"I see, so I was the one sighing in regret..."

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the sky before he closed his eyes.

When he opened them once again, he was no longer in the world within the mirror. He was standing before the ice mirror instead. A white flower appeared in the mirror.

The flower looked like snow and the white hue made it seem as if it possessed a spirit.

The whispers calling out to him were coming from the flower in the mirror. It was as if everything that Su Ming saw just now was because he fell into a trance before the mirror.

There was a faint figure behind the flower in the mirror. That figure was becoming clearer, and Su Ming could see that he was a

man with white hair.

The man had a freezing presence. His white hair floated in the hair. There was no scar on his face, but his features were strikingly similar to Su Ming's. He was staring at Su Ming with a cold look from within the mirror.

There was a mark of a snow flower on the center of his brows. He wore a white robe, and when his cold gaze met Su Ming's eyes, Su Ming saw mercilessness within them.

"Only when you are merciless will you be heartless. Only when you are heartless will your heart turn cold... Only when you are cold can you command the cold in the world... Only when you are merciless and heartless can your heart turn cold, and only then will you find the Path!

"Place your emotions in the mirror. When you turn around, do not take them away..."

The whispers calling out to him were indistinct. He could not discern whether they were mere illusions or he really heard them. The man in white continued looking at Su Ming with an aloof gaze, as if he was waiting for him to choose.

## Chapter 202: Su Ming's Mark!

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The old man sitting in the sky outside Su Ming's cave abode was looking at the ground with bright eyes. His expression became more solemn until eventually a hint of shock appeared on his face.

"Snow Mark... Si Ma Xin's Berserker Mark was also the Snow Mark. The mark of freezing snow once shocked the entire Freezing Sky, and he proved himself to be incredibly suitable for training the Arts in Freezing Sky Clan!

"I didn't expect I'd see the same Snow Mark as Si Ma Xin's once again!"

The old man took in a deep breath and the glint in his eyes became brighter.

"As expected of a Berserker who Transcended after attaining full completion of the Blood Solidification Realm, he managed to sense two completely different types of Berserker Marks. You gave up on the fire moon, but now the mark of freezing snow... should suit your tastes.

"But from what I can tell from Si Ma Xin, the mark of freezing snow causes the person to be incredibly cold. He will freeze his emotions and his desires. It is a merciless chill... Will this child choose this..?" the old man mumbled and looked at the ground with a grave expression.

His gaze seemed to penetrate through everything, allowing him



to see... the sad person sitting in the cave covered by frost.

"If he gives up on this Mark again... unless he can sense the third Mark, then he will have to choose a Mark that doesn't suit him. If he doesn't choose, then his power will forever be stuck here and he won't improve..."

A hint of worry appeared on the old man's face. He had deep knowledge about Berserker Marks. There were some Transcended Berserkers who never had any Berserker Mark in the history of the Berserker Tribe. However, these people all could not further increase their power and would forever be stuck.

Without a Berserker Mark, a Berserker cannot be considered a true member of the Berserker Tribe!

"He shouldn't give this up now..." the old man mumbled to himself, then his expression suddenly changed.

As Su Ming sat in the cave in the mountains, a phrase echoed within the world in his heart.

"Place your emotions in the mirror. When you turn around, do not take them away..." Su Ming mumbled. He looked at the ice mirror and the snow flower within it, along with the man in white behind the snow flower.

"Can I put all these in the mirror and not take them away with me..?"

Anguish appeared on Su Ming's face and he sighed once again.

"I broke my promise once...

"I can't give up on my memories and the love I felt when I was a teenager... If I do that, even if I obtain the mark of freezing snow, would I still be me..?" Su Ming closed his eyes.

"I see. I didn't expect a Transcended Berserker Mark to appear like this when I'm in a trance. The moon in the lake and the flower in the mirror...

"They're all mere illusions. They aren't real! All of these aren't real. Even so, the flower in the mirror and the moon in the lake are not my choices!"

Su Ming opened his eyes.

"I want neither... the flower in the mirror nor the moon in the lake!"

The moment Su Ming spoke, a large amount of cracks instantly appeared on the ice mirror before him. As cracking sounds rang out, it shattered into an innumerable amount of shards. The ice flower and the person in white in the mirror also seemed to have duplicated themselves to exist within every single shard that scattered before Su Ming.

"Fool!"

When the old man in the sky saw this scene, he slowly spoke. However, he did not try to stop Su Ming as he initially wanted to do when he gave up on his first Berserker Mark. He chose to observe what Su Ming would do next instead.

‘But he’s bold! His personality makes him worthy of becoming my disciple. If you can really bring out the third Berserker Mark in your trance, then even if you can’t become my disciple and can’t pass my test, I’ll still help you into Freezing Sky Clan!’

The old man watched the land silently, waiting for the third Berserker Mark that even he was not certain would appear!

Time trickled by, and very soon, it was night. However, the night sky was filled with blue and blood-red light. A strange night sky filled with blue and red light was formed.

The frost on Su Ming’s body had disappeared in the cave on the ground. There was no longer any hint of ice or cold air on the walls of the cave. The entire mountain range returned to normal.

"So he can no longer do it..?"

After waiting for a long while, the old man in the sky sighed.

However, he did not leave. He remained in the sky and continued waiting. Gradually, the night went by. Even when the sky

gradually brightened up, Su Ming remained seated and unmoving within the cave. No other signs of Berserker Marks appeared. It was as if they had fallen asleep.

"He gave up on the fire moon, which meant that the tribe he grew up in does not train the ways of fire. Because it's different and he did not want to give up on it, that's why he didn't choose it. From this, it can be seen that the child values family ties.

"He gave up on the Snow Mark because he did not want to be merciless and cold, which means he's someone who values his relationships...

"But people like these aren't suitable to train in my practice and learn my inheritance. He can't be a vice... he can't... overturn anything. There's no need for any tests any longer."

After three days, the old man let out a long sigh. He cast a profound look at the ground and did not continue waiting. He knew that while the time for the process of Transcendence differs for each Berserker, but the moment they wake up from their trance, then it means that the process had ended.

At that moment, he sensed that Su Ming had opened his eyes within the cave.

"If you choose to enter Freezing Sky Clan, then I will speak a word for you," the old man mumbled to himself.

He left with regret and lamentation, walking into the distance. Loneliness could be seen on his back. As he left, the blue and blood-red light gradually faded away, and eventually, they disappeared along with the stone statue within that never once opened its eyes.

"I failed..."

Su Ming opened his eyes within the cave and looked at the walls before him as he mumbled softly. It was dark all around him. Amidst this silence, he lifted his head.

His expression was calm. There was no hint of regret or any sign of other emotions. Instead, in the midst of the darkness, he sat in silence as if he was asking himself whether it was worth it to give up on two powerful Berserker Marks.

‘The fire moon is not one with my tribe. If I have to give up on my tribe and no longer be a member of Dark Mountain Tribe to be one of the Fire Berserkers... I don’t want that.

‘The freezing snow wants me to place all my emotions in the mirror, then turn away and abandon them. I can’t do this either. If that’s the case, then there’s no need for me to regret this.’

Su Ming could feel that once he gave up on the two Berserker Marks he obtained in his trance, his power in Transcendence seemed to have lost its vigor. It was as if his power was worn out.

"What is a Mark..?"

Su Ming did not bother himself with his power's waning. He lifted his head and looked at the dark ceiling in the cave and mumbled instead.

"The Mark is a reflection of the heart. It is a unique state that belongs solely to a person alone..."

This was what his elder had told him in the past, and Su Ming always remembered it.

"Why do we need to enter a trance when we search for our Berserker Marks..?"

Su Ming smiled.

His smile was faint, but within that faint smile was a hint of understanding that no one else could see.

"It's because the people in the world usually don't even know themselves. They don't know their hearts, that's why they need to go into a trance to sense what lies within their hearts..."

"A Berserker Mark is just a form of self-examination!"

Su Ming's eyes were serene. There was no surge of emotion within them, but gradually, a profound look appeared in them.

"I examined myself, that's why the fire moon and snow appeared... but even if the flower in the mirror and the fire moon appeared through my self-examination, they might not be what I truly want."

Su Ming lifted his right hand and placed it before himself.

He looked at his right hand and a strange light appeared in his eyes.

"On the other hand, it's precisely because I examined myself in my trance this time that I truly learned just what I truly need..."

Su Ming smiled. He placed his right index finger by his mouth and bit down. Blood appeared. This blood was very viscous, and within it was the power of Transcendence contained in Su Ming's body.

This was the blood gathered together under the power of Transcendence. This was Berserker Blood!

"Draw your Berserker Mark with Berserker Blood..."

Without any hint of hesitation, he pressed his finger at the center of his brows and swiped his finger down to his chin, making the first stroke of his Berserker Mark!

It was a mark of blood horrifying to the eyes. It started from the center of his brows, went past his nose, through his lips, until it



connected with his chin.

Anyone who carved their Berserker Mark on their skins would trigger the power of Transcendence within them. The scene where a large amount of red fog covering their skins would appear, yet now, it did not appear.

"My Mark is the reflection of my will..."

Su Ming's eyes grew brighter. It was as if there were certain sights within the deep parts of his eyes. Those sights were branded in his mind, and he would never forget them.

His right index finger took another stroke on his face and went past his left eye. Yet, even when he took his second stroke, the power of Transcendence within him still remained still. It did not activate.

"It was not obtained through a trance, but a form of verification after I gave up on my trance..." Su Ming mumbled.

He closed his eyes. With his index finger, he took the third stroke. By then, there were three long lines of blood on his face, but it was difficult to see just what he was trying to draw. Perhaps only the scene that existed within his closed eyes would show just what Berserker Mark he wanted to draw clearly.

"It's not the moon of the Fire Berserkers!"

Su Ming took the fourth stroke, the fifth...

"It's not the freezing snow!"

The blood lines looked to be in slight disarray on his face. There might be a number of strokes, but they lacked a line connecting them all together, causing others to be unable to see just what picture Su Ming was trying to draw.

"It is..."

Su Ming did not know just how many strokes he made. At that moment, his right index finger came to a pause. He opened his eyes slowly, and the instant he did so, he drew a line across the chaotic blood lines with his index finger. Like a finishing stroke, it connected all the blood lines together, forming a mountain with five summits!

The mountain with five summits – Dark Mountain!

The moment that Dark Mountain Mark appeared, the power of Transcendence within Su Ming's body was drawn out of his body explosively, causing his entire body to be filled with a large amount of red fog. That fog surged into the mark of the five summits, causing that Dark Mountain Mark to look as if it was alive!

If Tian Xie Zi had not left and saw this Mark, he would definitely let out a sigh. This was the Mountain Mark, it was one of the most

basic Marks among all Berserker Marks... yet similarly, the moment he finished sighing, he would definitely suck in a sharp breath, and that sigh would turn into shock.

This shock would even surpass the shock when he sensed Su Ming's fire moon and freezing snow marks by several fold. It would simply make him sink into a state of disbelief!

Berserker Marks were all simple. A Berserker Mark with two types of items was already considered complex, but this person...

Su Ming's shirt was open. His right index finger did not stop after he drew Dark Mountain. Instead, as gentleness and nostalgia appeared in his eyes, he trailed his finger on his chest, and with each stroke, he drew... a tribe!

# Chapter 203: My Berserker Mark, My Soul

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Time passed by without Su Ming's knowledge. He sat within the cave, having completely forgotten everything. He had even forgotten his goal of entering Freezing Sky Clan. The only thin in his mind was chasing his memories with an empty mind.

That nostalgia spread out from his eyes and turned into a smile on his lips, but at the same time, there was also grief.

He could not differentiate what sort of emotions were within him at that moment. Su Ming's right hand drew on his body and brought out the outlines of Dark Mountain: all the plants in his memories, the familiar houses, and the familiar fences.

"My Berserker Mark, My Soul..." Su Ming mumbled.

His right index finger dripped with viscous blood as he drew on his body.

Dark Mountain, the tribe, the forest, the houses... and the bonfires that seemed to be burning. All of these were beautiful moments. However, the tribe was void of people, there was only desolation within.

Days passed by, and the blood picture of Dark Mountain and the tribe gradually grew complete. The red fog and clouds tumbled outside and within Su Ming's body as they continued to surge into the picture.

Eventually, all the power of Transcendence in his body completely turned into red fog. Once it fused with his Berserker Mark, the Mark that covered half of his body seemed to have gained a soul and looked alive.

The mountain, plants, houses, and everything on it was clearly shown on Su Ming's body, forming a gigantic picture that turned into his Mark!

A Mark of his home!

At that moment, Su Ming did not know that this sort of complicated Mark was incredibly rare in the Berserker Tribe. It did not belong to any of the three sky, earth, and world categories of the nine alterations. If Tian Xie Zi had not left, he would see it, and he would definitely be shocked.

Due to the complexity of Su Ming's Mark, it would either be categorized as a mixed Mark and the Berserker would find it hard to increase his power, ending as a joke, or he would increase his power, and once he did so, the power that would explode from him would be shocking.

After a few days, Su Ming's right index finger stopped for a moment. His eyes opened once again. He lifted his right hand slowly, and the power of Transcendence surged forth inside him with an explosive force. As it spread through his entire body, the true presence of Transcendence burst forth from within him.

That presence far surpassed all those within the Blood Solidification Realm. It even created an intimidating presence that could overpower all those in the Blood Solidification Realm. Su Ming's hair moved without wind. While he sat, the red fog on his entire body gradually disappeared. The only thing left was the Mark of Home that filled his entire upper body!

On his face, the Mark showed Dark Mountain, while on his chest was his tribe. The tribe spread out on his chest, and around it were the plants. That Mark was incredibly clear.

"Transcended Berserkers do not train blood veins. They only train their Marks... The Mark is their strength, and through the Berserker Blood in their veins, they can display remarkable abilities..." Su Ming mumbled.

Everything he knew about Transcendence was told to him by his elder over the years since he was young.

"There are four stages in the Transcendence Realm... It's divided into the early stage, middle stage, later stage, and the great completion of the Transcendence Realm. Breaking into the Bone Sacrifice Realm through great completion is much harder than reaching the Transcendence Realm through the Blood Solidification Realm."

Su Ming lifted his right hand and touched the Mark on his face.

"There are many people in the Transcendence Realm who can't enter the Bone Sacrifice Realm their whole lives. They can't refine

their Berserker Bone and can only fade away in time, leaving the world with regret."

Su Ming lifted his head and his eyes sparkled brightly. His Berserker Mark shone with a red flare as if it was moving on his body. A power that was clearly only at the early stage of Transcendence but could already stun those in the middle and later stages of Transcendence by bursting forth from Su Ming's body.

The cave trembled. Even the mountains around the cave shook. They let out muffled rumbling sounds and a large amount of dust scattered into the air, turning into a ring that rolled outwards from the mountain.

'Transcending with 999 blood veins... Right now, the power I have...' Su Ming lifted his right hand and clenched it slowly before him. 'I wonder what is the difference between me and those in the later stage of the Transcendence Realm..?'

He took a deep breath. The moment he unclenched his right hand, a bell chime immediately reverberated around him, and an ancient bell about the size of his palm appeared in his hand!

This bell was Han Mountain Bell!

As he looked at this bell, a cold smirk appeared on Su Ming's lips.

'Si Ma Xin, with my current level power and this treasure, I



wonder just what is the difference between us...’

Su Ming swung his arm, and once he put away the ancient bell, his body swayed forward, and the door to the cave instantly shattered. As it turned into a countless amount of debris that tumbled backward, Su Ming walked out calmly.

Behind him, the small virescent sword let out a joyful sword whistle. It surrounded Su Ming and eventually crawled into the center of his brows with a flash, hiding in the form of a sword mark.

He Feng was trembling. He followed behind Su Ming like a servant with extreme anxiety. He had witnessed every moment of Su Ming’s Transcendence. As of now, his reverence towards Su Ming had reached its peak.

Su Ming stepped on air and walked towards the sky from the ground. He stood there, but did not circulate his power intentionally. His power seemed to have lost its weight and he seemed to have become one with the sky. He could rise into the sky at will.

The wind in midair was very strong. It could be heard moaning as it blew past. It moved Su Ming’s hair and made the green robes he wore once again dance in the air.

His destination was Han Mountain City located in the distance.

Su Ming's expression was calm as he lifted his right hand to touch the center of his brows.

"Some parts are still missing in my Berserker Mark..." he mumbled. The moment he finished drawing his Mark based on his home, he understood that his Mark was incomplete.

"I can repair my Mark during Transcendence, when my Mark is complete, then I will have attained great completion in the Transcendence Realm!"

Su Ming lowered his right hand from the center of his brows. The Dark Mountain Mark on his face gradually disappeared along with the Mark of Home under his clothes.

Unless they used their full power, then those who had Transcended would not easily reveal their Berserker Marks.

'There's no need to hurry for my Berserker Mark. Right now, I need to enter Freezing Sky Clan and get the map back home!'

Light flashed through Su Ming's eyes briefly before they turned calm once again. He turned around and cast a glance at He Feng.

He Feng immediately shuddered when Su Ming looked at him. He instinctively put on a flattering look on his face and quickly bowed before he spoke loudly.

"Master, congratulations on Transcending and drawing your

Berserker Mark. Master, you were born to be extraordinary, you are a bright and handsome man with shocking potential. With just a glance, I can tell that you're different from the others, you'll definitely rise up above others in the future, and with one..."

He Feng was not used to saying all these things. Some of his words did not manage to convey his thoughts, but it was still clear that his fear towards Su Ming at that moment was completely different from before.

The difference in their power caused a form of subjugation that made He Feng suppress all his inner thoughts. When he saw Su Ming frowning as he spoke, He Feng immediately stopped speaking and put on a moved expression. He was about to use another method to get into Su Ming's good books when Su Ming's words traveled into his ears.

"That's enough. Come back."

He Feng immediately nodded. The moved look on his face instantly changed to that of worship. His body turned into a wisp of green smoke that crawled into Su Ming's body and disappeared. However, Su Ming did not know that there were currently all sorts of emotions welled up in He Feng's heart.

Those emotions were not due to Su Ming becoming stronger, but due to himself.

'He Feng, have you forgotten how to be flexible, even though you learned it since you were young? It's just flattery. It's not difficult.

I can definitely get used to this. When I make this boy happy, then it'll be easier to negotiate'.

He Feng made a decision in his mind.

'But this boy's power is too high now. His changes over the years are just too great. Ha... I'm to blame for making the wrong judgment. If I knew that his power would be so abnormal, then I wouldn't have bothered him...'

He Feng was a little worried as he stayed in Su Ming's body.

'I have to improve our relationship. I can't just rely on flattery. He's becoming increasingly more intelligent. Before long, I'll no longer be useful to him. He won't be so kind as to let me go so easily either... especially when his power continues growing stronger. He'll know sooner or later that Spirit Bodies like mine will increase the power of enchanted Vessels if we're placed into them and refined within.'

Once He Feng thought about that, he was immediately terrified.

'I don't have any other choice. I have to change my plans and make him know how useful I am...'

As He Feng was thinking, Su Ming turned into a long arc in the air and charged towards his destination, Han Mountain City.

He had already made all preparations. What was left was for him

to return to Han Mountain City and enter Freezing Sky Clan.

‘There are few who have seen how I look like in Han Mountain City. Even if I Transcended there, I still managed to hide my face, I never once revealed myself.

‘But there should be some who recognized me as Mo Su from Tranquil East Tribe, but that’s not a problem.

‘Han Cang Zi once said that Freezing Sky Clan will only take Han Fei Zi in as a disciple this time... then if I want to get in, I’ll have to follow my previous plan. I have to show off and shock them!’

Su Ming’s expression was calm. Transcending in Han Mountain was in truth just part of the plan to create a chance for him to enter Freezing Sky Clan.

As he was mulling over his thoughts, He Feng’s respectful voice suddenly appeared in his ears.

"Master, I have another cave abode..."

Su Ming continued charging forth. He did not bother about He Feng.

"Um, Master, I’ve already decided to offer this cave abode to you as a present congratulating you for Transcending... There’s not much in the cave abode, just some stone coins. I obtained them using various methods in the past..."

Su Ming continued ignoring him. His speed increased as he looked in the direction where Han Mountain City laid.

He Feng waited for a while, when he saw that Su Ming was still not tempted, he laughed bitterly and gritted his teeth.

"Master, it's not just one cave abode. I have two... there're stone coins hidden within the cave abodes...

"Three! Master, I have three!

"Four... Master, I only have four cave abodes left..."

As He Feng continued speaking, he became increasingly more anxious.

"Where is it?" Su Ming asked unhurriedly while continuing to move forward.

When he heard this question, He Feng felt a burden lift up from his shoulders. However, he could not help but feel his heart aching in pain, yet he had to improve their relationship. He had to get into Su Ming's good books, hence he quickly spilled out the locations.

'Once he sees the stone coins, he'll definitely be shocked and ask me where I found them. When that time comes, it'll be my turn to show him how useful I am.'

As He Feng thought about it, he gradually became satisfied.

# Chapter 204: You Choose

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Su Ming did not immediately return to Han Mountain City. He changed directions instead and went to the four locations He Feng provided him for the four cave abodes. Once he found them and saw the stone coins hidden within the cave abodes, he was shocked.

He Feng had a large amount of stone coins within the four abodes. It far surpassed the amount he had in his storage bag. When he saw these stone coins, Su Ming helped himself to them. He swung his arm and put away all the coins in his storage bag before turning around and leaving.

He Feng waited, but when he saw Su Ming continue charging towards Han Mountain and showing no intention of asking him, he was stunned, because it was different from what he had imagined.

He waited for a little while longer before He Feng found himself asking.

"Master, haha... Aren't these stone coins good?"

"They're not bad," Su Ming stated calmly.

"It's my greatest glory to be able to serve and please you. If you think it's good, then all is well. If you ever find yourself lacking money, then you don't have to worry. With my abilities, I will definitely be able to earn a lot of stone coins for you."



He Feng spoke carefully in hopes of drawing the topic to his plans.

"Alright!" Su Ming answered without any hesitation.

The moment he finished speaking, he no longer spoke. As he charged forward, the distance between him and Han Mountain City closed up.

He Feng felt depressed. After a moment of hesitation, he spoke once again.

"Master, I only used a few years to obtain all these stone coins. I'm not boasting about myself. I'm well versed in the art of negotiation. In truth, Master, your method of negotiating with the others previously was wrong. I'm very good in this..."

"Oh?"

The ghost of a smile appeared on Su Ming's lips. He knew since a long time ago that He Feng wanted to say something, or else he would not have given him such a huge present.

The moment he heard Su Ming replying, He Feng's spirits were lifted. He immediately used this chance to present the benefits of having him around.

"I'm not boasting about myself. It's true, Master, I'm very talented in the buying and selling of items. We have to haggle the price when we buy things. This is something easy for me.

"I got these stone coins with this method. My status in Han Mountain City was about the same as yours as Mo Su. I've made quite a name for myself in the city.

"Master, I'm not boasting about myself. If you let me handle your finances, I'll definitely earn loads for you. If anything catches your eye, you just have to tell me and let me buy it for you. I'm not boasting about myself..."

The more He Feng spoke, the more excited he became. He even spoke about his past glorious achievements. However, every single time he mentioned all these, there would always be one sentence that repeated itself.

"I'm not boasting about myself... Master...

"...I'm really not boasting about my amazing self... I mean... I'm not boasting about myself..."

Su Ming's kept on smiling as he listened to He Feng. He suddenly felt that this He Feng was perhaps the man's real self.

The day passed by with He Feng continuing to boast about himself. When night fell, Han Mountain appeared before Su Ming's eyes.

When he saw it, the smile on Su Ming's lips gradually disappeared. He brought out the black mask from his bosom and put it on his face, turning into Mo Su. He did not go to Han Mountain City immediately, but chose to go towards Tranquil East Mountain.

Tranquil East Mountain in the dusk was the same as usual. It gave out a towering presence. However, that mountain now looked a lot more different in Su Ming's eyes.

When he first saw this mountain, he had been nervous. He might not have been nervous the second time he came here, but it was not a place he could enter freely.

This was the third time he stood at the foot of Tranquil East Mountain. Even if he was as small as an ant before the mountain, he knew in his heart that he could now walk on it.

Su Ming did not speak. He stood at the foot of the mountain and walked up the steps. The instant his foot landed, the mountain suddenly trembled and an intimidating pressure fell on him.

That pressure did not possess any intelligence. It was clear that it was the activation of Tranquil East's Mountain Protection Art, used to prevent outsiders from trespassing into their tribe.

Su Ming's expression was calm. That presence charged towards him with a loud bang, but it came to an abrupt halt about 100 feet away from him, as if it had crashed into an invisible wall. A lot of

rumbling sounds echoed in the air, but that pressure could not move any further.

With the mask on his face, Su Ming moved forward. Once he took ten steps forward, whistling sounds sliced through the air towards him. Ten people charged towards him from the mountain. All of them had respectful expressions on their faces. They stopped far away from Su Ming and bowed deeply towards him.

"Welcome, Lord Kindred Mo..."

Su Ming nodded his head and continued onward. He was not fast, but he crossed about a dozen steps with each step he took towards the top of the mountain.

At that moment, a dozen more people charged towards him. The one leading the team of people was Fang Shen, the tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe. Behind him were the powerful Berserkers of Tranquil East Tribe. Once they appeared, they bowed towards Su Ming deeply with conflicted but respectful looks.

"Welcome, Lord Kindred Mo."

Fang Shen moved a few steps forward, then when he was hundreds of feet away from Su Ming, an excited look appeared on his face. He wrapped his fist in his palm and greeted Su Ming.

"Greetings, sir."

Su Ming's footsteps faltered. He looked at Fang Shen and spoke calmly.

"Tribe leader, there's no need for you to do this. I came here to fulfill my promise. Please bring me to Fang Mu."

"Thank you for your aid!"

Fang Shen bowed once more towards Su Ming. When he straightened his body, there was a look of shock and respect in his eyes that was difficult to conceal when he looked at Su Ming. He looked at Mo Su standing before him and remembered all the things that had happened when they met each other.

"Sir, this way. You don't have to worry about my son as of yet. Please come to Tranquil East Tower and allow Tranquil East Tribe to offer you our welcome... The Elder is preparing himself, he'll come by later to welcome you personally."

"There's no need for all that trouble."

As Su Ming spoke, he activated the Branding Art. When his power reached Transcendence, his Branding Art improved. When he activated it, the area it covered now spanned to half of the mountain, allowing him to instantly locate Fang Mu.

Su Ming took one step forward and moved on air before turning into a long arc and charging towards Fang Mu's house at the mountainside. Fang Shen quickly spoke to the people by his side

and followed behind Su Ming.

At the mountainside of Tranquil East Mountain was an ordinary house made of stone. Han Cang Zi was sitting cross-legged within. She was frowning and there was a melancholy look on her face. Along with her blue skirt, her troubled look gave her a different air of beauty.

Whistling sounds traveled forth and Han Cang Zi looked as if she was shocked awake. She lifted her head, and when she saw the masked Su Ming approaching in the long arc in the sky, her eyes brightened up.

When the long arc descended and turned into Su Ming once the light dissipated, he looked at Han Cang Zi and nodded.

"Greetings, brother Mo."

Han Cang Zi got up and spoke softly. There was a hint of joy in her voice.

"How's Fang Mu?"

He cast Han Cang Zi a glance, then looked at the room behind her.

Han Cang Zi hesitated for a moment before she spoke softly.

"Not too good..."

"Si Ma Xin activated the Berserker Seed in Mu Er's body beforehand, so even after he left, Mu Er remained unconscious... From what I understand about Si Ma Xin's Art, Mu Er's life force is blocked..." Han Cang Zi whispered with grief on her face.

Su Ming was silent for a moment before he said slowly, "I played a hand in this."

"Sir, you don't have to blame yourself. It was bound to happen someday."

Fang Shen's voice appeared from behind Su Ming. He walked up towards them with a dejected look.

"In truth, I knew that Mu Er did not suffer from an injury, but it was because Si Ma... Xin planted the Berserker Seed within him... When I met you in the past, I did not have much hope of him getting cured. I just made others think I didn't know about it.

"I hope you will forgive me for this."

Fang Shen let out a long sigh and bowed once again towards Su Ming.

Su Ming did not look at Fang Shen. He walked towards the room behind Han Cang Zi and pushed open the door. The instant the door was opened, a freezing chill blew into his face. The cold wind

spread to an area of about hundreds of feet, and the floor where the wind blew through was covered in a layer of frost.

Everything within was revealed clearly when he opened the door. The room was not big, but as of then, it was filled with cold air. There was also a layer of ice in the room.

A boy lay on a stone bed.

The boy was still. His face had a purplish black hue. A lot of frost covered his body, and he looked like a frozen corpse.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he walked into the room. The instant he did so, blue lightning arcs immediately swam through his entire body, then traveled down his legs to the ground. The arcs swam across the ice around him, and as cracking sounds filled the air, the ice immediately showed signs of shattering.

When Su Ming walked by, the ice behind him completely shattered, revealing the floor underneath.

When he was beside Fang Mu, many lightning arcs swam around his body, making him look as if he was surrounded by lightning. He looked at the unconscious and nearly dead Fang Mu, then lifted his right hand. Lightning sparks gathered together in his right hand until they turned into a large amount of lightning in his hand. He was just about to tap the center of Fang Mu's brows with a finger...



"Sir, please hold your hand..." an old voice said.

A long arc charged towards them from outside the house. When it descended, it turned into an old man. That old man was the Elder of Tranquil East Tribe.

He took a few brisk steps forward and moved past Fang Shen, who looked as if he was struggling internally. He was just about to step into Fang Mu's house when Su Ming turned his head back and cast the old man a freezing look.

When he saw that glance, the Elder of Tranquil East Tribe felt shaken. He sensed danger and a feeling of being oppressed rose within him, making his heart instantly race. He stopped abruptly and stood outside the house. He did not dare rush forward anymore, but chose to walk towards Su Ming and bow deeply to him.

"Greetings, sir.

"Sir, on behalf that Tranquil East Tribe has never offended you... please spare us... I will be eternally grateful if you do so."

There was anguish on the Elder's face, and he did not straighten up once he bowed down.

"What is the meaning behind your words?" Su Ming asked unhurriedly.

"Sir, if you save this child, then our tribe will inevitably offend Sir Si Ma. If Sir Si Ma is angered, our tribe will not be able to withstand his fury... Fang Mu is a good child, his only mistake was that he was born in Tranquil East Tribe..." the old man answered in a low tone.

Su Ming remained silent for a while and then his gaze moved to Fang Mu, but his words were clearly directed towards Fang Shen. "Fang Mu is your son. You choose."

Fang Shen trembled, and his struggles became more apparent.

## Chapter 205: I Know

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"I..."

Fang Shen opened his mouth as if he wanted to say something, but he could not speak. He trembled. His heart clenched in pain and his face instantly turned pale. As he looked at Fang Mu lying on the bed, his struggles reached their peak.

"Brother..." Han Cang Zi looked at Fang Shen and spoke softly, but she could only utter that one word.

She could not help with his choice because she had already left Tranquil East Tribe and become a disciple of Freezing Sky Clan. She could not take Fang Shen's place in making this decision.

"Fang Shen, you're the tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe. The fate of the tribe lies on your shoulders..." the Elder of Tranquil East Tribe said calmly.

"This day... was bound to come sooner or later..." Fang Shen looked at his son and the struggles in his heart reflected in his eyes gradually disappeared to be replaced by resolution. "Everyone will die in the end... He is my son... He shouldn't be my son..." he mumbled.

Su Ming remained silent as he looked at Fang Mu lying by his side. He looked at his purplish black face and felt as if he could feel the boy's pain. Perhaps he was only suffering from physical pain, but if Fang Mu could hear what was happening around him at that

moment, then the pain he suffered would definitely stem from within his heart.

His fate lay in his father's hands, and he would have no idea how his father would choose. Would he choose to ignore the danger of offending Si Ma Xin and take the big risk of saving his son's life, or would his father... give up on him?

"He still has some consciousness left, he can hear your decision," Su Ming said languidly.

He had seen a single tear trickle down the corner of Fang Mu's eye just now, but before it managed to fall, it had turned into a shard of ice.

Fang Shen trembled even harder. He staggered forward and walked into the room. The freezing air closed in on him. This man, who did not look old, looked as if he had become old in an instant. He trembled and knelt down beside the bed, then lifted his right hand without caring about the ice and touched Fang Mu's face.

"Mu Er, I'm sorry... I'm first the tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe, then only am I your father... That's why over all these years, even if I knew about the source of your injuries, I pretended that I didn't know. I pretended to search for ways to cure you to hide the fact that I knew...

"Whenever I saw you trying to prove yourself before me, my heart would clench in pain," Fang Shen mumbled and tears fell down his cheeks.

"Fang Shen, we can only let the boy die. We... can't save him, and we mustn't save him..."

The Elder of Tranquil East Tribe sighed, and a conflicted look appeared on his face.

"I can't save him? That's right. I'm a member of Tranquil East Tribe..." Fang Shen's chuckles gradually grew into loud laughter. However, there was only grief in his laughter. "It's precisely because I am the tribe leader, that's why even if I knew all these, I could not tell him, I even had to put up a farce before him... Sir Mo, what are the chances of success to cure Fang Mu?"

Red appeared in Fang Shen's eyes. He turned to look at Su Ming.

Su Ming looked at Fang Shen kneeling before him and a barely noticeable glint flashed in his eyes.

"I have no confidence, not even a tenth of it," he stated slowly. "But if I take action, even if I don't succeed, Si Ma Xin will still discover it. That's why you must think clearly."

Su Ming no longer looked at Fang Shen, but cast his gaze on Fang Mu.

'Fang Mu, I'm sorry, I didn't tell him the truth. I want to know what your father would choose to do in this situation,' Su Ming thought silently.

This situation... reminded him of himself.

Fang Shen's face was bloodless. He lowered his head slowly and looked at Fang Mu blankly.

The Elder of Tranquil East Tribe let out a long sigh before he spoke sternly. "Fang Shen, Sir Mo has spoken. The chances of saving Fang Mu are close to none. The outcome has already been decided!"

Han Cang Zi stood outside the house. Her face was bloodless. She leaned on the wall by her side as if she had lost all her strength. The grief in her eyes became more prominent.

Fang Shen was silent. After a long while, he stood up slowly and closed his eyes, cutting off his sight of his own son. His body was trembling as he turned around and walked out of the house as if that act itself was a struggle.

At the instant he turned around, he did not see that the ice shards under Fang Mu's eyes had increased.

Fang Shen looked like he grew much older in an instant. He took one step forward with his back towards Fang Mu.

The instant his foot landed, he felt as if his heart had shattered. Right before his eyes, he saw Fang Mu sitting happily on his shoulders as he laughed happily and innocently.

"Papa... Papa..."

Tears fell down Fang Shen's eyes as he took his second step, but the moment his foot landed, Fang Shen let out a long sigh. He stopped.

"Elder," Fang Shen mumbled.

The Elder remained silent, but a fierce look appeared in his eyes.

"I've been the tribe leader for Tranquil East Tribe for 19 years. For the past 19 years, I've been the tribe leader of Tranquil East Tribe, not Mu Er's father... but now, I will take up the responsibilities of a father!

"I, Fang Shen, will leave Tranquil East Tribe and resign from the post of tribe leader!

"From now on, I no longer have anything to do with Tranquil East Tribe. If Mu Er lives, I will bring him with me... If Mu Er passes why, I will kill myself as an apology."

"What are you saying?! Not even Sir Mo is confident he can cure your son! Why are you doing this for a boy who lost all hope of surviving?!"

The fierce look in the Elder's eyes became sharper.

Fang Shen lifted his head and looked at the Elder of Tranquil East Tribe firmly.

"I'm his father!"

When the words fell into Su Ming's ears, a shudder ran through his body. He looked at Fang Shen, then at Fang Mu, then let out a soft sigh. When he saw that the Elder of Tranquil East Tribe was about to fly into rage, Su Ming lifted his right hand and waved it at Fang Shen.

His actions were too sudden. As he swung his arm, a large amount of lightning appeared around Fang Shen. With a rumble, Fang Shen coughed out a mouthful of blood and he was flung out of the house. He fell outside, and while stunned, he struggled to get up, but with a shock from the lightning sparks surrounding his body, he fainted.

Soon after, a bell chime reverberated in the air from within Su Ming's body. That bell chime did not spread too far outwards, only within the house. Yet when the Elder heard it, he trembled and staggered back. It was not until he retreated a few hundred feet that he managed to gain his footing.

His face was pale as he looked at Su Ming, as if he had just understood something. He silently looked at the unconscious Fang Shen before he let out a long sigh, then he lifted his right hand and slammed it on his chest. With that one strike, he coughed out fresh blood and fell to the side.



"When I first came to the Land of South Morning, I met you. That is our fate... Since that's the case, I will shoulder the responsibility of facing Si Ma Xin... You... have a good father..."

With his right hand, Su Ming tapped the center of Fang Mu's brows. The moment his palm landed, Fang Mu started trembling viciously. The ice on his body was instantly surrounded by lightning, and with a few cracking sounds, it shattered inch by inch.

Yet the moment the ice on his body shattered, freezing air spread out from within Fang Mu's body once again, as if it was going to cover his body in ice once more. When what little remained of his life force was gone, Fang Mu would breathe his last.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Almost at the very instant the freezing air appeared, he lifted his right hand again, and with a flash of lightning, a white medicinal pill appeared in his hand.

The medicinal pill was about the size of an infant's fist. It was round, and did not look as if it was supposed to be consumed. It looked like an enchanted treasure instead. The moment it appeared, an absorption force spread out, causing a large amount of the freezing air in the house to surge towards the pill, as if the medicinal pill itself was a void that sucked in all that existed.

**Spirit Plunder!**

Su Ming might not have known about the name nor the origins

of the Berserker Seed planted within Fang Mu, but from the looks of it, there was a hint of the power from a Berserker Mark hidden within, nourishing it. As long as it was a Berserker Mark, then Su Ming was confident Spirit Plunder would be effective.

As of then, the hint of power from the Berserker Mark nourishing the Berserker Seed within Fang Mu waned and withered away. There was not much power left. It was precisely because of this that Fang Mu, who had lost a large amount of his life force, could still bear to withstand its existence, still hang on to life.

Extinguishing a waning Mark of a Berserker Seed was not something Su Ming had confidence only once in ten times to perform. He had but absolute confidence!

The moment he brought out Spirit Plunder, not only did it absorb the freezing air around him, but the purplish black hue on Fang Mu's face also seemed to have come alive, turning into a layer of fog on his skin that started tumbling about as if it wanted to sink into Fang Mu's body and hide itself.

Yet the moment Su Ming swung his right arm and Spirit Plunder slowly floated down to stick to the center of Fang Mu's brows, the purplish black fog was immediately absorbed into the medicinal pill.

A large amount of purplish black fog was incessantly absorbed by the medicinal pill. Gradually, a layer of frost appeared on the medicinal pill, but the rate of absorption did not decrease by even the slightest. It only became faster.

After a moment, an indistinct roar came from within Fang Mu's body. Once all the purplish black fog was absorbed, a purple snow flower appeared on Fang Mu's face.

The snow flower had been buried deep within his body. Right now, it was finally forced out. As Fang Mu trembled furiously, the snow flower was drawn to the medicinal pill's side. In an instant, it was taken in.

When the medicinal pill sucked in the snow flower, its color immediately changed to purple!

Cold, chilly air spread out from within the pill. Its appearance changed drastically. Once it spun a few circles slowly on Fang Mu's head, it floated at a leisurely pace to Su Ming before landing on his right palm.

The instant he came into contact with the medicinal pill, a gust of freezing air seeped into Su Ming's body, but it soon scattered away and disappeared. At the same time, a similar presence to that of an enchanted treasure appeared on the medicinal pill.

Its color also started to change slowly, eventually returning to white once again. It was slightly transparent, and Su Ming could see a layer of purple snow sealed deep within.

"I can save you, but I can't return you the life force you lost. Take care of yourself. Now, nothing connects us anymore," Su Ming stated calmly and put away the medicinal pill.

He looked at Fang Mu, whose face no longer had the purplish black hue and whose body was no longer covered in frost, struggling to open his eyes before he turned around and left.

"Senior..."

Fang Mu opened his eyes weakly and saw an elegant back. For some unknown reason, when he saw that back, he thought he saw desolation and loneliness.

Han Cang Zi looked at Su Ming's back outside the house and lowered her head.

The Elder of Tranquil East Tribe opened his eyes on the ground, and in his eyes were conflict and respect. He closed them once again.

By the side, Fang Shen too opened his eyes, trembling. There was gratitude and shame within them. He had not fainted.

At the foot of Tranquil East Mountain, Su Ming walked towards Han Mountain City in the dark. His long hair floated in the wind, blending with the darkness.

"Ahem... Master, you seemed to have been tricked..."

"I know."

"Hah? Then why did you save him just now?"

Su Ming looked at the unfamiliar stars in the sky and did not reply.

## Chapter 206: Two Days!

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During the night, the faint lights from Han Mountain City would sway in the wind. If anyone walked towards the source of the lights, they would see that they led to inns that were alive with people during the night.

Su Ming walked through the streets in Han Mountain City. He looked at the familiar houses around him as he walked past them quietly.

"Many years have passed since I came here."

Su Ming's footsteps faltered. Before him was an inn. There were not a lot of guests inside at night. Most of them were drinking alone. Occasionally, they would talk to each other in whispers.

There was a table beside the door. The innkeeper was a man in his twenties. He had fallen asleep with his chin propped on his hands.

There was an indescribable feeling surrounding Han Mountain City. It was as if that feeling had turned into depression that fell upon the hearts of all those within the city. That was why there were so many people still drinking in the inns at night.

'I'm here again.' Su Ming looked at the inn. He remembered that when he first came to Han Mountain City, he met He Feng and Han Fei Zi in this particular inn. 'When I first came here, I stepped into this inn. Now that I'm about to leave, I'm visiting this inn again...'

Su Ming smiled and decided not to walk further on. He stepped into the inn. The layout inside was the same as it was in his memories.

His arrival did not attract too much attention. Only the slumbering innkeeper opened his eyes slightly as if he was awakened by the wind Su Ming brought with him when he walked past. He cast Su Ming a glance.

Right now, Su Ming was walking around with his real appearance. Very few people in Han Mountain City had seen his real face before. Even if they did, they would find it hard to link him to the famous Berserker who Transcended after attaining great completion in the Blood Solidification Realm in Han Mountain, or even the equally famous Mo Su.

He walked into the inn and went to the same table he had taken in the past and down.

Soon, the innkeeper walked over to him, yawning, but he did not take his order. Instead, he placed two pots of wine on his table and some dishes to go with the wine before he left and returned to the table by the door, propping his chin on his hands once again to doze off.

Su Ming picked up the wine pot and took a sip. It was the same wine he had drunk in the past. When it entered his mouth, the liquid would burn his tongue and flow down his throat like a trail of fire.

It was quiet all around him. Only snoring sounds could be heard rising and falling in the inn. The rest of the people, including Su Ming, were all drinking their wine silently. Some of them were frowning, and there was a helpless sort of anger written on their faces.

Even the inn was enveloped in the same atmosphere within Han Mountain City. There was also an oppressive feeling in the air.

Su Ming lowered his head and drank the wine. He did not look at anyone else. During that night, no one in the inn bothered to observe him either. They were all troubled by their own thoughts.

Time trickled by. Approximately after the time it takes to burn an incense stick later, the sounds of footsteps traveled into the inn. Two men dressed in green robes walked inside and sat down together silently. They chose at a table by the side and sat with sullen faces, saying not a word.

"Another person came to drown his frustrations in wine. Han Mountain City has been drastically different from how it usually is for the past few days."

A middle aged man in blue robes sitting not far from Su Ming took up his wine pot and hiccupped, a clear sign that he was drunk. He laughed softly, but those who heard that laughter knew that it was one of self-deprecation.

"Everyone is disappointed because of Freezing Sky Clan this time.



Who would have known..."

The silence that had hung in the air previously was now broken softly as another person put himself down.

"We're disappointed, but there's nothing we can do about it. The envoys from Freezing Sky Clan have already spoken. This time, they will only receive one disciple, and that is Han Fei Zi from Lake of Colors Tribe."

One of the men in green robes who had come in later slammed his right hand on the table.

"Innkeeper, bring us wine!"

That one slam and shout immediately woke the innkeeper, who quickly got up and sent food and wine to the two newcomers.

"What's the use of getting angry at the innkeeper? Go and look for the envoys of Freezing Sky Clan instead. They didn't say blatantly that they won't take in anyone this time."

"Humph, they didn't, indeed, but who exactly in Han Mountain City can meet their requirements to qualify entering the school?"

The man who had slammed his hand on the table laughed coldly as a helpless expression settled in his eyes. However, right till the end, the man in blue robes beside him did not speak. He sat in his seat without a word.

"Besides, it's just a qualification. Once we obtain that qualification, we still need to partake in their subsequent tests before we can get into Freezing Sky Clan. In the end, aren't they just blatantly telling us that they're only taking in one person this time?"

"Freezing Sky Clan is powerful. If we want to enter, then we can't go against their will. What else can we do..?"

A drunken old man dressed in plain clothes lying sprawled on a table lifted his head. With a drunken demeanor, he laughed sarcastically.

"I heard that Sir Nan Tian and the other powerful Transcended Berserkers visited the envoys of Freezing Sky Clan together, but they left dispirited. Sir Ke Jiu Si even left Han Mountain City in a fit of rage. Right now, the only powerful Transcended Berserkers within the city are Sir Nan Tian and Sir Leng Ying."

"The envoys from Freezing Sky Clan don't even acknowledge Transcended Berserkers. What else can we do?"

Sounds of discussions filled the air inside the inn. Anything related to Freezing Sky Clan seemed to create a resonance with the crowd. The feelings of anger, helplessness, and depression within them grew stronger.

Su Ming sat the table in the corner and drank his wine as he listened to the words that reached his ears.

‘I see. Many things have happened here while I was out drawing my Berserker Mark. But no matter, I already expected that Freezing Sky Clan would do this.’

Su Ming picked up his wine pot and lifted his head to look at the people engaged in heated discussions. He got up and walked over.

He placed his wine pot on the table of the two men in green robes. Once he attracted their attention, Su Ming swept his gaze across the man who still remained silent before he looked at the man who had slammed his hand on the table.

"My fellow brother, may I sit here?" he asked with a smile.

The man frowned. He scrutinized Su Ming several times. At that moment, he was feeling peevish. He was just about to retort when his silent companion nodded his head.

When the man saw his companion nodding, he was momentarily stunned and rendered speechless.

Su Ming smiled and sat down, then picked up his wine pot and took a sip.

"I have a few questions I'd like to ask."

"Please, ask away."

The person who spoke was the silent man in green robes who had nodded just now. His voice was hoarse. This was the first time he had spoken since he came. Others might not think too much about it, but his companion, the man who had slammed his hand on the table just now, had a strange look on his face.

He knew that his companion was of high status and did not like to speak, preferring silence. There was also a prideful air carved into his bones. Usually, he would have ignored all those around him. If it had not been due to the same helplessness they felt at the moment, his companion would not have come drinking with him either.

"Was the requirement stated by Freezing Sky Clan to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain?" Su Ming looked at the man with a hoarse voice and asked languidly.

"No, ever since the Lord Divine General successfully cleared the Chains of Han Mountain, the envoys from Freezing Sky Clan declared that the requirements to enter the school will no longer be to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain," the man said hoarsely.

When he looked at Su Ming, there was a hint of hesitation and respect in his eyes.

"Sir, did you just come to Han Mountain City? How could you not know about this? Challenging the Chains of Han Mountain to enter the school is old news, the new requirements have been set.

"If you want to enter the school, you only need to do one thing. This thing is... haha..."

The person who spoke was a man sitting not too far from them. He held a pot of wine in his hands and emptied it in one swing. He laughed at himself.

"Speaking about it is easy. All you need to do is to challenge all the Transcended Berserkers in Han Mountain and the three tribes, and you can only use one hit every time you challenge them! If your challenge is successful, then you will qualify to enter the school, but that's just the qualification. Whether you can enter Freezing Sky Clan depends on their subsequent tests."

"This isn't a test, it's blatant refusal! Freezing Sky Clan has made up their minds this time, they'll only take away one person."

The sounds of discussions rose up once again inside the inn. Besides drinking their frustrations away with wine to deal with their anger towards the requirements set by Freezing Sky Clan, there was nothing else they could do to rebel against it.

"There're still two more days. Once these two days are over, the envoys of Freezing Sky Clan will take Han Fei Zi away, and their journey to Han Mountain to take in new disciples will end. If we want to enter Freezing Sky Clan, we'll have to wait another ten years."

"It's not as if there's absolutely no one who can do it!" The quiet

man sitting beside Su Ming suddenly said. "If the Lord Divine General returns, he'll definitely be successful!"

"It's blatantly clear that the envoys from Freezing Sky Clan declared that they won't use the Chains of Han Mountain as a requirement just so that they could direct this against the Lord Divine General. Even if the Lord comes back, it won't be easy for him either."

"Besides the Lord Divine General, perhaps Sir Yun Zang, who went out to train in isolation, might stand a chance."

"There's Mo Su as well. If this mysterious Transcended Berserker appears, he might stand a chance. Besides these three, no one else in Han Mountain can do it."

Su Ming didn't speak any more. He sat by the table and gulped down mouthfuls of his wine. When the sky gradually brightened up, most of the people in the inn stopped talking amongst themselves. Some of them even chose to leave.

The hesitation on the face of the silent man beside Su Ming grew thicker. He looked at Su Ming, then after a moment of hesitation, he stood up and wrapped his fist in his palm towards him in a salute, then with his astonished companion, he left the inn.

At that moment, besides Su Ming left drinking wine in the inn, there were only three more people in there. However, those three people were drunk. They lay on the table asleep, and their snores could be heard shaking the roof.

"That person has Transcended."

Su Ming's gaze fell on the quiet man from two people who were leaving the inn.

Once the man who Su Ming was staring at outside the inn took a few brisk steps forward, a grave look appeared on his face. The hesitation in his eyes turned into shock.

"Brother Yun, what's the matter? Is there something wrong with that person?" his companion asked softly.

"Quiet! Say no more. He's... That person is..."

The quiet man spoke with a hoarse voice, then he paused and took a deep breath before he turned around and looked at the inn behind him. He might not be able to see Su Ming, but there was deep respect in his eyes.

"He isn't someone we can talk about or bother. Just now, he only spoke once to me, but it made my heart jump. Even my Qi became unstable."

"What?! Then what's his level?!"

The man's companion was shocked, and his expression immediately changed.

The man named Yun remained silent for a moment before he retorted, "Even the Elders of the three tribes aren't able to make me feel so nervous. What do you think his level is?"



# Chapter 207: That Person... Was Like A Mountain!

---

Han Mountain City woke from its slumber at dawn. The number of people on the streets increased, but there was still a depressing atmosphere hanging over the city. Before the envoys of Freezing Sky Clan came, the people were filled with hope.

Yet when they came, this was the result.

These were the final two days. Two days later, the envoys from Freezing Sky Clan would depart, which left the people with little time. Yet even if they had more time, these people in the Blood Solidification Realm could not pass the harsh test.

It was tough even for those who had Transcended. Ke Jiu Si had even left in a fit of rage. What else could they do in this situation?

Being weak, they had no right to choose, neither did they have the right to decide the rules. They could only struggle to live under the rules set by the strong.

Many more people visited the inn during the day. Yet although the inn may be livelier than it was during the night, it was still clearly different from how it was usually. Sometimes, silence would fall upon the people inside. A silence that stemmed from them waiting for the final two days to go by, knowing that they could not even struggle against the will of Freezing Sky Clan.

Perhaps after two days, when all is over, this depressing air would disappear.

Su Ming still remained in the inn drinking. He looked at the sky outside and listened to the discussions laced with defeat along with sounds fueled with anger towards Freezing Sky Clan.

He had been sitting here for a long time, since the previous night till noon. The sun was bright and brought with it heat. It spread into the inn, and the heat seeped into his wine as he drank it.

It was rare for him to have such moments of peace. In his memories, the only times where he did not need to train, isolate himself, hide, and kill were in Dark Mountain.

Ever since he came to the Land of South Morning, peaceful times like these were rare. He treasured them.

He just sat there, and when dusk arrived, cries of surprise rose from outside the building, and rumbling sounds came from afar. They were quickly followed by broken laughter.

"Another person failed again... Only the mad Berserkers in the Blood Solidification Realm will dare challenge those who had Transcended... But if we don't do this, then we can only give up."

"Thank goodness Sir Nan Tian and Sir Leng Ying are merciful towards us outsiders. During the past few days, those who challenged them would only be injured, but not dead."

"Freezing Sky Clan is merciless. Sir Nan Tian and Sir Leng Ying are also forced into this situation. Unless they choose to leave like Sir Ke Jiu Si, then their existence prevents others from getting past the first stage."

"But what else can they do? If they pretend to fail, it'll just cause harm to others. The Transcended Berserkers from the three tribes won't spare anyone who challenges them."

Su Ming lowered his head and continued drinking wine. When dusk was over and night came once more, most of the people in the inn left. It was the same as last night, the few people left in the inn where all there drinking their sorrows away.

Among them, two of the people had been in the inn the previous night as well. One of them was the old man, and the other was the drunken man.

"Brother, you've been here the whole day, no? Come, we might not know each other, but we're all people who have been similarly cast aside by Freezing Sky Clan! Let's drink!"

The man picked up his wine pot and went to Su Ming's table with a smile.

Su Ming smiled faintly and picked up his wine pot to start drinking with the man.

"I'm Luo Lin. What's your name, brother?"

"Su Ming."

Su Ming put his wine pot down. This was the first time he used his own name in Han Mountain City.

"Brother Su, let's drink!"

The man did not mind. He picked up the wine pot and took another big swing.

Soon, the old man who had been in the inn since the previous night also picked up his wine pot and walked over. He looked at Su Ming and the man, then let out a bark of laughter.

"We're all people who have fallen. I don't have any mood to train for the next few days. Luckily, after tomorrow, we won't have to be bothered by this anymore. This is the final night, how about spending it together?"

This night was very different to Su Ming. Besides the two people sharing a table with him, most of the people from Han Mountain City who came to the inn were familiar with each other. Once they introduced themselves, the people in the inn no longer talked about Freezing Sky Clan. Instead, these dejected men drank with each other and laughed drunkenly.

To them, Su Ming was clearly someone who recently came to

Han Mountain City to see whether he could join Freezing Sky Clan and was rejected. He was the same as them. There was nothing different between them.

Even if the man called Su Ming was a man of few words, there was always a smile on his face. When he drank, he also downed his wine boldly. Gradually, the people gathered in the inn that night accepted Su Ming as one of them.

When midnight arrived, the two men in blue robes appeared in the inn once again. They sat on the table by Su Ming's side and joined in their discussions. Sometimes, when the man called Yun looked at Su Ming, there would be deep respect hidden in his eyes. His companion also appeared on edge. He was very reserved. However, once he had enough alcohol in his system, he gradually started getting louder.

The night passed by without everyone's knowledge. When daylight arrived, the people in the inn slowly fell silent.

"It's the final day..."

The old man picked up his empty wine pot and a melancholic look appeared on his face.

"This is the third time I came to Han Mountain City, but I had no luck with Freezing Sky Clan in all three... I don't even know whether there will be a fourth time. Perhaps... there won't be."

The old man laughed bitterly.

"It's day. The envoys will leave today. I won't drop by at night anymore. If we are fated to see each other again, perhaps we will," the man said in a carefree manner, but as he spoke, he sighed.

"It's a pity that right up till the end, we never saw Sir Yun Zang appearing, neither did we see the mysterious Mo Su. No one had ever seen his true appearance either, we only know from rumors that he has great power. But pity... he never appeared.

There were a dozen people who had been drinking beside Su Ming over the night. When the silence was broken, they started discussing amongst themselves. The man in blue robes named Yun lowered his head. When he heard others talking about Yun Zang, he let out a soft sigh.

His companion hesitated for a moment before he looked towards him.

"What I look forward to the most is the Lord Divine General..."

"That's right, if the Lord Divine General comes back, then we can let Freezing Sky Clan know that there's also a prodigy among the outsiders in Han Mountain City. I can still remember everything that happened when the Lord Divine General was up against Puqiang Tribe. Every single time I recall it, I'll feel my blood boiling in excitement... But it's a pity he didn't come back."

"Lord Divine General, where are you..."

The man sitting across Su Ming let out a loud shout which was immediately followed by laughter. He was clearly drunk.

Perhaps alcohol was not the source of a person getting drunk, but only when a person wanted to would he get drunk.

"Lord Divine General, where are you?!"

The old man also shouted while laughing loudly. After such a second call, the other people in the inn started laughing. There was a note of helpless in their laughter, along with anticipation, but most of all, they were venting off their frustrations towards Freezing Sky Clan. They wanted to see someone who could enter Freezing Sky Clan, even if that person was not themselves.

They wanted to let Freezing Sky Clan know that there was also a prodigy among the outsiders in Han Mountain City!

"Lord Divine General, where are you?!"

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These roars came from within the inn. Under the morning's sunlight, a dozen men shouted at the same time. It was a roar that was given birth after days of feeling depressed. Those sounds traveled out of the inn and into the inns around the area.

Gradually, in another inn located not too far away, the same words tumbled out of the people who were drowning out their frustrations over there, as if they were echoing the same words.

"Lord Divine General, where are you?!"

When the same words traveled out from the second inn, gradually, these words were transmitted from one place to another, rising and falling like a giant wave on the day the envoys from Freezing Sky Clan would leave. No matter which place the words traveled to, they would immediately be echoed.

The people who shouted were not limited to the people in the inns. Almost all the outsiders in Han Mountain City who had been feeling depressed and forced into silence for the past few days joined in to cry out this one single sentence once they heard the words.

These sounds were like a storm that swept past the entire Han Mountain City before it finally quieted down. The moment it died down, Su Ming lifted his head and picked up his wine pot to take a big gulp.

He stood up.

"My friends, thank you for keeping me company for the past two nights. I still have some matters to attend to, so allow me to take my leave."



Su Ming looked at the people before him. When his gaze fell on the man named Yun, he saw excitement and anticipation in his eyes.

"Brother Su, have a safe trip. I'll also leave Han Mountain City in a moment. I'm not coming back to this god forsaken place anymore!"

"That's right! Brother Su, have a safe trip!"

"Come, brother Su, I'll send you off!"

The people in the inn all lifted their wine pots towards Su Ming. There was kindness and drunkenness in their eyes as they took a big gulp from their pots.

Su Ming wrapped his fist in his palm as thanks to the people, turned, and left through the door. He did not walk quickly, but every step he took was stable. His departure did not catch too much attention. Only the man named Yun got up and wrapped his fist in his palm in a salute towards Su Ming.

"I have lost. I... hope you will succeed!"

His words came too suddenly, causing most of the people around to be confused by his actions. When they looked towards Su Ming, he had already walked out of the door. Under the morning sun, he walked towards the second layer of Han Mountain City, where Nan

Tian and Leng Ying stayed.

"Challenging all the Transcended Berserkers and winning with one strike... is not hard!"

Su Ming's expression was calm. He walked through the fourth layer, the third layer, and right up... to the second layer!

When he stood at the second layer, Su Ming did not even need to activate the Branding Art to sense two presences of Transcendence nearby.

"Nan Tian!" Su Ming called out unhurriedly.

His voice was not loud, but it echoed through the second layer. Yet the moment it traveled into Nan Tian's ears, it made him, who was sitting cross-legged and meditating, tremble. He opened his eyes swiftly and shock could be seen in his eyes.

"Who is it?!"

Nan Tian immediately got up and rushed out of his house. With just one glance, he saw a person in green robes standing 100 feet away from his house with his hands behind his back.

Leng Ying also rushed out from another house located not far away. His expression was extremely grave. At that moment, he was walking out of his house quickly. The instant he saw Su Ming, he was shaken and fell into a daze. It was as if he was not looking at a

person but a mountain that reached up to the sky.

That person... was like a mountain!

# Chapter 208: That Person... Was Like A Mountain!

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"Nan Tian!" Su Ming called out unhurriedly.

His voice was not loud, but it echoed through the second layer. Yet the moment it traveled into Nan Tian's ears, it made him, who was sitting cross-legged and meditating, tremble. He opened his eyes swiftly and shock could be seen in his eyes.

"Who is it?!"

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person but a mountain that reached up to the sky.

That person... was like a mountain!

## Chapter 209: Your Rules

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"Since this is the rule set by Freezing Sky Clan, then I will go along with it..."

Su Ming's expression was calm as he looked at Nan Tian.

Nan Tian's heart pounded against his chest. He was in the same condition as Leng Ying at this moment. When he saw Su Ming, he had the impression that he was looking at a mountain. That mountain reached up to the clouds and let out a mighty and imposing presence that made people feel as if they were suffocating under its presence.

"Sir, who might you be?"

Nan Tian's face was pale. As he looked at Su Ming, he struggled to speak. Under Su Ming's gaze, Nan Tian had a feeling as if everything about him had been seen through. It was as if he was laid bare before this man.

"Su Ming," Su Ming answered unhurriedly.

"Su Ming?"

Nan Tian was momentarily stunned. He had never heard of that name before. However, the power of the person standing before him was so mighty he did not have time to think about it.

"I will attack now."

As Su Ming spoke, he took a step forward with his right foot. The instant his foot landed, the entire Han Mountain shuddered.

An invisible wave of ripples spread out from the ground. In an instant, it gathered under Su Ming's foot, causing a crack to appear right on the spot where his foot had landed as the ground trembled. As rumbling sounds rang out due to the crack, it charged straight towards Nan Tian.

Nan Tian was about to jump into the air when the ground around him crumbled and sank with a loud bang with him as the center right at the moment he was about to jump. Numerous pieces of broken stones flew into the air and spun around him.

With a groan, Nan Tian coughed out a mouthful of blood. He shuddered and did not dare move, because the broken stones spinning around him were like swords made of stone that surrounded his entire body. If he moved even the slightest bit, the stones would pierce through him.

'A Awakened Berserker with a Mountain Mark! It's just a normal Mountain Mark, and it could already produce such shocking power? This person... his power...'

Nan Tian's pupils shrank. He knew clearly that the person before him did not harbor any killing intent, for he had not used his full power!



"Do you yield?" Su Ming asked calmly.

Without any hesitation, Nan Tian answered in a low voice, "I admit defeat!"

Su Ming nodded, then looked towards Leng Ying, who was standing stunned by the side. The moment his gaze fell on Leng Ying, the man felt shaken to the core. Respect appeared on his face and he wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing towards Su Ming.

"I admit defeat."

Su Ming did not speak another word to them. He swung his arm and walked on the air before he floated into the sky above. His actions immediately attracted the attention of all those within Han Mountain City, especially those inside the inns.

"I, Su Ming, outsider of Han Mountain City, challenge all the Awakened Berserkers from the three tribes!"

His voice was like thunder that rumbled in the morning. It immediately attracted the attention from all those within Han Mountain City, especially since it was the day the envoys were leaving!

"Su Ming? Who is that?"

"He can rise into the air. He's a Awakened Berserker!"

"I've never heard of a person called Su Ming among the Awakened Berserkers in Han Mountain City!"

As the people discussed amongst themselves, the people in the inn which Su Ming had left earlier were all looking at the person in the sky through the window with dumbfounded expressions.

"He... He's a Awakened Berserker!!" the old man cried out, his face filled with disbelief.

"I drank with a Awakened Berserker for two days?"

"He's... brother Su?"

The man gulped. He rubbed his eyes.

At the time Su Ming's voice reverberated through Han Mountain City, the man and woman from Freezing Sky Clan were sitting inside a room on Lake of Colors Mountain. Sitting before them was Han Fei Zi.

"Fellow sister Han Fei Zi, once the Relocation Rune is activated, we'll leave. When we arrive in Freezing Sky Clan, you will be the left preceptor's disciple. In the future..."

The man was smiling while he was speaking, but when Su Ming's voice reached his ears, he frowned.

"Here comes another person who doesn't know his place. He thinks he can enter Freezing Sky Clan just because he has Awakened? What a joke."

"Su Ming? I remember that such a person doesn't exist among the Awakened Berserkers in Han Mountain City. Fellow sister Han Fei Zi, have you heard of this person before?"

Displeasure also appeared on the woman's face, but when she looked at Han Fei Zi, her expression turned gentle.

"Su Ming... I haven't heard of him before."

A pensive look appeared on Han Fei Zi's face. After a moment, she shook her head.

"He's just a person who's about to embarrass himself, we don't have to..."

The man ignored Su Ming's words, but as he spoke, an old voice suddenly traveled forth from the world outside.

The appearance of that voice made the man's expression change, and he swallowed his words. The woman's expression too, changed into one of surprise.

As for Han Fei Zi, after being rendered momentarily stunned, she

got up swiftly and walked out of the house.

"All of the Awakened Berserkers in Tranquil East Tribe will not fight. We admit defeat..."

When the voice rang out from Tranquil East Mountain and reverberated through the area, Han Mountain City fell into silence before an uproar erupted forth in the city.

"Tranquil East Tribe admitted that they're inferior!"

"Just where did this Su Ming come from? I've never heard of him before! How did he manage to hold Tranquil East Tribe in awe?! The Elder of Tranquil East Tribe is a powerful Berserker in the middle stage of the Awakening Realm!"

"Could it be that there will be a miracle and we will see someone getting into Freezing Sky Clan today?!"

As the people discussed among themselves, all the people's gazes gathered on Su Ming in the sky. At that moment, Su Ming was not wearing a mask. He was not Mo Su.

Without covering his face, he was not the Divine General.

He was simply himself!

Su Ming was not surprised by Tranquil East Tribe's surrendered.

He was in contact with the people from Tranquil East Tribe the most during his stay in Han Mountain City. Tranquil East Tribe would be the ones who understood him the most in the city.

However, it was clear that Puqiang Tribe was different. Once Tranquil East Tribe yielded, a cold snort came from Puqiang Mountain. At the same time, a person charged forth from there straight towards Su Ming in the air.

Su Ming remained calm. Almost at the same instant the person closed in on him, he lifted his right hand and swung forth. The moment he did so, the sky and earth rumbled. An illusionary mountain appeared out of thin air before Su Ming. When that mountain appeared, it was lying horizontally, and it looked like an awl when it did so. The mountain charged towards the person.

With a loud bang, that person who had laughed coldly just now let out a piercing scream. The instant the illusionary mountain crashed into him, he coughed out blood and tumbled backwards.

"It's troublesome for me to challenge all of you individually. Puqiang Tribe, come all at once."

Su Ming pointed to the sky with his right index finger, and immediately, the sky above Puqiang Tribe changed. A gigantic mountain with two summits apparated in the sky, and the size of the mountain far surpassed that of Puqiang Mountain. Once it appeared, Su Ming swiped his right hand downwards, and the double peaked mountain charged down.

Muffled booming sounds reverberated in the air. Puqiang Mountain trembled viciously, and multiple cracks appeared on the summit as it was crushed by the giant mountain. Numerous people from Puqiang Mountain coughed out blood because they could not withstand the pressure.

This sight made all those watching suck in a sharp breath. The mountain in the sky was massive and let out a suffocating presence. As it descended, a low growl traveled forth from Puqiang Mountain, and a man who looked like a mountain of flesh flew up to charge straight towards the double peaked giant mountain.

Rumbling sounds spread through the entire area. The moment the plump man touched the double peaked mountain, he trembled and coughed out a mouthful of blood. He instantly became thinner and no longer looked like a mountain of flesh, as if this method of making himself thinner would allow him to obtain greater power. He gritted his teeth and roared before pressing both his hands against the double peaked mountain. A gigantic illusionary figure appeared behind him.

The figure was very similar to the man before he became thinner. He was built completely in the image of a man looking like a mountain of flesh sitting cross-legged.

Yet even so, the man only managed to persevere for several breaths before he coughed out fresh blood once again. With a pale face, he tumbled backwards, causing the doubled peaked mountain to continue descending with loud rumbling sounds.

At that moment, another cold snort came from Puqiang

Mountain. The Elder of Puqiang Tribe, the dried up and withered old man, stood at the top of the mountain with a flat look. It was as if there was nothing that could unsettle him. He raised his right hand and pushed towards the mountain through the air.

"It's just a mere mountain. How dare you act so impudently towards Puqiang Tribe?!"

Yet at the very moment he finished speaking, the dried up old man's expression changed. With a loud bang, his right hand was torn into bloody ribbons.

At the same time, another summit appeared on the double peaked mountain!

The triple peaked mountain descended with a bang. Shocked stemmed from disbelief swiftly appeared on the dried up old man's face. He quickly took a few steps back and slammed his left hand down on the ground.

The moment he pressed his palm on the ground, Puqiang Mountain trembled, and a large amount of aura of death surged forward from the bottom of the mountain, turning into a layer of black fog that charged towards the mountain in the sky.

Rumbling sounds followed the triple peaked mountain as it closed in on the black fog made from the aura of death. When they crashed into each other, deafening sounds rang out and spread all around the area, making all those who saw the sight and heard the sound shudder with fear.

"Do you yield?"

As the rumbling sounds echoed in the air, Su Ming stood in midair and asked lightly, with his usual calm demeanor.

"Puqiang Tribe... admits defeat..." a person said hoarsely, seemingly uttering the words with much difficulty.

That voice came forth from the fog covered Puqiang Mountain. When that voice spoke, the giant mountain atop Puqiang Mountain gradually disappeared. The fog from Puqiang Mountain also dissipated, revealing the Elder of Puqiang Tribe standing at the peak. He trembled and blood trickled down his mouth. As he looked at Su Ming, his eyes were filled with shock and terror.

‘Who is he?! Just what sort of power does he have to make a normal Mountain Mark exude such terrifying power?! Is this... is this even a normal Mountain Mark?! Even if the arrival of the envoys from Freezing Sky Clan could attract powerful Berserkers and it’s not surprising that someone so powerful would appear, but... but... why do I feel like I’ve seen this person before..?’

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe sucked in a sharp breath. He looked at Su Ming with reverence and bewilderment.

Uproars broke out once more within Han Mountain City. Discussions fuelled by agitation and excitement surged into the sky like waves. Within that noise, the voices from the people in the inn were the strongest.



Right till then, they still could not believe that the Su Ming that was the center of all their attention in the sky was the same brother Su who had been drinking with them just now.

"Since Freezing Sky Clan made this rule, then I will go along with it."

Su Ming still remained calm. He did not need to change the rules. Instead, he cast his gaze on Lake of Colors Mountain.

He could see that there were a number of people standing on that mountain. Among them, the most eye-catching ones were the man and woman standing right at the forefront of the crowd. They were both in the Awakening Realm.

"I, Su Ming, challenge all the Awakened Berserkers in Lake of Colors Tribe. Will you attack individually, or will you attack all at once?" Su Ming asked slowly.

At that moment, all the people there, including Su Ming, did not notice that there was someone standing at the top of the mountain. He was watching the ground and Su Ming himself.

It was an old man – Tian Xie Zi!

"A Mountain Mark... That's not right. This isn't a normal Mountain Mark... This is..." Tian Xie Zi mumbled and his eyes gradually brightened up. His disappointed heart burned with

anticipation once again.

# Chapter 210: This Mountain Is Named Dark!

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The man and woman from Freezing Sky Clan stood on Lake of Colors Tribe and looked at Su Ming standing in the air as his words echoed in their ears. They looked relatively calm and did not seem to be bothered too much by it. The people of Freezing Sky Clan had their own pride.

Besides, this was not anything special in their eyes. The person called Su Ming was simply slightly more powerful.

However, there were simply too many people in Freezing Sky Clan who had this level of power. They did not pay too much attention to him.

The only thing that caught them slightly off-guard was Tranquil East Tribe admitting defeat voluntarily. They immediately surrendered without even crossing hands with this person despite having the pride of their tribe challenged. This was unreasonable.

"Even if this person has some relationships with Tranquil East Tribe, there's no need for them to do this..."

The man from Freezing Sky Clan furrowed his brows slightly before relaxing once again. To him, this was not something that required his attention either.

The Elder of Lake of Colors Tribe was not among the crowd on Lake of Colors Mountain. The person standing in front leading the crowd was Yan Luan. There was a murderous look in her eyes as

she looked at Su Ming in the sky.

They were different from Tranquil East Tribe and Puqiang Tribe. This time, Freezing Sky Clan was only receiving one disciple, and it was decided that it would be Han Fei Zi. In Yan Luan's eyes, all those who challenged them to obtain the right to enter the school were all a threat towards Lake of Colors Tribe.

"Sir, you have extraordinary powers. Since you offered to challenge all the Awakened Berserkers in my tribe, then I will fulfill your request."

A smile that was akin to the winds of spring appeared on Yan Luan's lips. That smile was enchanting, and even the man from Freezing Sky Clan felt his heart racing when he saw that smile. He quickly averted his gaze.

With her power in the middle stage of the Awakening Realm, when she fully activated the Charm Art, its power far surpassed the one Su Ming encountered in the past in the isolation grounds of Han Mountain's ancestor.

Su Ming remained calm in the face of the smile that would make hearts race from Yan Luan's beautiful face. Not a hint of change could be seen on his face as he looked at Yan Luan quietly.

Before Su Ming's calm gaze, Yan Luan's pupils shrank. Yet she was in a situation where she did not have the luxury to think. She took one step forward and flew up like a red butterfly.

"All Awakened Berserkers of Lake of Colors Tribe, come forth!"

Yan Luan's voice was delicate, but there was valiant tone to it. As it echoed in the air, six figures charged out from Lake of Colors Tribe.

The six people were three men and three women respectively, and they were old. As they flew out and stepped into the air, they appeared by Yan Luan's side in the blink of an eye and charged towards Su Ming together.

Su Ming was still calm. He did not act, but chose to look at the seven people charging towardshim as whistling sounds sliced through the air.

At that moment, when all the people from Han Mountain City saw the sight in the air, their breathing quickened, even though they did not know Su Ming. However, Su Ming's appearance during this moment gave them an outlet for their frustrations after all the depression they suffered for the past few days.

Most of the tribe members standing on Puqiang Mountain, including the Elder, were looking at the sky silently. They looked as if they were conflicted. It was especially so for the Elder of Puqiang Tribe. He was still watching Su Ming, and as he did so, the sense of familiarity he had about him grew stronger, but he simply could not piece together where that sense of familiarity came from.

Tranquil East Mountain was silent, as if they were completely cut off from this battle and were turning a deaf ear towards it.

"That person is a little too arrogant," the man from Freezing Sky Clan said flatly on Lake of Colors Mountain.

The woman by his side smiled faintly and nodded her head before she spoke. "He's indeed arrogant. Even if he managed to use the power of a Mountain Mark to suppress Puqiang Tribe, I heard that their Elder and tribe leader were previously injured and could not use their full power. But Lake of Colors Tribe is different."

"Let's watch it first. The Relocation Rune is still in the process of being activated, it's still in the stage of preparation. At least while we're waiting for the Relocation Rune to be activated, we get to be entertained. It's great, isn't it?"

"That's right. Even if he marginally wins, it'll still be alright. We can give him the right to enter the school, but just a right. I can still give him a few tasks for him to fulfill. Once he completes one, there will be another, and this will continue right till the Relocation Rune is activated. Just thinking about it is pretty exciting."

The woman may not have the most beautiful face, but she was still pretty all the same. She smiled, but there was contempt in her smile.

Han Fei Zi stood by the side and frowned as she looked at the calm Su Ming standing in the sky. She was feeling the same way as the Elder of Puqiang Tribe at this moment. She, too, felt that there was something familiar about Su Ming.

As the man and woman from Freezing Sky Clan spoke, Yan Luan and the six Awakened Berserkers in the sky had already closed in on Su Ming, and then with a great display of teamwork, they suddenly spread out and surrounded Su Ming.

"Seven Images Movement!"

Yan Luan lifted her hand and tapped the center of her brows. The other six Awakened Berserkers did the same thing. Then these seven people shuddered, and immediately, the illusions of their Awakened Berserker Marks appeared behind them.

Those illusions appeared in the air, and when they did so at the same time, it immediately caused the world to tremble, the weather to change, and a silver stream to appear in the sky.

That stream was an illusion, but the sound of flowing water could be heard. That river was one of the seven's Berserker Mark!

In that stream was a golden fish. There was a pair of wings on that fish's back. It leapt about in the water and let out hissing sounds as it chased after a pearl that was about the size of a head before it. There was a layer of purple fog inside that pearl, and that fog continuously changed into various faces of anger. Some of those faces were of men and some of women, some of them were old and some young.

That golden fish and the pearl were also Awakened Berserker Marks!

A giant gourd could be seen at the end of the stream. That gourd was entirely green. From the distance, the water in the stream seemed to be gushing out from that gourd, flowing endlessly.

A child sat by the gourd. That child was wearing a short sleeved shirt and held a fishing line in his hands as he played by the gourd. If anyone took a closer look, they could see that the fishing line in the boy's hand was attached to the pearl with the purple fog. As he played by the gourd, the pearl moved continuously, baiting the golden fish to chase after it.

There was a big tree behind the child. It was a lush tree, and it was letting off a presence that seemed to be brimming with endless life force.

The gourd, child, and tree were all illusions formed from Awakened Berserker Marks!

These six Berserker Marks formed an illustration that used the sky as its canvas, causing all those who watched it to feel drawn in, and they would find it hard to pull out from that sensation.

This was one of the three most mysterious Berserker Arts in Lake of Colors Tribe – Berserker Illustration: Seven Images Movement!

Right now, there were only six images in that Berserker Illustration. The seventh image appeared in the blink of an eye on the sycamore tree behind the child.



It was a girl. Her face could not be seen because her long hair covered her features like a veil. Her head was lowered. As she sat on the branches of the tree, she hummed out a song. When that song entered all the listeners' hearts, it made them feel as if their souls were about to be sucked into the illustration.

The sounds of the girl's song, the flowing water in the stream, the child's laughter as he played around, and the golden fish patting against the surface of the water fused together and turned into an impact that could not be seen, spreading towards the sky and earth, the entire area, as they charged towards Su Ming.

They attacked with one of the strongest Berserker Arts in Lake of Colors Tribe, which showed just how strong Yan Luan's determination was to not let Su Ming obtain the right.

The moment when that invisible impact was about to crash into Su Ming, he closed his eyes, as if he was listening to it. The air around him twisted, and the illusion of a double peaked mountain appeared, surrounding him inside.

When the combined sounds that formed the wave touched the mountain, it turned into a giant rumbling sound akin to thunder. It spread in all directions and did not disappear even after a long time.

"It's a very nice song," Su Ming said softly, opening his eyes.

The moment his words left his mouth, that wave of sound and

the mountain shuddered viciously. This was a battle between Berserker Marks. If the mountain did not shatter, then the sound would die away.

The child's laughter was abruptly cut off!

The pattering sounds made by the golden fish immediately disappeared!

The water in the stream instantly froze, and sounds of flowing water could no longer be heard!

The girl sitting on the sycamore tree stopped singing. She lifted her head swiftly, revealing her breathtakingly beautiful face underneath. However, there was shock in her eyes.

"Marks of the Seven Images, Move!"

The girl gritted her teeth and stood up on the sycamore tree. As she spoke, the child flung out the fishing line, bringing along the pearl containing the purple fog to charge towards Su Ming.

At the same time, the child's face became twisted with viciousness as he stormed towards Su Ming at incredible speed.

The golden fish in the water let out a howl and suddenly jumped out of the water. Its body lengthened incessantly, as if it was about to turn into a dragon. However, before it completed its transformation, it turned into a creature that looked like a dragon

and a snake. It rushed towards Su Ming.

The stream flowed backwards abruptly, then as if it came to life, it surrounded Su Ming and moved to strangle him.

The final one to act was the girl. After she stood up, the sycamore tree beneath her immediately withered away as if it was offering her all its strength, causing the girl's body to twist, and she turned into a phoenix that charged towards Su Ming with a howl.

"The Seven Images Movement has great power... If a person could actually cast this Art alone, then the power..." Su Ming mumbled.

He had not chosen to act just now because he wanted to see the casting of the Arts using Berserker Marks. It was something he had never seen before.

After all, he had just stepped into the Awakening Realm. He did not have most of the knowledge regarding how he should use Berserker Marks. Once he saw the casting of this Seven Images Movement, he gained a little bit of understanding.

The images in the sky were enough to make a person dazzled. This was the first time Su Ming had such a complete experience regarding the battle between Berserker Marks. When all those remarkable powers closed in on him, a bright light appeared in his eyes.

"This Art is extraordinary... If that's the case, then I will return the favor with a mountain!"

The double peaked mountain around him suddenly changed, and on the top of the mountain, the third, the fourth, and the fifth summits appeared!

The five summits appeared at the same time, turning into a startling mountain that looked like fingers of a human hand!

"This mountain... is named Dark!"

This was the Dark Mountain present in Su Ming's Berserker Mark. This was its first time appearing in its complete form in a battle! Before Su Ming, there were no other Berserker Marks in the world that were formed from Dark Mountain!

The instant Su Ming uttered his words, a sound seemed to travel out from the five fingered Dark Mountain.

"Dark..."

"The Sound of Soul Creation! The quintessence of all Berserker Arts is creation! The Berserker Mark itself is a creation, and as it is continuously merged together, it would be created in a more complete form... but to do so, we need enchanted Vessels. He... did not use any Vessels, but with just the Berserker Mark to create, the Sound of Soul Creation appeared... this is the ability of the God of Berserkers spoken in the legends!"

Tian Xie Zi shuddered in the sky and shock appeared in his eyes.

## Chapter 211: What A Breathtakingly Beautiful Face

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That sound could not be heard by everyone. Besides Su Ming, who was momentarily stunned when he heard the sound, only Tian Xie Zi could hear it among all the people in the area. The others did not have the right to hear it. Their power was not enough!

Yet even if they could not hear it, an incredibly powerful oppressive presence burst forth from the five fingered Dark Mountain that appeared in the air, spreading out a mighty pressure that suffocated others.

This pressure far surpassed that which had descended upon Puqiang Mountain earlier. In the face of this pressure, the Berserker Marks formed from the Seven Images Movement Art from Lake of Colors Tribe crashed into the five fingered Dark Mountain with a loud bang.

The booming sound reverberated in all directions, and the child shuddered. The fishing line in his hands instantly snapped, and as he trembled, he flew sideways as if he was swept away by a typhoon before he disappeared without a trace.

The golden fish that had turned into a creature that looked like a dragon and a snake let out a shrill cry the instant it crashed into the five fingered Dark Mountain. Its body cracked inch by inch and eventually shattered.

The layers of stream water that were charging forth to strangle him looked as if they were boiling and turned into white mist that spread outwards in all directions before completely dissipating. Even the gourd suffered many cracks, and with a loud boom, it turned into an innumerable amount of shards that disappeared without a trace.

Eventually, even that girl who had turned into a phoenix could not withstand the might that appeared once the five fingered Dark Mountain materialized. It twisted once again and turned into a wisp of black smoke that scattered into the air.

The moment Dark Mountain appeared, the Berserker Illustration from Lake of Colors Tribe completely shattered. The strange sights in the sky vanished and returned to normal. Only the five fingered Dark Mountain remained aloft in the sky, making all those who saw it feel shaken to the core and want to bow down to worship it.

Blood trickled out from the corners of Yan Luan's mouth. With a pale face, she retreated hastily. The six Awakened Berserkers from Lake of Colors Tribe around Su Ming were also in a pathetic state. Their faces were filled with terror as they escaped.

Right till the end, Su Ming had not made any moves to attack, he had only defended himself. At the moment the crowd retreated, a frosty glint appeared in his eyes.

He took a step forward. His specialty was speed to begin with, and now that he had Awakened, his speed had increased by several fold. Even if he was in the sky, with just one single movement, he turned into a long arc and charged towards one of the six.

That person was an old man. There was terror on his face as he retreated. Su Ming was still far away when he looked over, but a strong sense of danger filled his entire body soon after. Before he could react, a cold fingertip landed on the center of his brows.

With a boom, that old man coughed out a mouthful of blood and tumbled backwards grievously wounded.

Su Ming did not kill him, or else he would definitely be dead!

He retrieved his finger and took another step forward. The instant a shadow of him appeared when he dashed forward, a middle aged woman in the distance let out a muffled groan. The bloody mark left behind by a fingertip appeared at the center of her brows.

Yan Luan was terrified and began to deeply regret her decision. She had absolutely not expected that Su Ming would be so powerful. His strength did not just stem from his level of cultivation alone, but also that Mountain Mark of his that threw her into disbelief.

In her eyes, this was an ordinary Mountain Mark. So how could it have such shocking power?!

Another pained cry landed in her ears. It was from another fleeing Awakened Berserker from Lake of Colors Tribe, and the sound appeared when Su Ming's finger tapped the center of his brows.



Yan Luan retreated hastily, but before she could withdraw much further, another shrill cry rang out. Her heart trembled. She knew that this was not the moment for any sort of hesitation. The moment that cry came, Yan Luan bit her tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood.

She lifted both of her arms and flung them forward.

"Lake of Colors Statue of the God of Berserkers, please come forth!"

There was a sharp quality in Yan Luan's voice. At that moment, she might still look breathtakingly beautiful, but the color of her face had already changed.

The instant she cried out, the entire Lake of Colors Mountain trembled with a loud rumble. A large amount of red fog appeared out of nowhere and turned into a gigantic face. The face was that of a woman's.

At the same time Lake of Colors' statue of the God of Berserkers appeared, Su Ming had left a bloody print on the center of the brows of the last person with his right hand, grievously wounding him. Only then did he turn around and look at the gigantic face behind Yan Luan. He lifted his foot and walked on thin air towards her.

At that moment, the man and woman from Freezing Sky Clan on Lake of Colors Tribe had a drastic change of expression on their

faces. They stared at Su Ming, and even though they were trying their hardest to remain calm, there was a storm raging within their hearts.

"What is that Mark?!"

"By the looks of it, it's a Mountain Mark, but Mountain Marks are simply one of the many types of World Marks. There's no way that it could have such incredible power!"

On Puqiang Mountain, the Elder and the slim man looked at each other before taking in a sharp breath. Shock appeared on their faces. They suddenly felt fortunate. If Su Ming had used the complete Mountain Mark before, when he was fighting against them, then they... would definitely have been unable to withstand it.

"Dark... It's name is Dark..." the Elder of Puqiang Tribe mumbled.

Tranquil East Mountain still remained silent. It was as if they had predicted this in the first place so not even a single cry of surprise rose from there.

Instead, cries of surprise broke out within Han Mountain City. When all the people in the city saw what was happening, they felt shaken, especially the people who had been drinking within Su Ming in the inn. They were incredibly excited.

Compared to this excited crowd, when Yan Luan saw Su Ming looking at her and walking towards her, she felt as if a loud boom had rang out in her head. Her face was pale and bloodless. As she retreated hastily, she lifted her hand and pointed behind her, towards the gigantic face hovering above Lake of Colors Mountain.

Immediately, that woman's face moved with incredible speed towards Yan Luan. It passed through her body and charged towards Su Ming.

Su Ming remained calm, but his footsteps faltered for a brief moment. In his eyes, that gigantic face that passed through Yan Luan's body had opened her eyes, and the moment she did so, the face changed.

The face turned into one that Su Ming was familiar with, a face that was carved into his soul. That face was filled with wild beauty – Bai Ling's face.

With a soft sigh, right at the moment that gigantic face closed in on him, the Dark Mountain behind Su Ming appeared once again and with a loud bang, it crashed into the woman's face.

Layers of ripples spread out. Su Ming's Mountain Mark dissipated, and along with it the woman's face.

Su Ming walked forth amidst the ripples. His expression was flat as he moved towards Yan Luan.

"You lost!" Yan Luan screamed out as she retreated. "The rules are that you can only use one move for all Awakened Berserkers! You used one move just now, and if you attack again, then you lose!"

Yan Luan landed on Lake of Colors Mountain. The moment she landed, blood flowed out from the corners of her mouth. There was terror in her eyes as she looked at Su Ming. Yet even if she was terrified, the pride in her soul did not disappear due to her escape.

"If you attack, you lose. If you don't attack, you will also lose, because I, Yan Luan, have not lost!"

Yan Luan breathed rapidly where she stood at the top of Lake of Colors Mountain. Standing not too far away from her was the man and woman from Freezing Sky Clan, along with Han Fei Zi.

Su Ming walked on thin air as he moved forward to land on Lake of Colors Mountain. He landed on the mountain that he had never traversed before, and the moment he did so, the entire Lake of Colors Mountain fell deathly still.

All the gazes were trained on Su Ming's body. Han Fei Zi was staring at him. The man and woman from Freezing Sky Clan beside her were also doing the same thing.

And so was Yan Luan.

Su Ming looked at Yan Luan and at her beautiful face. He still

remembered that he had once fought briefly with this woman in the isolation grounds of Han Mountain's ancestor.

Su Ming did not reply to Yan Luan's words. He simply walked forward.

Yan Luan did not know why, but when Su Ming walked towards her, she felt reverence growing within her, the same reverence that appeared when she was before her Elder. This had nothing to do with their power. It was an indescribable feeling. She instinctively retreated, then gritted her teeth to force herself not to move. However, an enchanting look appeared in her eyes before she cast a glance towards the man from Freezing Sky Clan.

As Su Ming walked towards Yan Luan, the man from Freezing Sky Clan took a step forward and shouted at him in a cold voice, "You lost! You've failed to obtain the right to enter Freezing Sky Clan! Stand back now!"

Su Ming did not bother with the man. He approached Yan Luan until he was right before her. As he looked at the pale face before him, Yan Luan too, stared at him. There was a delicate look in her eyes, one that would make others pity her.

"How dare you?!"

A cold glare appeared in the eyes of the man from Freezing Sky Clan. He was just about to lift his foot and walk over when Su Ming turned his head around and looked at him coldly.

"You talk too much!"

The man's legs shuddered and a bang resounded in his head. To him, Su Ming's gaze was like sharp arrows that pierced through his eyes and straight into his mind, turning into the four words in his body that swept through his will like thunder, causing him to snap out of his daze as he trembled.

Yan Luan trembled. She took a deep breath and forced herself to remain calm, but the man before her was like a mountain, causing her to feel as if she was suffocating when he moved in closer proximity to her.

"What a breathtakingly beautiful face..." Su Ming looked at Yan Luan and whispered softly after a long while. He lifted his right hand and caressed Yan Luan's face gently.

"Do you really not want to yield?" Su Ming asked softly, and a smile appeared on his face. The Branding Art seeped into Yan Luan's body through his hand.

Yan Luan trembled viciously. That tremor was not due to her body, but because of her heart. A dazed look appeared in her eyes. That dazed look rarely appeared on her, and that sort of bafflement that was born due to a man had never happened to her before.

An indescribable feeling blossomed within her, as if it was forcefully pushed onto her, not allowing her to refuse.

"I... yield... Let me... go..."

Yan Luan bit her lip and a conflicted look appeared in her eyes. Within her bafflement, terror grew.

Su Ming looked at Yan Luan and averted his gaze after a moment. He turned around and looked at the man and woman from Freezing Sky Clan.

"All the Awakened Berserkers in this place have admitted defeat besides the two of you. Are you two included in the challenge?" Su Ming asked calmly.

Under his gaze, the man's face turned pale. He looked as if he wanted to say something, but did not manage to speak.

"Sir, your power is great. We are no match to you. You have obtained the right to enter Freezing Sky Clan. However..." The person who spoke was the woman beside him.

The woman looked at Su Ming and her pupils shrank, though it was barely noticeable.

"However, you have only obtained the right to enter the school. You still have to go through a series of tests."

"What are the tests?" Su Ming asked flatly.

"The first test isn't exactly a test. We're just testing your identity. The rules to join Freezing Sky Clan have changed. We won't receive anyone who has just become a new addition in a tribe.

"That is why, sir, you have failed the first test," the woman smiled and said softly. There was still a hint of contempt in her eyes.

She was not afraid that Su Ming will get angry. She had Freezing Sky Clan behind her. If he dared to harm a disciple of Freezing Sky Clan, then there would be no place for him to stay in the Land of South Morning.

"Sir, you have extraordinary powers. Perhaps you should have come earlier when Freezing Sky Clan took in disciples, else you might fail the tests even after you've obtained the right."

The woman continued smiling as she spoke languidly.

"I don't remember there being a rule like this before."

Su Ming frowned and gave the woman a look.

"There wasn't. But my word is law for the enrolment this time. If I want the rules to change, then they will."

The woman's smile remained, and a hint of arrogance appeared alongside the contempt on her face.



Su Ming fell silent for a moment before he glared at the woman coldly.

"Then will Mo Su be able to pass the test?"

As Su Ming spoke, he brought the black mask that had shocked the entire Han Mountain from his bosom with his right hand and put it on his face.

The instant he placed the mask on his face, Su Ming's entire presence changed abruptly. The presence akin to that of a mountain turned into a strange atmosphere, and it looked as if there was black fog seeping out of his body that surrounded the area, causing Lake of Colors Tribe to instantly be cast in a gloomy air.

"Han Fei Zi, it's been a long while."

With the mask on, Su Ming's voice turned hoarse. That hoarse voice spread in all directions. It was Mo Su's voice!

The moment Su Ming wore that mask, Han Fei Zi shuddered and stared at Su Ming with a dumbfounded expression. Her breathing grew rapid.

Yan Luan almost cried out in surprise. She had not expected that the man before her, the man that she was forced to beg to release her would be... would be the same person she had met in the

isolation grounds of Han Mountain's ancestor, and the same person who she had taken a fancy to and wanted to take as her mate!

"You... you..."

Yan Luan instinctively took a few steps back and a look of disbelief appeared in her eyes.

The entire Han Mountain City burst into excitement at that very instant. The uproar reverberated through the air. The person that countless people had been searching for, the Mo Su who was known to be the most mysterious of all Awakened Berserkers now appeared among them in this manner. This shock was enough to throw them all off balance.

"My god... He's actually Mo Su?!"

"No wonder Tranquil East Tribe lost. This person was previously a guest in Tranquil East Tribe. He's... He's actually Mo Su!"

"Mo Su, whose actions have shocked all those within the hidden grounds of Han Mountain and whose face had never been seen, is him?!"

Nan Tian was completely stunned where he stood in Han Mountain City. He stared at Su Ming on Lake of Colors Mountain and found himself speechless even after a long minute, because right at that moment, a theory that made him shudder began

growing within him.

"I've been in Han Mountain City for many years. Will this identity be enough?"

Su Ming turned and looked towards the woman from Freezing Sky Clan.

# Chapter 212: Lord Divine General!

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The expression on the woman's face immediately changed. She had heard of Mo Su's name when she arrived in Han Mountain City and knew that there were six powerful Awakened Berserkers in Han Mountain City.

Among the six, besides the deceased Xuan Lun and Yun Zang, who was rumored to have gone out to isolate himself and train, she also met Nan Tian, Leng Ying, and Ke Jiu Si before. Nan Tian and the other two were nothing to her, and it was even more so for the deceased Xuan Lun.

When she first heard of the six Awakened Berserkers, she was only interested in the person called Mo Su.

This person was incredibly mysterious and wore a black mask. It was rumored that his power was incredibly great, and it was even hinted that he was the leader of the six. He was also a guest in Tranquil East Tribe, and once the hidden grounds of Han Mountain were opened to the public, he was the only who retained his status as a guest when the three tribes dismissed all their guests.

This was how the world worked. The more mysterious something was, the more easily the people's curiosity would be sparked.

This was how it was for the woman. However, that curiosity did not last long, it was placed aside soon after. To her, it did not

matter whether Mo Su was mysterious or not. He had absolutely nothing to do with her, and they were from two completely different worlds.

She did not expect that the Mo Su that had sparked her slight interest would appear before her in this manner on this day at this very moment.

The sounds of the excitement from Han Mountain City traveled into her ears. The waves of sounds were getting stronger with each passing moment, until it eventually tumbled around in all directions and created a buzzing in the air.

In Han Mountain City, the crowd that had been drinking with Su Ming previously all had their mouths hanging open. Su Ming had given them too much surprise, and now with the surprising reveal that he was actually Mo Su, their shock had already reached an unimaginable level.

‘He’s Mo Su? No wonder he has such great power. I had thought he was...’

The man named Yun looked at Lake of Colors Mountain quietly, and a baffled look appeared on his face before he shook his head.

"He’s Mo Su?!"

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe took a deep breath on Puqiang Mountain. He was not unfamiliar with Mo Su’s name. Even if he

had never met him before, their people had indeed investigated this person in the past.

However, their investigations did not bear too many answers. They only knew that this person suddenly became the guest of Tranquil East Tribe and also suddenly disappeared without a trace in the hidden grounds of Han Mountain City.

His fame was mostly due to Lake of Colors Tribe and Tranquil East Tribe's deliberate actions to make him famous. However, he had also asked Xuan Lun about him, and he had obtained an answer for his question.

Mo Su should be a powerful Awakened Berserker. However, due to injuries, that was why his power had fallen to the Blood Solidification Realm. Yet even so, Xuan Lun himself did not have too much confidence in obtaining complete victory over him.

Compared to the uproar around them, Tranquil East Mountain still remained silent. However, that silence did not last long before an old voice traveled forth from the mountain.

There was a hint of respect in that voice as it reverberated in the air.

"Tranquil East Tribe congratulates Kindred Mo for obtaining the right to enter Freezing Sky Clan..."

When all around was alit with excitement, Lake of Colors

Mountain fell silent. Han Fei Zi looked at Su Ming, and also at the mask on his face, with mixed feelings. This was the first time she had seen Su Ming's true face. After Xuan Lun died, she was the only person who knew Su Ming had an incredibly valuable treasure on his person.

"Should I call you Su Ming, or Mo Su..?" Han Fei Zi asked softly.

Yan Luan was feeling even more conflicted. She looked at Su Ming with a dumbfounded expression and recalled all the things that had happened in the isolation grounds of Han Mountain's ancestor. She remembered how she had wanted to take this man as her mate, his soft words when he looked at her just now, and how her heart had mysteriously trembled.

Red suddenly appeared on Yan Luan's face.

Su Ming did not answer Han Fei Zi's question. He merely looked at the woman from Freezing Sky Clan coldly.

The woman remained silent for a moment before letting out a cold snort.

"I see. So you're Mo Su. You passed the first test. However, we still have the second test. You have to challenge the Chains of Han Mountain. Before the Relocation Rune is fully activated, you must clear it, or else you'll still fail," the woman stated with a cold sneer.

Due to the mask Su Ming wore, no one could see his expression.

However, his eyes were serene. It was as if the woman's words did not cause any surge of emotion within him.

"And will there also be a third, fourth, and fifth test?" Su Ming asked in a placid tone.

His calm demeanor made the woman unhappy. She was representing Freezing Sky Clan to receive disciples this time, even if it had already been decided that they would only take in one disciple. However, as long as she was representing Freezing Sky Clan, all those who met her had to be respectful towards her.

Some of the people would even be fearful of her. Only this Su Ming did not regard her with importance. Even if she was clearly making things difficult for him, he still remained unruffled. By just taking out a mask, he rendered her first test a complete joke.

When she heard his question, the woman's smile grew colder, and she decided not to hide her intentions any longer. She spoke in a frosty tone.

"Freezing Sky Clan is not a place that any person can enter. Even if you've cleared the Chains of Han Mountain and finished the second test, there's still the third test. For the third test, you have to prove that you Awakened only after you have attained completion during the Blood Solidification Realm.

"But you've already Awakened so you can't prove it!"



Su Ming was silent.

When she saw Su Ming remaining silent, contempt seeped into the woman's smile.

"If you really have the ability to provide me solid and believable proof to show me the amount of blood veins you had when you Awakened, there will still be a fourth test. The fourth test is very simple. You have to sound Han Mountain Bell. But it's a pity. That bell is no longer here. It was taken away by a Divine General of Awak. Go take it back.

"If you can complete these four tests before the Relocation Rune is fully activated, then there will be no problem for us to take you into Freezing Sky Clan! If you can't, then leave now. Stop bothering us. You won't be able to withstand the wrath of Freezing Sky Clan."

Right at the moment the woman finished speaking, Lake of Colors Mountain suddenly trembled. Piercing rays of light shot from within the mountain and merged into one single, blinding ray of light at the summit, looking as if it was about to turn into a gigantic rune.

"Looks like you don't have a chance anymore. The Relocation Rune has activated. In ten breaths, it'll be fully activated."

The woman smiled and no longer looked at Su Ming, but turned her gaze instead towards the rapidly forming Relocation Rune.

"Then will it be enough if I use this identity as well?" Su Ming asked unhurriedly.

The moment he spoke his words, the woman was immediately stunned. At the moment she turned her head back to look at Su Ming, she shuddered, and disbelief appeared on her face. She instinctively took a few steps back, and all the blood on her face drained away in an instant.

"You... you..."

Even the man who had been staying silent by the side but had been laughing coldly in his heart felt his expression drastically change. He sucked in a sharp breath and looked as if he was struck by lightning. His mind became blank.

They were not the only ones in that state. At that moment, all the people on Lake of Colors Mountain were completely stunned that very instant, and all their emotions were replaced with shock!

Lightning thundered, and lightning arcs swam around Su Ming's body. The lightning sparks glowed with a blue light, and while it exuded a strange presence, it also symbolized one thing!

Su Ming lifted his right hand and bell chimes could be heard from the center of his right palm. There was a bell that gave an old and aged presence resting on his palm. It floated upwards and grew rapidly in midair.

Its appearance also symbolized one thing!

"Lord... Lord Divine General!"

An uproar filled with cries of surprise of an intensity that was never heard before rose from within Han Mountain City!

## Chapter 213: Have A Safe Journey

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"His Origin Awakened Vessel is lightning. That's exactly what Lord Divine General refined that day!"

"That's... That's Han Mountain Bell! Lord Divine General took that bell away on that day! He's indeed Lord Divine General!!"

"This is unbelievable! Lord Divine General and Mo Su... are one and the same!"

All the people in Han Mountain City had already fallen into a state akin to frenzy. All the things that happened this day had made them shocked, but none of the shock they felt was comparable to the shock they felt at this moment!

The Lord Divine General that was ingrained deep within the minds of all the outsiders in Han Mountain City, whose presence was like the blazing sun during noon now appeared before them. He was the Divine General. He was Mo Su. He... was Su Ming!

Nan Tian's breathing quickened. He looked at Su Ming standing on Lake of Colors Mountain with a dumbfounded expression as his heart raced against his chest. Even if there had been speculations about this deep within his heart, when that speculation came true, he still found it hard to quell the shock in his heart.

'As expected, he's the Lord Divine General... Mo Su... it's clear that his level of cultivation didn't drop from Awakening to the Blood Solidification Realm due to grave injuries. When I first met

him, he hadn't even Awakened. He actually managed to intimidate me when his power was only at the Blood Solidification Realm. He... as expected of a Divine General!

Leng Ying, who was standing beside Nan Tian, took a deep breath. He was not unfamiliar to Mo Su's name, but in his heart, he had never thought that Mo Su was at a level so high that it was impossible for him to measure it. He had even once assumed that this Mo Su, who had been hiding his appearance all this while, did not exist at all. He could have even died somewhere a long time ago.

His fame was simply the result of other people's deliberate work.

However, once he saw that Su Ming was Mo Su, he was shocked, but before that shock disappeared, he also saw that Mo Su was the Divine General that appeared before them just a few days ago. It was as if thunder rumbled in his head, and his mind turned blank. He lost all ability to think and was rendered completely stunned by the turn of events.

An outburst with an intensity that was rarely seen erupted from within Han Mountain City. The waves of sound shook the sky and earth. They spread out in all directions and did not disappear. The voices seemed to all be calling out one single title.

"Lord Divine General!"

The people who had been drinking with Su Ming in the inn were the most excited as they joined in crying out with the other people.

Never in their dreams would they have expect that their brother Su who had been drinking with them, who had a smile on his face constantly, and the brother Su who spoke rarely would be Mo Su, and would also be the Divine General who had cleared the Chains of Han Mountain, refined celestial lightning, and took away Han Mountain Bell in a display of mighty power just a few days ago!

Amidst the crowd, the man named Yun stood with respect and fanaticism in his face. He had speculated about this before but hadn't been certain. Now as he watched Su Ming standing at the top of Lake of Colors Mountain, he could not help but recall the scenes of the people drinking together in disappointment on that night.

As for his companion, while there was excitement in his heart, he also felt fortunate. After all, during the night two days ago, he had been displeased with Su Ming inviting himself to their table.

There was also a man and a boy in the crowd. The old man was stunned as he looked at Lake of Colors Mountain. As for the boy, he was standing there stupefied, mumbling words that other people could not hear.

"Greetings to the Lord Divine General from Tranquil East Tribe."

As Han Mountain City was in the midst of their exited uproar, two voices traveled out from Tranquil East Mountain. They belonged to the Elder of Tranquil East Tribe and Fang Shen. Even the powerful Berserkers in their tribe floated into the sky and wrapped their fists in their palms before bowing together to Su Ming above Tranquil East Mountain.

Soon after, the same words were echoed from Puqiang Tribe. All the leaders from Puqiang Tribe bowed towards Su Ming together with respect and fear on their faces.

"Greetings to Lord Divine General from Puqiang Tribe.

"We did not know of your identity previously and offended you. We hope that you will be able to forgive us."

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe laughed bitterly. He had said the same words twice to the same person now.

At the same time, sounds of respect rose like a wave from Han Mountain City and spread out through the entire area.

"Greetings, Lord Divine General!"

"Welcome to Han Mountain once again, Lord Divine General!"

The voices echoed in the air and as they shook the entire area, they traveled to Lake of Colors Tribe and into the man and woman's ears, causing their faces to turn pale and a loud bang to resound in their minds.

"Greetings... Lord Divine General."

The flush on Yan Luan's cheeks turned redder as she bowed

towards Su Ming.

Su Ming calmly took off the mask from his face and his gaze fell on the woman from Freezing Sky Clan.

"In regards to Freezing Sky Clan's second test set, I've already cleared the Chains of Han Mountain," Su Ming stated slowly. When his words fell from his lips, the woman's face turned paler.

"As for the third test, with my identity as Divine General, it's enough to prove that I Awakened after attaining completion in the Blood Solidification Realm," Su Ming continued speaking. His voice was not loud, but it landed clearly in all the people's ears in the area.

The woman who came from Freezing Sky Clan trembled and staggered a few steps backwards. She looked at Su Ming with a stunned expression and her mind went blank. Everything was happening too suddenly, and this unexpected situation caused her to be unable to adapt.

"As for retrieving Han Mountain Bell as the last part of the test, it is here."

Su Ming did not speak quickly and remained calm and collected. The instant he finished speaking, the woman looked as if her heart had just suffered three heavy blows, rendering her breathless. She opened her mouth as if she was about to say something.



However, before she could even speak, a piercing and freezing glare appeared within Su Ming's eyes. Under that cold gaze, her words got stuck in her mouth.

"I've followed all the rules Freezing Sky Clan set and I've fulfilled every request. Now, it is time you give me an answer," he stated coldly.

The woman turned pale and helplessness appeared on her face. She instinctively looked at her companion – the man from Freezing Sky Clan. He had a similar panicked look on his face. Once they exchanged looks, the man gritted his teeth and took a few steps forward. There was no longer any hint of pompousness on his face, only anguish and sincerity. He wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed towards Su Ming.

"I am Chen Yu Bing of Freezing Sky Clan. Greetings, Lord Divine General. I've been deeply regretful that I was unable to see you summoning the deity statue of Awakening and being awarded the title of Divine General of Awakening. My Lord, you are indeed extraordinary."

"I am Xu Ru Yue of Freezing Sky Clan. Greetings, Lord Divine General... There was a reason why I have been so disrespectful. My Lord... I hope you will not mind."

The woman lowered her head and bowed towards Su Ming. There was no longer any contempt on her face. It was replaced simply by anxiety and paleness.

"We're only Outer Sect disciples for the left preceptor in Freezing Sky Clan and we rarely venture out. If we've offended you, please forgive us."

"This time, our fellow brother Zhao, an Inner Sect disciple, was supposed to come with us, but because something came up, fellow brother Zhao could not come.

"Before we came, the left preceptor mentioned that we will only take one disciple from Han Mountain City this time, and it was decided that it would be Lake of Colors Tribe's Han Fei Zi. We... We don't have the right to decide whether we can take in a second person."

"That was why we were forced to make things difficult for you."

The two of them whispered, pouring out all their thoughts in their hearts.

"With your power and status as the Divine General, all the schools in the Land of South Morning will definitely receive you. If you don't mind, please come back with us to Freezing Sky Clan and the leaders will make the final decision. The two of us... have no right to make any decisions."

"I grossly exaggerated my words just now. I hope you'll forgive me," Xu Ru Yue bit her bottom lip and whispered entreatingly.

Su Ming cast a glance at the man and woman who had changed

their attitudes so completely, then put away his mask along with Han Mountain Bell. From the moment he knew from Han Cang Zi that Freezing Sky Clan was only taking in one person, he had been making all sorts of preparations for the sake of one goal - getting into Freezing Sky Clan.

Su Ming had already predicted a long time ago that there was no way that he could be taken as Freezing Sky Clan's disciple in this place.

"My Lord, this way!" Chen Yu Bing spoke politely.

The Relocation Rune on Lake of Colors Tribe was already fully activated. The light from the Rune was flashing brilliantly. A gigantic ball of light had already gathered in midair.

"Freezing Sky Clan..."

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the gigantic ball of light. An eager look appeared in his eyes. He took a deep breath and lifted his foot, but just as he was about to walk towards the light...

"Fellow brother Chen, senior sister Xu, you won't mind if I use this Rune and go back to the school, yes?" a soft voice traveled forth from Tranquil East Mountain, and a petite figure also appeared along with that voice. It was Han Cang Zi, Fang Cang Lan.

She let out a soft chuckle as she walked through the air towards

them. Her robes fluttered in the air as she walked like a butterfly. She stopped by Su Ming's side. Once she gave him a smile, she looked at the two people from Freezing Sky Clan.

A glint appeared in Xu Ru Yue's eyes. She swept her gaze across Fang Cang Lan and Su Ming before she spoke softly, "Junior sister Fang, you're being far too courteous. We were just about to ask you whether you wanted to come back with us."

Fang Cang Lan smiled and nodded, then moved closer to Su Ming, making it seem as if they were standing together and looking like they were well-suited for each other. When the people saw this, all of them had different thoughts in their heads.

Han Fei Zi looked like how she usually did. She did not even look at Fang Cang Lan, but was instead staring at Su Ming. Then she walked over calmly until she was right before Su Ming. An enchanting smile appeared on her beautiful face.

Han Fei Zi leaned towards Su Ming in a suggestive manner. The moment Su Ming frowned, she whispered breathlessly into his ear, in a tone only he could hear, "Don't forget. You still owe me that promise made under Han Mountain."

Chen Yu Bing let out a fake cough by the side and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming and the other two people.

"Brother Su, junior sister Han Fei Zi, junior sister Fang, the Rune is working now. Let's go."

He could tell that there was something going on between Su Ming and the two women, but he pretended he did not see anything. He only wanted to finish his task quickly. The trip to Han Mountain this time was making him uncomfortable.

The five of them slowly moved towards the Relocation Rune under the gazes of the people from the three tribes and the crowd in Han Mountain. The instant they stepped into the Rune, shouts erupted forth from Han Mountain City.

"Lord Divine General, have a safe journey!"

"Lord Divine General, if you're ever free, remember to come back and visit us!"

"Lord Divine General, take care!"

"Senior Mo... take care..." A weak voice was mixed in these shouts, coming from Tranquil East Mountain.

Just as Su Ming was about to walk into the Relocation Rune, his footsteps faltered and he turned his head back to look at Han Mountain and Tranquil East Mountain. As he did so, he became overwhelmed with emotions. He saw a pale teenager looking at him from Tranquil East Mountain, supported by someone.

"I'll be back."

Su Ming wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed deeply towards

Han Mountain City.

Once he straightened his body, he turned around and a determined look appeared on his face as he stepped into the Rune. The instant he did so, an old voice suddenly spoke by his ears.

"Boy, do you want to become my disciple?"

# Chapter 214: The Sagely Veteran

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It was as if time itself froze.

The rumbling sounds coming from the Relocation Rune also disappeared instantly, as if they had just gone static. Su Ming turned his head back swiftly and what he saw made his pupils shrink. He cautiously took a deep breath.

He saw that everything around him had become completely still. The light from the Rune did not move, and neither did the ground. Yet strangely, while Han Mountain still remained in sight, there was no one on the mountain. The three places were still around, but there was no one in them.

Even Fang Cang Lan, Han Fei Zi, and the others who were around the area just now were all gone. It was as if he was the only person left in the world.

... as if the moment that old voice appeared in his ears, the world had changed.

The world he saw before his eyes had just become empty, a world void of life. This drastic change made Su Ming feel shaken.

He could not imagine what sort of power would be required to do this. It was inconceivable in his eyes.

"This is the Void Space I created," the same voice he heard just

now spoke up in his ears once again from the distance. An old man dressed in white robes also appeared sitting on Tranquil East Mountain along with the voice.

The old man held a pot of wine in his hands and took a big gulp from it before he looked at Su Ming.

"Come, let's talk."

Su Ming's heart pounded against his chest. Once he looked at the old man for a few moments, he cast his gaze around him. There were no signs of life on Lake of Colors Mountain. Besides him and the old man, not another soul could be seen in the area.

After hesitating for a moment, Su Ming tried lifting his feet to move out of the Rune. Once he did so, he immediately turned back to look at the Relocation Rune. The light did not move, and the still light made it seem like an illusionary statue.

Once he quelled the shock in his heart, Su Ming slowly rose into the air and walked towards Tranquil East Mountain until he eventually stood 100 feet away from the old man.

"Come, sit by my side."

The old man put down the wine pot and swept his gaze across Su Ming. A hint of praise appeared on his face.

Su Ming moved closer to him without a word, and once he was by



the old man's side, he decided to just go along with his suggestion and sat down.

"Are you curious?"

The old man gave Su Ming a scrutinizing look then lifted his right hand to point at the space before Su Ming. Immediately, the space before him distorted and a pot of wine appeared.

"What's a Void Space?"

The moment the wine pot appeared, Su Ming's heart pounded and he looked towards the old man.

"A Void Space is a power belonging to those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm. Once most of the bones in a Berserker's body have turned into Berserker Bones, they can communicate with heaven and earth, and from there create their own world.

"Since it's not real and only an illusion, it's called a Void, and since it's formed in the body and is cut off from the world by our flesh and blood, it cannot spread outwards, that's why it's called a Space."

The old man picked up the wine pot and once he took another mouthful, he looked at Su Ming.

"My Void Space is not complete. I can only create the world I see. There're no living things within. Bringing you in here was already

a herculean task."

Su Ming was silent. This was the first time he had ever heard of Void Spaces.

"Blood Solidification, Awakening, Bone Sacrifice, Berserker Soul. These are the four great realms among us Berserkers. First, you must understand the connotations behind these four great realms. You must understand why they were divided this way, and only then will you be able to reach these realms," the old man said with a smile.

"It doesn't matter whether you will succeed in becoming my disciple. Our meeting in itself is fate. I can guide you. Now, why is there a word 'blood' in Blood Solidification Realm?"

The old man looked at Su Ming.

"Because Berserkers inherit powers through blood. Our blood contains the power of the Berserker Tribe. However, it's very thin, that's why we need to continuously merge it together, only then will that power erupt forth," Su Ming replied softly after a slight hesitation.

"Correct. From a broad perspective, this is correct. However, you still don't understand its connotations."

The old man lifted his right hand and waved it across the sky.

With that one single wave, a blood vein shining with piercing red light immediately appeared in the sky.

"Look closer, I will only show it to you once. When you finish observing it, tell me your answer. This is my first test for you. If you succeed, then I will consider you my honorary disciple. If you fail, then go back from whence you came."

The old man cast Su Ming a profound look and waved his right arm in the sky once more.

The moment he waved his arm, the blood vein in the sky shook, and several branches appeared on that blood vein, and those branches branched out once again, until eventually there seemed to be countless blood veins right before Su Ming's eyes. However, if he took a closer look, he would find that there was really only one blood vein.

The multiple branches that appeared on that one blood vein split up from each other and gathered in the air to form the outline of a person. They shone with a brilliant red light that lit up the entire area.

When he saw this, Su Ming took in a sharp breath, feeling as if thunder rumbled in his mind. The blood veins that he thought had disappeared once they turned into his Berserker Mark appeared once again to cover his entire body.

This strange sight made Su Ming shudder.

"So blood veins... don't disappear... once we Awaken..."

As Su Ming mumbled under his breath, the figure of the person formed by the blood veins in the sky experienced a change once again.

Those blood veins became entwined with each other and gradually pictures of mountains and rivers, the sun and the moon, the stars, plants, and ferocious beasts appeared around him. Every single time one of them appeared, the person formed by blood veins would experience different changes. The veins would move around as if they were trying to match the illusionary pictures around them.

The final picture that appeared was of a mountain – a five fingered mountain, Su Ming's Mountain Mark!

The moment the five fingered mountain appeared, plants appeared on the surface of the mountain. There were trees, earth, and the entire five fingered mountain seemed to have come alive. As it continued to be covered, it gradually looked as if it had turned into a real mountain, and was no longer an illusion.

Once it completely turned into a physical entity, Su Ming once again saw the mountain fusing with the person made of blood veins, and slowly, he saw that the mountain was one with the person, and the person one with the mountain!

The mountain covered every single part of the person made of blood veins, and as if it was a carving on a totem, the mountain

seemed to have become the skin for the person made of blood veins!

The moment Su Ming saw this, the blood veins that had appeared once again on his body started circulating with a boom. He started trembling furiously, as if he could not control himself. His face immediately turned pale and blood flowed out of the corner of his lips.

Weariness filled his heart. This feeling stemmed from the sight he saw, which stirred up the Qi within his body.

The old man sitting beside Su Ming looked at him and asked slowly, "Do you want to continue?"

"Yes!"

Su Ming gritted his teeth.

If anyone said that the person that had fused with the mountain in the air and had the mountain as his skin was a human, then he was a human, but if they said he was a mountain, then he was a mountain as well! A vast and mighty presence spread out from its entire body and turned into a gigantic pressure that covered the entire land.

Soon after, a golden piece of bone appeared within the body. More pieces of bones gradually appeared, and after a moment, a complete spine was formed.

It did not end there. Once the spine appeared, a complete skeletal frame formed in the body as time passed by!

He had the form of a person, a skeleton, flesh, and blood. This was a complete human being.

However, he had no soul, no spirit. This person had his eyes closed and could not seem to open them. Su Ming could sense a void within his body, as if he was in deep sleep and could not wake up.

"If he opens his eyes, then he'll obtain the Berserker Soul," the old man stated calmly. He placed his right hand down, and the instant he did so, the person in the sky twisted and blended into nothingness.

"I will wait for your answer here."

The old man closed his eyes.

Su Ming was looking at the spot where the figure had disappeared in the sky dumbly. The images he saw resurfaced in his mind. After a long while, he closed his eyes.

Time trickled by slowly. The sun, moon, and the stars did not move in the Void Space. It was as if time itself had frozen.

The old man's eyes remained shut and he did not open them. He had enough patience to wait for Su Ming's answer. Yet before long, the old man opened his eyes and looked towards Su Ming.

Su Ming remained still, but the blood veins that had previously appeared on his body were shining brilliantly, and among them, two had even fused together.

A surprised look appeared in the old man's eyes as he watched the two fused blood veins.

‘What great intelligence!’

Once the two blood veins fused together, the fusion speed for the other blood veins abruptly increased and they blended together. After a few hours and under the old man's praising look, all the blood veins within Su Ming's body became one.

That one blood vein glowed in a brilliant shade of red and slowly surfaced on Su Ming's face. Once it turned into the five fingered Mountain Mark, it crept down his neck. Once the old man saw this, he was stunned.

‘His Berserker Mark is the Mountain and he had now truly completed Blood Solidification, so why is it still spreading down...?’

The blood veins were hidden under Su Ming's robes. They spread towards the blood lines Su Ming had drawn on his body, and once

they finally turned into the complete Berserker Mark, the old man widened his eyes in shock. He took a sharp breath and no longer cared about maintaining the appropriate demeanor for his status.

He lifted his right hand and waved it towards Su Ming, and immediately, Su Ming's robes covering his upper body disappeared, revealing to the old man the complete Berserker Mark he had drawn on his body!

Dark Mountain Tribe!

The moment the old man saw the Berserker Mark, he sucked in a sharp breath and was stunned. He had seen countless Berserker Marks in his life, and among them, some were rather complicated. However, he had never seen a Berserker Mark that was as complex as the one on Su Ming's body.

"Is this... still a Berserker Mark..? This boy is even crazier than I am..." the old man muttered under his breath, shocked.

"I had thought that he activated the Sound of Soul Creation with his entire Berserker Mark... But by the looks of it, the Mountain Mark that triggered the Sound of Soul Creation is just part of the Berserker Mark!

"This sort of Berserker Mark will either never develop and turn into a mixed Mark, or... it will grow, and its power will shock the entire Berserker Tribe!



"What exactly happened that day after I left..." The old man was in slight disbelief and started regretting leaving so abruptly in disappointment that day.

Regret filled his face, but he immediately noticed it and changed his expression instantly, turning that regretful look into his previous mysterious and smiling expression. He waved his right hand before Su Ming's body, causing his robes to appear once again, before he let out a fake cough and put on the look of a veteran as he looked at Su Ming.

At that very moment, Su Ming slowly opened his eyes. There was a sharp glint in them, and they showed understanding.

## Chapter 215: Wine, Water

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"Ahem. Since you're awake, then tell me the answer. Your answer will determine whether you can become my honorary disciple."

The old man coughed once again and lifted his hand to stroke his beard. His demeanor, that of a learned veteran, coupled with the shock he brought upon Su Ming, made Su Ming unable to find anything wrong with his actions.

"The four great realms, Blood Solidification, Awakening, Bone Sacrifice, and Berserker Soul—are all centered around the word 'creation'!" Su Ming took a deep breath and stated slowly.

"To create from nothing is the underlying meaning of these four great realms. This creation is centered around the Berserker Mark!

"All our Berserker Marks are different, that's why what we create is also different, but in the end, it's still centered around the word 'create'! It's just as I saw just now. With just one blood vein, a person who looked like a mountain was created!" he mumbled. He was in shock, only then did he understand the principle of his path.

He had even noticed that during the unknown amount of time that had passed, once he truly fused all his blood veins in his body and blended them into his Berserker Mark, while he might still be in the initial stage of the Awakening Realm, the power he had in his hands now seemed to have become much greater.

It was a feeling of having completely broken off the Blood Solidification Realm and having truly entered the Awakening Realm! In fact, due to his actions just now, his powers of the initial stage of the Awakening Realm had reached their peak, as if he was not far away from the middle stage of the Awakening Realm.

All of these were because this old man had given it to him.

When the old man heard it, the praise in his eyes grew stronger.

"That's right, if you can understand this, then you're qualified to enter the school and you fit your status of a Divine General of Awakening. The word 'creation' is the quintessence of us Berserkers. We can cast Creation Arts from One Creation, Ten Creations, Hundred Creations, right up till we reach Endless Creation. The final Creation Art – Eternal Creation, is the Art belonging only to God of Berserkers!"

"There are countless other worlds in this universe, and there are also all types of practitioners. There are differences between all of us, but only us Berserkers walk the path of 'creation'. Once we reach the peak of the Bone Sacrifice realm, we can create our very own statue of the God of Berserkers!

"You passed the first test!"

The old man's smile died down and a solemn look appeared on his face.

"Su Ming, I am Tian Xie Zi. I stay in Freezing Sky Clan and am one of Freezing Sky Clan. However, I don't practice the Arts of Freezing Sky Clan. I've never taken in any disciples before. There were a few that made me want to take them in as my disciples, but they were ultimately not suitable.

"You already caught my attention when you Awakened. In fact, when you were searching for your Berserker Mark in your trance, I was also there!" Tian Xie Zi stated slowly, looking at Su Ming.

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the old man. He did not suspect his words.

"Right now, you have two choices. One, everything will proceed the way it's supposed to. You will go to Freezing Sky Clan and I will speak for you, then you can become a disciple in Freezing Sky Clan!

"Since you gained the title of Divine General of Awakening, Freezing Sky Clan will surely pay a lot of attention to you. You'll definitely become an Inner Sect disciple. In fact, some of the old timers in Freezing Sky Clan will choose you as their Disciple. You'll be the same as Si Ma Xin and become a prodigy in Freezing Sky Clan. As for your future, it'll depend on your own luck.

"Two, give up on entering Freezing Sky Clan and become my disciple. While I am in Freezing Sky Clan, you will also be there. If I leave, then you will have to leave with me.

"If you become my disciple, you can stay in Freezing Sky Clan, but you can't become a disciple of the school. You won't be able to receive the same treatment as other disciples. Still, if you accept me as your Master, then you'll understand someday that Freezing Sky Clan is nothing.

"However, if you want to become my disciple, then you have to go through a second test. Only if you pass it will I take you in!"

Tian Xie Zi spoke sternly, and his words were laced with an air of condescension towards Freezing Sky Clan, along with pride.

Nonetheless, when he saw Su Ming falling into pensive silence, as if he was weighing his options, he became nervous. If he had not seen Su Ming's Berserker Mark, he would not have minded this, but it was different now.

The old man let out a fake cough and quickly said, "Ahem. Su Ming, I've already helped you once. Your power must have increased. If you become my disciple, then things like these will happen again,".

Su Ming remained silent.

"You have to think carefully. I'm incredibly protective of those important to me. If you become my disciple, then you'll gain a lot of benefits, but if you refuse..."

The old man let out a harrumph, and he also felt helpless. Taking

in disciples was an important event, he could not force Su Ming into it.

"What sort of benefits?" Su Ming lifted his head and asked calmly.

"Many..."

Tian Xie Zi felt slightly guilty and let out a bark of laughter to hide his emotions. He was a sly person, and he was confident Su Ming would not be able to see through his disguise.

"I have plenty of Berserker Vessels in my abode. You're my only disciple so you'll be able to choose whichever you like.

"I also have all the scrolls of the Arts in Freezing Sky Clan. Even if you don't join it, you can still learn the Arts, and the clan can't say anything about it because you'll be my disciple.

"Let me think. I also own a mountain as my compound. I have my own cave abode, so if you become my disciple, I can immediately create your own cave abode next to mine.

"I also have close acquaintances in Great Yu Dynasty. When you go there to receive your rewards as the Divine General, I can go with you.

"Also... let me think. If you become my disciple, then your status will immediately change. The relationship between me and

Freezing Sky Clan may be a little complicated, but I'm considered one of the seniors in Freezing Sky Clan. Once you acknowledge me as your Master, then you'll have the same status as the head preceptor. Those lasses will have to call you Uncle Master.

"Anyway, you'll have a lot of benefits. Oh, and I have a lot of valuable ancient scrolls. I have everything in there, including the map of the Land of South Morning. It definitely won't lose to Freezing Sky Clan's map. After all, I've gone to far too many places."

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes but he maintained his silence through the old man's chattering, then nodded once he finished.

"Alright, please tell me the second test."

Tian Xie Zi's spirits lifted up and his smile grew wider. He pointed towards the wine pot before Su Ming.

"I brewed this pot of wine personally over a long period of time. Even the left and right preceptors of Freezing Sky Clan can't drink it. Why don't you try it?"

Su Ming looked at the wine pot before him. Without any hesitation, he picked it up and took a mouthful. He knew that with the old man's power, if he wanted to harm Su Ming, he had no need to make it so troublesome.

However, the moment he drank it, Su Ming was stunned.

"Water?"

He looked towards the old man.

"It's wine."

There was the ghost of a smile on the old man's lips. He stood up with a delighted look.

Su Ming frowned. His gaze landed on the wine pot in his hands and he fell into a contemplative silence.

"You passed the second test. Let's go. Come with me back to Freezing Sky Clan. We'll go home now!"

The old man laughed boisterously and moved forward. He walked in front of Su Ming, hence he did not see Su Ming, who was holding the wine pot, shudder when he heard the words 'going home'. He lifted his head and cast the old man a profound look.

"Not even I know what's in the wine pot. I might have brewed it, but I fused my Creation Art in there. The taste is different for everyone.

"Si Ma Xin drank it once, and he said it was bitter. Three other people drank it, and they also tasted something different. When I drink it, I'll feel that it's wine.



"You're the only one who said it's water. This answer corresponds with how I'm feeling today. That's why from now on, you will be my only disciple!"

Tian Xie Zi was walking in front when he turned around and smiled at Su Ming.

Su Ming was stunned then he smiled bitterly. He walked with Tian Xie Zi in the air and gradually left. As they did so, the sky and earth in the Void Space started twisting, eventually turning into an illusion that disappeared along with Su Ming and Tian Xie Zi.

The light from the Relocation Rune reached its peak on Lake of Colors Mountain. It was letting out loud rumbling sounds. The earth shook, as if there were layers of invisible force gathering from all directions and surging towards the Relocation Rune, erupting forth from the summit of the mountain and turning into a Rune that shone outwards.

The light was glaring and enveloped all of those within the Rune. Su Ming trembled and snapped out of his daze. A pot of wine had appeared in his hands some time ago. The appearance of this wine pot baffled him. Everything that had happened in the Void Space had only lasted an instant outside.

"Void Space..."

Su Ming lowered his head and looked at the wine pot in his hands before he drank from it.

Besides the rumbling from the Rune, he also heard the people shouting their farewells from all around Han Mountain. Gradually, all those outside the Rune saw it letting off a brilliant flash on Lake of Colors Mountain, causing the vision for all those watching to be blinded for that instant, and the world in their eyes turned dark...

The light dissipated from Lake of Colors Mountain. Only faint sparks remained before they scattered and quickly fused into the air, disappearing without a trace.

"They left..." Nan Tian sighed softly in Han Mountain City. There was a moved but conflicted look on his face. He shook his head.

"I wonder just how much further apart our powers will be when we meet again... Perhaps we'll never meet again."

By his side, Leng Ying quietly looked at the Lake of Colors Mountain that had lost the light from the Relocation Rune. A determined look appeared in his eyes.

"He's finally gone."

The Elder of Puqiang Tribe let out a sigh of relief. Nonetheless, he knew that he would never forget that a Divine General of Awakening once appeared in Han Mountain, in this place, and with this method, he entered Freezing Sky Clan.

Fang Mu lowered his head on Tranquil East Mountain. His father

stood by his side. The man's mouth opened as if he wanted to say something, but Fang Mu did not look at him. Instead, he walked away with his head lowered, as if he did not want to talk to his father.

Fang Shen let out a quiet sigh.

As the envoys from Freezing Sky Clan left, Han Mountain gradually calmed down. Some people left, and some people chose to stay. The people in the inn were the same. Yet no matter what, when Freezing Sky Clan came once again to take in disciples, some of them might meet each other again. Then they would drink together and talk about this miracle.

It was especially so for the people who had drunk with Su Ming. They might even say with pride that there was once a Lord Divine General called Su Ming here and speak of his stories.

# Chapter 216: Sky Mist Barrier!

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The Land of South Morning was so huge it seemed endless. Even if people reached the Awakening Realm, few could manage to travel through the entire land. This place was simply too big.

Some people had made rough calculations about how long it would take for a Awakened Berserker to cross the Land of South Morning and stated that they would need at least 100 years to do so. That was discounting the dangers that the person would encounter during his or her journey. There were also an infinite amount of fierce beasts in the land. These beasts could even hold their own against those in the Berserker Soul Realm.

Even those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm would need a long period of time to cross the Land of South Morning, and they would also have to be careful.

"The Land of South Morning is separated into two regions, and the Sky Mist City acts as the border. The city was built by Freezing Sky Clan and Western Sea Clan. It has been around for thousands of years. It's built on a mountain which eventually turned into a barrier that surrounds South Morning."

Chen Yu Bing from Freezing Sky Clan stood on a mountain enveloped in a golden light in a direction leaning towards the North of the Land of South Morning. He looked in the distance and spoke languidly.

"Sky Mist City is divided into a capital city and nine other

prefectural cities, and the border city acts as the barrier separating the inner parts of South Morning from the outer parts. It is also due to this barrier that the wild beasts and Shamans in the outer parts of South Morning cannot get into the inner parts of the land so easily and massacre the people there."

The man named Chen pointed forward.

They could see a mountain range that looked like a dragon's spine far into the distance in the direction he had pointed. It went on endlessly, just like the walls of a city.

"That is part of Sky Mist City's barrier. Junior sister Han Fei Zi, you should have not heard about this city before, right? You'll definitely receive a lot of attention once you enter the school, and when the time comes, you'll be sent out for training. You might be sent to guard Sky Mist City. This is the highest glory for us, the people of South Morning.

"Brother Su, you are the Divine General. It's fine for you to know some of the secrets of the Land of South Morning. With your power and status, you will learn all about them sooner or later."

The man named Chen cast a glance towards Su Ming with a kind smile.

Su Ming's face remained passive as he looked towards the mountain range in the distance. He did not speak. He had no idea how much time had passed while he was in the Relocation Rune in Lake of Colors Mountain. He only knew that a long time had

passed by until the buzzing sounds in his ears disappeared. When the light outside was no longer so bright he had to close his eyes, he opened them, and saw that he was at the top of this very mountain along with the other four people.

Once they appeared, Freezing Sky Clan's Xu Ru Yue brought out some golden stones, then started laying them out in a certain manner on the mountain. As the stones in her hand were placed down, the mountain was gradually covered in increasingly stronger golden light.

"We were fortunate to have obtained the four dimensional layer Relocation Rune. In the past, when we had to move from Han Mountain to Freezing Sky Clan, we had to use the Runes in Sky Mist City. They are very slow.

"While Freezing Sky Clan might have been researching and using Relocation Runes as well, we could only relocate a short distance away and the price was great. If we relocated too many times, not only would we waste a large amount of time, our bodies would not be able to handle it either. We'd need to rest for a few dozen breaths before we could recover.

"Right, with the four dimensional layer Relocation Rune, we only need to relocate eight times to return to Freezing Sky Clan. It's much more convenient."

The man named Chen let out a sigh and looked at Xu Ru Yue laying out the Rune. Then he smiled towards Su Ming, Han Cang Zi, and Han Fei Zi.

"Sky Mist City?" Han Fei Zi's gaze fell upon the mountain range and she frowned.

"Looks like you don't know about the existence of this city, but that's normal. I only learned some of the secrets of the Land of South Morning after I entered Freezing Sky Clan.

"Brother Su, have you heard of Sky Mist City before?"

The man named Chen smiled and looked at Su Ming. This was a person who would definitely be taken into the school, and his status in the school would definitely not be lower than Han Fei Zi's, perhaps even higher. That was why he decided to ease the tension between them and become acquaintanced with him. That was why he decided to talk about the things that outsiders would not know over here.

"I've never heard of it." Su Ming said calmly, looking at the mountain range in the distance.

"If that's the case, then I'll accompany both you and junior sister Han Fei Zi to visit the city walls on Sky Mist's mountain range and explain their function in detail," the man named Chen said and smiled before looking at Xu Ru Yue laying out the runes on the ground.

Xu Ru Yue wiped off the sweat on her forehead. When she saw Chen Yu Bing looking at her, she smiled and spoke. "There are still ten hours before the Rune is fully arranged and we can activate the

second Relocation. I only need junior sister Han Cang Zi to stay behind and protect me."

She had to calculate the entire process of laying out the Rune and placing the golden stones at their rightful places. Xu Ru Yue was not very familiar with this and that was why she needed to be cautious, which inevitably led to her tiring herself mentally.

"Alright then. I'll leave it to you, senior sister Xu. We won't go too far. If anything goes wrong, I'll come back as soon as possible." Chen Yu Bing gave her a nod and looked towards Han Cang Zi. "Junior sister Fang, I'll leave it to you."

Han Cang Zi had a solemn look on her face. Her gaze traveled to Su Ming before she nodded.

"Brother Su, junior sister Yan, this way!"

Chen Yu Bing lifted his hand and pointed in a direction before he moved forward and turned into a long arc that charged into the distance. Han Fei Zi's face remained cold and detached. White clouds appeared underneath her feet and lifted her up to chase after Chen Yu Bing.

Su Ming lifted into the air unhurriedly. They turned into three long arcs and moved towards the city walls built on the mountain range in the distance.

"If we talk about Sky Mist City, then we have to talk about the



barrier that separates the inner and outer parts of the Land of South Morning. We live in the inner parts of the Land of South Morning, and as of now, we are in the inner part.

"The inner parts are very large. Most of the western side of the inner parts belong to Western Sea Clan, and the north belongs to Freezing Sky Clan.

"However, compared to the world outside the barrier, the region we live in is only a small part of the entire Land of South Morning."

With Chen Yu Bing's voice in their ears, the three of them gradually approached the Sky Mist City's wall barrier at full speed.

Once they were about tens of thousands of feet away from the wall with Chen Yu Bing's voice still echoing in their ears, a sudden great pressure spread out with a loud bang from the wall and charged towards them.

"This is Sky Mist's forbidden grounds. Trespassers are not allowed!" a cold and detached voice shouted at them, the sound reverberating all around them like thunder, and the lingering echo buzzed in their ears.

Han Fei Zi's expression changed, and she found that she could barely stand. The white cloud under her feet dissipated as well. Among the three of them, her level of cultivation was the weakest, and she was feeling terribly shaken. At that moment, a gentle wave of energy seeped into her body from her back and spread through

her entire body, allowing her to regain her stability.

Su Ming stood by Han Fei Zi's side and supported her with his right arm around her waist.

A blush crept up her cheeks, but she did not refuse his kind will. Instead, she stood by his side and looked towards the wall from where the voice had come.

"I am Freezing Sky Clan's disciple, Chen Yu Bing. Greetings to the uncle master guarding the city."

Chen Yu Bing also felt shaken, but he did not panic. It was clear that he had expected the voice to appear. He wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed respectfully in midair towards Sky Mist's wall located tens of thousands of feet away.

"I saw all of you at the Relocation Spot a long time ago. Why did you come here instead of staying there?" the cold and detached voice asked them languidly.

"Uncle master, by orders of the left preceptor, I went to Han Mountain City to choose new disciples, and we're coming back now. We passed by this place and wanted to see the barrier of the Land of South Morning at close proximity. We won't move forward anymore. We can just watch from here. But uncle master, we would be glad if you made an exception for us," Chen Yu Bing quickly answered.

The moment he finished speaking, Su Ming immediately felt an intimidating pressure charge towards them and sweep through him and Han Fei Zi. At the same time, a soft gasp of surprise echoed in the air.

"Then come here. If you want to take a look, then stand on the wall and look at the outer parts of South Morning."

After a moment, the cold and detached voice appeared again, but this time, there was a warmer tone to it.

"Thank you, uncle master!"

The man named Chen was momentarily stunned before he quickly wrapped his fist in his palm respectfully as thanks. He turned around and cast Su Ming a glance.

He was not a foolish person. He had brought up this journey to the wall because he knew that there was a leader from Freezing Sky Clan here defending the place and by right they should not be turned away. That was why he was using this to warm up his relationship with Su Ming.

However, he did not expect this unknown Uncle Master to allow them to stand on the wall.

"This area belongs to Freezing Sky Clan. All the people defending the outer walls of Sky Mist City are leaders from Freezing Sky Clan. That's why we could get closer. If we were near Western Sea

Clan's territory, then we would have been chased away a long time ago. If we showed any signs of disrespect, we might even have been killed."

Su Ming cast a glance at Chen Yu Bing. Under his gaze, Chen Yu Bing lowered his head and laughed self-depreciatingly before he whispered.

"Honestly, I've never stood on the wall to see the outer parts of South Morning either."

Su Ming averted his gaze and smiled as he said, "Let's go. I'm very curious about this place."

As the three of them got closer, an incredibly oppressive feeling gradually rose within Su Ming's heart. The wall on the mountain range had looked magnificent when he saw it from afar, and now that he was closer, it was even more so.

It was hard not to feel tiny before the wall. It was so tall that if he stood at the foot of the mountain and looked up, he would feel as if it was connecting the sky and the earth.

Han Fei Zi's breathing quickened. She looked at the wall on the mountain range before her and found that she could not imagine a mountain range like this surrounding the entire Land of South Morning serving as its barrier.

The distance of tens of thousands of feet shrank quickly, and the

moment they stood on the wall, an intimidating pressure fell upon them. Under that pressure, Han Fei Zi's face turned pale and she looked as if she was about to collapse. If she was not standing beside Su Ming and he wasn't dissipating most of the pressure for her, she would not have been able to stand.

Su Ming felt shaken to the core as he stood at the top of the mountain range and looked in front of himself. In his eyes, he saw a barren mass of land spreading into the distance.

This land was also a part of South Morning, but it was outside the barrier. The earth was black, and there was a thick stench of blood in the mountain breeze.

A desolate feeling filled the air.

The barren lands, the boundless sky, the endless forest, the blurry shadows of the tall mountains, and even the vague roaring sounds from the distance contributed to this feeling.

It was especially so due to a few skeletons scattered here and there on the ground. The bones were thick and bulky, and it was clear that they belonged to wild beasts.

It was as if the lands inside and outside the barrier were two different worlds!

By Su Ming's side, Chen Yu Bing was also shaken. This was the first time he stood on the wall and looked at the world outside the

walls.

"I didn't expect that a Divine General would be among the disciples the left preceptor took in this time!" the cold voice said from behind them, and the space there distorted and a middle aged man walked out of it.

The middle aged man wore a sackcloth and his hair was braided with lots of tiny braids. He was not huge and leaned on the thinner side. He looked quite ordinary, but his eyes were incredibly bright.

# Chapter 217: Divine General Of The Bone Sacrifice Realm!

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"You... you are..." Chen Yu Bing immediately whipped his head around and was about to bow in greeting respectfully when he saw the middle-aged man. He became stunned. "Uncle... Uncle master Bai?"

Chen Yu Bing immediately felt as if thunder clapped in his heart and his expression drastically changed. He might have known that those who were defending Freezing Sky Clan's portion of the wall were all from his school and knew that this particular wall would have the same treatment, but he did not expect that the person defending this particular portion would be the man before his eyes.

He'd seen this man only once, but the memories of that encounter were etched deep into his mind. He was not the only one who knew him, most of the people in Freezing Sky Clan knew about this person's existence.

‘No wonder he allowed us to stand on the wall...’

Chen Yu Bing was very nervous. He bowed deeply towards the middle-aged man respectfully.

"I am Freezing Sky Clan's disciple, Chen Yu Bing. Greetings, uncle master Bai."

The middle-aged man gave him a slight nod and then no longer took notice of him. He looked at Su Ming instead, and once he sized him up, he asked with a calm voice, "What's your name?"

When the man was sizing up Su Ming, he felt a wave of pressure landing on him, but strangely, this pressure was not terrifying, for some reason it gave him an affable feeling.

Su Ming wrapped his fist in his palm and said calmly, "I am Su Ming. Greetings, uncle master Bai."

"You just Awakened, right?" the middle-aged man asked unhurriedly.

"Yes."

Su Ming nodded.

"I don't think you've been taken into Freezing Sky Clan, or else, with your status as Divine General, those old fellows wouldn't just send Outer Sect disciples to receive you," the middle-aged man said, his voice remaining cold.

"Yes..."

Su Ming nodded once again.

"You don't need to go to Freezing Sky Clan. Stay. Defend the



place with me and become my disciple. Besides me, no one else in Freezing Sky Clan can teach you suitable Arts."

There was a tone in the middle-aged man's voice that suggested the man would not allow refusal.

Su Ming was stunned.

Chen Yu Bing was also stunned, and envy appeared in his eyes. As for Han Fei Zi, she lowered her head as she stood by the side and did not speak.

Su Ming hesitated for a moment. The cordial feeling within him towards the man grew stronger as he continued talking to him. "I... I already have a Master."

"Oh? Who is it? I'll have him give up on you."

The middle-aged man's voice was calm, but there was a shocking pride in his words.

Having two people suddenly wanting to take him in as a disciple was a first for Su Ming.

"Yes... Tian Xie Zi."

The moment he said the name, the man's expression turned odd, looking like a mix of expressions: as if he could do nothing about

this, as if he was caught between wanting to laugh and cry, as if he was furious. Eventually, the man settled on to a cold harrumph.

"If you ever regret acknowledging him as your Master, then come to me."

When Chen Yu Bing heard those words, his expression changed once again to surprise and he looked at Su Ming. He was about to say something, but in the end, did not. However, he instinctively took a step back and widened the distance between him and Su Ming.

Su Ming was slightly alarmed. It did not matter whether it was the middle-aged man's words or Chen Yu Bing's instinctive reaction, all of them seemed to be expressing a rather bad connotation to him acknowledging Tian Xie Zi as his Master...

"Let's put it aside first. Now, the three of you, stand here and tell me what you saw!"

The middle-aged man's voice was still cold when he spoke. He did not look at Su Ming anymore, but instead towards the desolate world past the wall.

Su Ming was silent when he looked at the land before him. He could still hear vague roaring in his ears. The entire world outside the barrier was filled with a desolate and bloody air. It looked like a quiet place, but it gave Su Ming an oppressive feeling. That oppressive feeling came from the silence, the barren lands, the black dirt, and the endless wall he stood on.

"Hate. I see hate." Chen Yu Bing was the first to answer. The light in his eyes flickered as he looked at the piece of land. "The [Shamans](#)' hate towards us, and our hate towards them."

The Shamans are known as the Wu (巫) Tribe, one of the five Barbaric Tribes in China.

Chen Yu Bing's words held a steadfast quality, as if he was very confident in his answer.

"Not bad, it's the train of thought passed down to all of you by those old folks in Freezing Sky Clan, but that's not what I want!" the middle-aged man said coldly.

Chen Yu Bing smiled bitterly and acknowledged the rebuke with his head lowered. Indeed, his answer was formed based on the knowledge shared by most of the people in Freezing Sky Clan towards the world outside the barrier.

"What about you, lass? Tell me what you see."

The middle-aged man did not look at Han Fei Zi when he asked her, but continued staring at the barren lands before him.

Han Fei Zi's face was still slightly pale. She remained silent for a while before she whispered her answer.

"I don't see anything."

The moment she finished answering, the middle-aged man turned around and cast a profound look at her.

"What's your name?"

Han Fei Zi bent her body slightly and answered respectfully, "I am Yan Fei."

The middle-aged man remained silent for a moment before he asked, "Su Ming, what do you see?"

After a long while, Su Ming answered languidly, "I see desire."

"The left preceptor got himself a good disciple. Tian Xie Zi also got himself a good disciple."

The middle-aged man let out a long sigh before he lifted his right hand and pointed towards the land outside the wall.

"You can view the Land of South Morning as a circle." As he spoke, he waved his right hand forward and black light appeared out of nowhere, forming a black circle before their eyes.

"This is the barrier." He drew a small circle with his right hand in the circle. "This is the inner part of the land. The outer part is what you see now. The barrier exists to fend against wild beasts and Shamans invading the land."

"Shamans, they're a group of people belonging to tribes that are completely different from ours, though they have a similar system to us. They have their own Elders, but they're known as [Patriarchs](#)... You will learn more about this in the future."

As for patriarch (巫公), it'll be used strictly for the male leaders. Matriarch will be used for female leaders.

When Su Ming heard the middle-aged man's words, he had a sudden urge to ask something. After falling silent for a moment, he asked uncertainly, "Senior, there's a barrier on the Land of South Morning, but what is it like outside the barrier? We have several other continents in the land of Berserkers, how do they look like?"

"I don't know," the middle-aged man answered calmly. "I only know that the Great Yu Dynasty still exists... And I only know about this because the deity statues are still around and there are still people who are awarded the title of Divine General."

"But I've never been to the land of the Great Yu Dynasty. In fact, there are very few people from the Land of South Morning who have been able to go through the Shaman tribes and leave South Morning entirely."

"By the way, your Master, Tian Xie Zi... He said he left South Morning before. According to his words, he went to the Great Yu Dynasty and made a few close friends. As for whether the others believe in him, I wouldn't know, but I don't."

"Besides the Land of South Morning and the Great Yu Dynasty, I

don't know whether there are Berserkers in the other continents.

"The Berserkers have fallen into decay... We are long past the glory days of the first God of Berserkers."

The middle-aged man let out a soft sigh and he looked slightly downcast.

Su Ming took a deep breath. He had never heard of such secretive things before. Shaken by the man's words, he looked towards the vast mass of land lying outside the barrier. A feeling of powerlessness stemmed from the distance filled his heart.

'I know that the Alliance of the Western Region's continent exists, because I came from the Alliance of the Western Region...' he mumbled in his own heart.

"That's enough. Those who aren't the guards of the barrier aren't allowed to stay for long here. All of you..."

The middle-aged man swung his arm forward with the intent of sending Su Ming and the others away, yet at that very moment, vague roaring came from the world outside the barrier, and it grew increasingly stronger with each passing moment.

The moment the roars started, the barrier under Su Ming's feet immediately shuddered, and a strong pressure rose up. That pressure was so great that it reached its peak in an instant, causing Han Fei Zi and Chen Yu Bing to turn drastically more pale and

cough out blood.

If it were not for the middle-aged man waving his right arm and bringing up a typhoon to take Han Fei Zi and Chen Yu Bing backwards and out of the mountain barrier, the two of them would have definitely been heavily wounded by now.

Su Ming did not move back, because the moment he heard the roars, the presence of Awakening surged forth from within him and spread outwards, turning into a layer of black fog. The black fog surrounded his body and turned into black armor.

The armor of a Divine General!

When the armor materialized, it allowed him to somewhat withstand the pressure outside the barrier. The light in his eyes flickered, and he looked towards the vast land lying before him. What he saw next made him tremble and suck in a deep breath.

What he saw was something Han Fei Zi and Chen Yu Bing could not see, because they were not standing on the barrier. At that moment, the air was twisting so much that it covered his entire field of vision.

Only Su Ming and the middle-aged man who now looked solemn saw that scene!

The clouds were rolling about in the sky of the vast lands outside the barrier. The clouds were dark and looked as if they were a layer

of black mist that covered an area of thousands of li. Within those clouds, Su Ming saw a gigantic wild beast that put him in disbelief.

It was a humongous mackerel pike that swam in the sky and was leaping in the air. The sounds that they heard came from its mouth.

Su Ming even saw a person standing on its back!

The person was a woman. Her face could not be seen clearly, but he could make out that she was wearing a long purple robe. Her black hair was floating in the air, as if hinting that she had incredible beauty.

"She is a Shaman," a cold voice said beside Su Ming. The middle-aged man lifted his foot and took a step in the air beyond the barrier.

The moment he stepped out, a large amount of white fog surged out of his body and surrounded him whole, turning into a white armor that was completely different from what Su Ming was wearing. It was at a caliber that was much more superior to his own!

The armor exuded a powerful presence that made the middle-aged man seem as if he could not be defeated.

"A Divine General!"



Su Ming felt his heart lurch. He finally knew just why he felt that there was an amiable feeling coming from the middle-aged man, why Chen Yu Bing would be so nervous and respectful towards this man when he saw him, why this person allowed Su Ming and the others to stand on the barrier, and why he wanted to take Su Ming in as his disciple. All of this was because this person was the same as him, they were both Divine Generals!

What was more, he should not be a Divine General of Awakening, but... a Divine General of the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

## Chapter 218: I Am Your Grandpa Hu!

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In the air beyond the barrier, the middle-aged man exuded an intimidating presence as he stood in that white armor, and was staring coldly at the mackerel pike that was about thousands of li in the distance along with the female Shaman standing on its back.

Roaring reverberated through the air at that moment. A complicated rune appeared on the mountain range, causing the pressure to grow increasingly stronger, until Su Ming found himself to be unable to withstand it any longer.

"You again? I didn't kill you last time, but if you continue bothering me, then I will kill you."

As he stood in the air, the middle-aged man's face turned stone cold, as cold as his words. The moment he spoke, thunder rumbled above and shook the sky and earth, causing the gigantic mackerel pike in the distance to tremble.

"I brought the Shaman Beast from my tribe, you can't kill me! Bai Chong, return to me my sister's mementoes. If you don't, then even if I lose this time, I'll still come back!" a woman's voice floated towards them from the top of the mackerel pike.

"Begone!"

A cold glare appeared in Bai Chong's eyes. He lifted his right hand and waved it in the air. A rumbling sound that made the world tremble rang out, and as it did so, a mighty pressure erupted

forth from the part of the barrier on the mountain range Su Ming was standing on.

Su Ming could not withstand the pressure. He quickly retreated, and the moment the pressure erupted at full force, he left the barrier. When he looked over once again, the world he saw was distorted. The distorted space blocked his view, causing him to be unable to see the middle-aged man beyond the barrier or the gigantic mackerel pike that made his heart lurch with the female Shaman standing on it.

He could only hear muffled rumbling coming from beyond the barrier, which caused the pressure to become stronger with each passing moment. Su Ming could no longer get closer, able only to withdraw.

Only when he was tens of thousands of feet away from the barrier and stood by Han Fei Zi and Chen Yu Bing's side did the pressure stop spreading outwards.

Chen Yu Bing's face was pale and he immediately asked in fear, "Brother Su, what happened? Could it be... could it be that the Shamans are invading us?"

Next to him, Han Fei Zi was also looking at Su Ming with a questioning look.

"No, it was just a Shaman," Su Ming answered languidly, looking at the distortions beyond the barrier.

"That's great. Isn't this too much of a coincidence for this to happen right at the time we came here? But brother Mo, we'd best leave now. The Relocation Rune is about ready." Chen Yu Bing could not hide his anxiety and continued looking at the barrier from which the rumblings were coming.

Su Ming looked towards the barrier once again and quelled the shock in his heart. The more he understood about the Land of South Morning and the Berserker Tribe, the more he began to feel uncertain about his dream of returning to the Alliance of the Western Region.

"Brother Su, let's go."

Chen Yu Bing was feeling slightly antsy and he urged Su Ming once again. If it was anyone else, he would have ignored them a long time ago, but this was Su Ming. He did not dare ignore him.

Su Ming nodded. He knew that the battle outside the barrier was not something he could participate in with his current level of power. He could not even withstand the pressure from the barrier with his current level of cultivation. There was no way he could provide any help, and Bai Chong did not need any help.

When he saw that Su Ming agreed to leave, Chen Yu Bing let out a sigh of relief. The three of them turned into long arcs and gradually left the place. Before long, they returned to the mountain that was enveloped by golden light.

Even when he was on the mountain, Su Ming continued looking

at the barrier in the distance. Even Xu Ru Yue felt what was happening on the barrier. Once she completed activating the Rune with trembling hands and the light from the Relocation Rune surrounded them, Su Ming averted his gaze. They slowly disappeared along with the light from the Relocation Rune.

With one thunderous rumble, the mountain returned to its quiet state and small golden balls of light spread out through the air.

After several Relocations and some rest, Su Ming and the others stepped into the final Relocation Rune seven days later. When they reappeared next, they would be in Freezing Sky Clan.

To the north of the inner parts of the Land of South Morning was a tribe with a name that shocked the entire land. The tribe's name was Freezing Sky!

The Great Tribe of Freezing Sky was one of the only two great tribes in the Land of South Morning!

The main tribe was located to the north of South Morning. While it might not be big, there were numerous tribes of various sizes belonging to Freezing Sky in the Land of South Morning.

With these tribes, not only did it make the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky's power to be on par with the Great Tribe of Western Sea and shock the entire Land of South Morning, it also posed difficulties for the Shamans outside the barrier for the last thousands of years.

Freezing Sky Clan was created a long time ago, during the early days of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky. They also used the tribe to develop a school belonging to a middle-sized tribe to one that belonged to a big tribe. It was located in the north of the Land of South Morning, a mountain range covered in snow.

This particular region was the only region that was covered in snow throughout the year within the barrier erected around the Land of South Morning. The school took up half of the northern region, and same as the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky Clan, they were the strongest force in the north.

Freezing Sky Clan was huge, and there were a lot of disciples in there. They all came from the myriad tribes in the area governed by Freezing Sky Clan.

There were nine main mountains in the Great Frozen Plains. The nine mountains were covered by snow and surrounded the entire region. Each of the mountains could be called a sect of Freezing Sky Clan.

There were shorter ice mountains behind the nine main mountains that connected with each other and spanned endlessly, though they seemed to be strewn out on the ground in a disorderly manner. If someone looked from high in the sky, they would see that the mountains were positioned in a manner akin to a Rune, and they exuded a mighty and intimidating presence.

It was rumored that to the north of South Morning was an ocean. However, that ocean was frozen with an Art when Freezing Sky Clan was formed thousands of years ago, causing the ocean to look

like a layer of ice on earth, and that was where Freezing Sky Clan was based.

There were also rumors that there was still seawater underneath the endless layer of ice under Freezing Sky Clan. However, no one knew exactly why Freezing Sky Clan chose to build the school there and freeze the ocean to become a piece of land.

The nine main mountains and the numerous subordinate mountains were like a gigantic fortress that formed Freezing Sky Clan on the endless plains of ice!

However, located in the air above the nine mountains was a building that served as a landmark for Freezing Sky Clan. That building was known as the Heaven Gate.

That was how Freezing Sky came to have its name.

The building might be called a gate, but it was in truth nine floating pieces of land. They overlapped each other to look like a tower. Each of them was about tens of thousands of feet in size and floated above the sky with the nine mountains as their center.

There were some elegant looking towers built on each piece of land. The disciples who could stay within Heaven Gate were definitely not of mediocre standards.

Even if someone lifted their heads, they could at most only see the fifth piece of land. The others above were all covered by clouds

and could not be seen. There was a strange force up there. Even if a person flew up, they would not be able to get closer unless they obtained permission.

The disciples in Freezing Sky Clan numbered hundreds of thousands, if one counted the disciples who had went out to train and those who were sent to defend Sky Mist's barrier. The phrase saying that the place had hundreds of thousands of Berserkers were not baseless words when they were used to describe Freezing Sky Clan, and only Freezing Sky Clan.

On this day, the mountainside of the fourth main mountain was surrounded by hundreds of platforms. These platforms were scattered about, and each of them had a Rune drawn on them.

At that moment, one of the platforms shone with a piercing golden light. Gradually, as freezing wind blew in the air, six people appeared within the Rune on one of the platform's.

"Freezing Sky Clan..."

The freezing wind blew against Su Ming's face, and it brought with it some snow that landed on his face, causing his face to feel cold. This was the first time he felt true snow so clearly in the Land of South Morning. Snow that was not formed by any sort of power or any sort of Art.

There were three people sitting on the platform. As the golden light from the Rune shone, the three people opened their eyes.



"It should be junior brother Chen and junior sister Xu," one of them said calmly as he swept his gaze over the six people that appeared within the golden light.

The golden light from the Rune on the platform dissipated after a moment, revealing Su Ming and the other five people standing there.

The three people sitting on the platform stood up, and one of them smiled as he asked, "Junior sister Fang came back as well? Junior brother Chen, what were your experiences going out this time?"

"Senior brother Zhou, stop teasing me. It's better if I don't talk about what happened..."

Once Chen Yu Bing returned to Freezing Sky Clan, it was clear that he calmed down. Once he heard the person's words, he laughed and walked towards the three people before him.

"Come, allow me to make some introductions. This is junior sister Han Fei Zi."

Han Fei Zi frowned, making it clear that she did not like getting to know people this way, but since she had just arrived in Freezing Sky Clan, she had to quell her discomfort and nodded towards the three people.

As for Han Cang Zi, once she smiled as a greeting to the crowd,

she walked towards Su Ming.

Su Ming stood by the side and looked at the people talking to each other. Once Chen Yu Bing made introductions, they became much friendlier. The haughty expression gradually returned to Xu Ru Yue's face once she returned to the school. Her expression was largely similar to those around her.

This seemed to be an expression that existed among most of Freezing Sky Clan disciples. They all looked as if they were way above other people.

Su Ming did not bother with them and chose to walk forward alone to stand at the edge of the platform and look at the white plain of snow that spanned into the distance.

The snow lighted up a special emotion in him. When he stood there and looked outwards, he felt as if he was looking at the snow on Dark Mountain.

When the snow landed on his face due to the wind, the cold feeling brought him a sense of familiarity.

He heard Han Cang Zi's soft voice by his ear. "Not used to this? When I first came to Freezing Sky Clan, I had the same feeling."

Han Cang Zi looked at Su Ming and gave him a gentle smile.

"It's not too bad," Su Ming said with a smile.

In truth, Su Ming's appearance had long since drawn the attention of the three people. They were given orders to wait on the platform. They were not surprised when they saw Han Cang Zi, but when they saw Su Ming, they were surprised.

However, since Chen Yu Bing did not introduce him, they did not ask. When they saw Su Ming leaving the group alone, the three of them found themselves asking about him.

"Junior brother Chen, who is that person? Why did he come back with all of you?"

"This person..."

Chen Yu Bing hesitated for a moment, and before he could finish speaking, a long arc suddenly charged towards them from the sky in the distance. That long arc was incredibly domineering, because when it traveled forth, the other Freezing Sky Clan disciples who were moving around in midair had to move away quickly to avoid knocking into it.

The disciples who moved out of the way were livid, but once they saw who was in the long arc, they shook their heads and decided to ignore this incident.

"Hey, who among you is called Su Ming?" a loud shout came from that long arc, and it was so loud that it was deafening.

When the long arc reached them, it floated in the air a little further away from the platform, revealing a burly looking man built like a hill. This man's hair was a mess and stank of alcohol. He held a big gourd in his hand, and once he finished speaking, he let out a drunken burp and pointed at the crowd on the platform with a glare.

"Hey, I'm asking all of you, tell your [Grandpa](#) Hu just who is Su Ming!"

If you're male, that is, if you say you're someone's grandpa but you're not related to them by birth, you're basically implying that you are superior to the other person because you're older and have more experience. It also makes that person who said it sound rude, uncouth, prideful, and like a total d\*\*\*. It's all due to the idea in Chinese society that older people need to be respected because they have more experience. If you're a woman, I guess you call yourself Grandma..? Honestly, I've never heard any girl calling themselves that before, the most was calling themselves 'Old Woman', lol. Same implication, same making themselves sound like total d\*\*\*s.

## Chapter 219: The Ninth Summit

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The moment they saw the man, surprise immediately appeared on the faces of the three people who had been waiting for Chen Yu Bing and the others. It was clear that they hadn't expected and did not know why this troublesome person would come to the fourth summit.

"Uncle Master... Hu..."

The three people smiled bitterly and wrapped their fists in their palms to greet the man.

The ranking system in Freezing Sky Clan was very strict. If someone did not greet those who had higher seniority, then they had to be punished. The three who had been waiting might not want to, but they still had to greet him.

Chen Yu Bing had an odd expression on his face. He instinctively looked towards Su Ming standing not too far away before wrapping his fist to greet the man. By his side, Xu Ru Yue did the same thing.

The man seemed incredibly impatient. Once he scanned through the crowd, his gaze fell on Han Fei Zi.

"Hey, lass..." As he spoke, the man brought the gourd to his lips and took a big gulp before wiping his lips and barking out the rest of his question drunkenly, "Yer Su Ming?"

Han Fei Zi's expression darkened and she cast the man a cold glare, but she did not speak.

"Aaahhh... just which one of you's Su Ming? Don't make me angry!" the man shouted out, and his voice caused the snow in the area to tremble.

"I am Su. Who might you be, sir?"

Su Ming remained calm as he turned around on the edge of the platform and looked at the man.

The man scratched his head and once he sized up Su Ming, he shouted in a displeased manner, "Move. I'm lookin' fer Su Ming, not Su. Yer name's Su, you aren't the person I'm lookin' fer."

Once he spoke, the people on the platforms immediately bit back their laughter. If it were not because they were afraid of the man's power, they would have laughed out loud a long time ago.

Su Ming was also stunned. He seldom met people who were as unreasonable as this person, so he could only nod with a bitter smile and speak once again. "I am Su Ming."

"Nonsense. Didn't cha just call yerself Su? How's it when ya heard I was lookin' fer Su Ming, then ya immediately say yer name's Su Ming? Hey, I'm tellin' ya, yer Grandpa Hu is real smart. Don't even think about lyin' to me! I hate people lyin' to me the

most!"

The man glared at Su Ming and stormed towards him. His face, which was filled with malice, coupled with his large build made him look incredibly intimidating.

That intimidating presence made the people standing on the platform withdraw continuously. Even Han Cang Zi, who was standing beside Su Ming, moved back a few steps instinctively, and it was all due to the intimidating presence coming from the man.

"I hate people lyin' to me the most. That old man Tian Xie already cheated me many, many times, and then he swore not to lie to me again. He asked me to come fer Su Ming. If he's not here, then he lied to me again." Anger appeared on the man's face and once he was standing before Su Ming, he glared at him. "Tell me! Who's Su Ming?!"

Su Ming frowned. He was already thinking about why this man came the moment he saw him and how he knew his name, but when he saw Chen Yu Bing's strange look, he already had an answer in his heart.

When he heard the man calling out Tian Xie Zi's family name, Su Ming brought out the pot of wine Tian Xie Zi gave him from his bosom without another word.

The man's attention was immediately drawn towards the pot of wine the moment Su Ming brought it out. Once he looked at it thoroughly, he let out a long sigh. When he looked at Su Ming once

again, his gaze was no longer fierce but filled with pity instead.

"Yer Su Ming? Why didn't cha say so earlier? I had ta waste my breath askin' so many times. Let's go. I'll bring ya to the old man's cave," the man said, sighing, then with one step, his entire body left the platform.

The feeling as if something bad was about to happen grew increasingly stronger in Su Ming's heart. After a moment of hesitation, he wrapped his fist in his palm towards Han Cang Zi, Han Fei Zi, Chen Yu Bing, Xu Ru Yue, and the others.

"I'll take my leave first. If we ever have the chance, let's meet up again."

"Brother Su... congratulations, congratulations..."

Chen Yu Bing greeted Su Ming back with an odd expression on his face.

"Once I'm settled, I'll come find you," Han Fei Zi's said, her tone still icy.

"I'm on the third summit. Brother Su, if you're ever free, you can come and try out some of the tea I brew."

Han Cang Zi smiled softly.



Before Su Ming could reply, the man standing in midair shouted in displeasure, "Boy, why aren't cha moving yet? Just how long are ya going to make me wait?!"

Su Ming frowned. Once he gave a nod to the crowd, he rose up. His green robes and flowing long hair gave him an elegant presence as he stood in the air.

When he saw Su Ming following him, the man instantly charged forward at full speed. As Su Ming chased after him, he saw a world covered in white snow before his eyes. He took a deep breath of the air around him. This chill reminded him of that particular winter in Dark Mountain. He fell silent, and in his silence, he followed the man. The two of them turned into long arcs and flew out of the fourth summit.

No one tried to stop them. Even if anyone saw and thought of trying to stop them, the moment they recognized the man, they would frown and avoid them.

"I can't believe that old man brought me a junior brother on the rare chance he goes out. Say, just how unlucky am I? I was drinking my wine happily on my own, and yet I had to come fetch you.

"No wait, I'm not the one who's unlucky, you're the one who's unlucky. You're seriously unlucky. You're very, very unlucky. You're really, very, absolutely unlucky..."

The man occasionally turned around to look at Su Ming as he

continued moving forwards, mumbling under his breath.

However, his mumbles were akin to low pitched roars in Su Ming's ears. That voice was enough to make his ears start buzzing now that he was listening in close proximity.

Su Ming's expression turned cold and shouted out in an icy tone, "That's enough!"

The man immediately glared at Su Ming and shouted at him. "Hmm? How dare ya try to stop me from talking to myself?"

Su Ming felt the beginnings of a headache forming. It was especially so when he found that the man looked rather hurt by Su Ming's words while shouting. Once he remembered that the man came to pick him up, and remembered that this man was highly likely Tian Xie Zi's disciple as well judging by his words, Su Ming sighed.

'Tian Xie Zi told me that I was his only disciple...'

The bad feeling in Su Ming's heart grew stronger.

"How should I address you?" Su Ming asked with a bitter laugh.

"Hmph."

The man seemed to still be angry. He turned around and ignored

Su Ming, choosing instead to continue flying forward.

After a while, once the two of them passed through countless mountains, the man could not help but start talking when he saw that Su Ming did not speak anymore.

"I'm warning ya. Don't talk to me anymore. Don't ask fer my name either. Even if ya ask me, yer Grandpa Hu won't tell ya, 'cause I'm angry!"

"Alright, then how should I address you?" Su Ming asked with a nod.

"Hmph. Everyone calls me Grandpa Hu, but since we're fellow disciples in the same sect, then I'll allow ya to call me Grandpa Hu Zi," the man quickly answered, having long forgotten the words he had said just now. There was a prideful look on his face, as if he was very satisfied with his name.

Su Ming's expression remained passive as he nodded and asked, "Mhmm. Hu Zi, when is Master Tian Xie Zi coming back?"

"Ya didn't see him? The old man just came back. Hmph, I was drinking wine when he threw me out to come and pick you up." When the man spoke of this, anger appeared on his face.

"Oh? I really didn't see him." A barely noticeable glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

"The old man is a sage. A sage, understand? A sage has to act like a sage. He's the best at sounding mysterious and giving us all that mumbo-jumbo."

The man seemed to have recalled something and he took a big gulp of wine from his wine pot with a downspirited look on his face.

Su Ming clenched his right fist and a freezing glare appeared in his eyes, but his face remained passive as he nodded.

"He once told me that he only had me as his disciple..."

Before Su Ming even finished speaking, that man immediately turned livid with rage and turned around to yell at Su Ming.

"He told me the same thing! But only when I came back with him did I realize that I had a senior brother above me, and my senior brother had another senior brother above him..."

A smile appeared on Su Ming's face, but that smile was a little forced, and there was even a hint of coldness in his smile.

"He even told me..."

This time, even before Su Ming finished speaking, the man immediately cut in.

"I know! He must've told ya that he has a lot of Berserker Vessels and ya can choose them at will."

Su Ming clenched his right fist tighter.

"He might have even told ya that he has all the Berserker Arts of Freezing Sky Clan and if you acknowledge him as your Master, you can learn them."

Su Ming's smile turned even colder.

"He must also have told ya that if you acknowledge him as yer Master, then you'll understand in the future that Freezing Sky Clan is nothing. Well, d\*mn him. That old man told me the exact same thing in the past. My junior brother, you're unlucky, you're super unlucky, you're super duper unlucky...

"I'm telling ya, we're not the only ones with the same experience. My senior brother told me the same thing. His experiences were the same as ours. Our senior brother's senior brother apparently said the same thing to him..."

As the man babbled on in a sympathizing manner, both of them gradually weaved through several main mountains and arrived at Freezing Sky Clan's ninth summit.

The nine main mountains and the numerous subordinate mountains formed the vast snow plains belonging to Freezing Sky Clan. Together with Heaven Gate, both mountains and gate

created Freezing Sky Clan's powerful presence.

The nine main mountains were an important part of Freezing Sky Clan. Each mountain was humongous. At first glance, they looked like towering ice mountains that exuded an aged presence.

At that moment, the ninth summit was presented before Su Ming's eyes.

"We're here."

The man pointed at the ninth summit by Su Ming's side and let out a sigh.

Su Ming was stunned. On the way here, he had lost all hope and was disappointed by Tian Xie Zi's words. Yet when he saw the ninth summit, he could not help but be surprised.

He hesitated for a moment before looking at the man. "How... many people are staying here?"

"Not many. Including you and the old man, there're only five people here. This is the only thing the old man didn't lie about. He does indeed stay in Freezing Sky Clan and does indeed own a mountain, which is the ninth summit."

Su Ming took a deep breath. At the very least, he now felt a little bit comforted after the hurt he felt for having been lied to.

"Our eldest senior brother is in constant isolation. He will only come out on the Day of Eternal Creation, and every single time he comes back, he'll make a huge ruckus. Even if yer dead drunk, you'll still wake up because of him. You'll have to listen to him shouting that he's finally out, and it's a real headache.

"You can treat him like a turtle. He usually sleeps, and when he wakes up he'll let out a loud yawn, then he'll go back to sleep," the man mumbled under his breath.

As Su Ming listened to him, he found himself rendered speechless.

## Chapter 220: Youngest Junior Brother

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"Our second senior brother has a good personality. He likes to plant stuff, so he fenced up a large plot of land in the mountain to plant his trees. But he's far too hardworking, which led him to believe that he could do better. Still, he planted too many trees, and slowly, most of the mountain was filled with his plants. If ya walk around during midnight, ya should be able to see him moving things around.

"Second senior brother has this weird habit of only coming out to look at his plants at night. Don't be scared when you see him. That man is always paranoid. He keeps thinking someone is trying to sneak in and steal his plants."

The man continued mumbling even as he flew with Su Ming into the ninth summit and stood on the mountainside.

Su Ming could no longer tell just how he was feeling right now. He was standing on a flight of stairs, and when he looked down, he saw a battered down place that might have been clean and tidy in the past. That battered image was especially highlighted by the plants that could survive in snow, which filled the entire place. Once he remembered what the man had said about their second senior brother, he let out a wry laugh.

The man continued mumbling even as he was walking up the stairs. As he was talking, Su Ming's heart suddenly lurched in his chest. He lifted his head swiftly and saw a man in white, standing in the snow, not too far away. He had no idea when that man had appeared, but he was standing there looking at him and the man



with a smile.

"Hu Zi, this must be our youngest junior brother."

That man seemed to also be in his thirties, and his appearance gave him a kindly and refined air. His white clothing gave him a gentle demeanor that made him not seem cold and unapproachable.

"Second senior brother, morning." The man spoke with a relaxed manner, then pointed at Su Ming before he continued talking. "He's our youngest junior brother. The old man brought him back. What's his name again? Su..? That's right, he's Su."

Su Ming lifted his head to look at the sky. At that moment, the sky was already beginning to darken. It looked as if it was going to be dusk soon. However, light was reflected off the snow in these northern plains, causing the entire place to still look bright.

Nonetheless, this did not seem to be a time where anyone should be greeting anyone else with 'Morning'.

"Aye, I woke up a bit earlier today." The gentle man yawned and smiled at Su Ming before giving him a nod. "I see, so your name is Su? That's... not a bad name. Not bad, youngest junior brother. You have to believe in yourself. You have to believe that you can do anything you want!"

As the man in white spoke, he lifted his head and looked at the

sky.

"I won't be talking to you two anymore. I woke up far too early today and I need to go back and sleep. I have to keep watch tonight as well. Some of my plants were stolen yesterday."

The man in white turned around. He was about to leave when he suddenly stopped and turned his head back. He looked at Su Ming kindly.

"Youngest junior brother, the mountain is different from what Master told you, but there's one thing that won't change. Freezing Sky Clan's ninth summit is your home!

"While you're here, no one will dare harass you!"

The man in white smiled and left.

Su Ming was silent. He could not tell the man's level of cultivation. In fact, in his eyes, that man was just like an ordinary person. He could not sense any pressure or Qi from him.

Yet his words stayed in Su Ming's mind for a long time.

But it was a pity, because another voice came from Su Ming's side and destroyed that feeling. The man called Hu Zi had a gloomy look on his face.

"Don't trust him.

When I first came here, second senior brother told me the same thing. I was really touched, you know! But ya don't understand, when I was beaten up by those people in Freezing Sky Clan and ran back to the mountain, second senior brother never helped me. Every single time I went to him, he would get angry and want to take revenge with me, but then once he cools down, he goes back to sleep...

"I once waited at his place for three months without leaving, and he actually managed to sleep through those three months!"

The man's face was filled with hurt as he talked about his past.

"Didn't he just tell ya to believe in yerself..? It's precisely because he believed that he could do better, that the entire ninth summit turned into his farm."

Su Ming looked at the mountain, then at the man, then in the direction where the man in white had left, and instantly found himself speechless.

"Hey, this is my place. Your Grandpa Hu ain't a turtle, and I don't like plants either. I just like drinking. This is my cave abode. I don't come out usually. I drink when I'm awake, and when I'm drunk, I sleep. When I wake up again, I drink, and when I'm drunk again, I sleep..."

The man pointed towards a direction in the distance, then picked up his gourd to drink another mouthful.

"The old man stays at the top of the mountain. Go see him. I don't want to see 'im. Every time I see 'im, I can't control my temper," the man mumbled and patted Su Ming's shoulder.

"Youngest junior brother, good luck."

As he spoke, he turned around and started drinking while walking on the snow towards his cave abode.

Su Ming stood alone on the mountain and looked around himself. Wind blew at that moment, and it lifted up the snow before him to dance in the air. Su Ming shook his head. There were similarities but also differences between the Freezing Sky Clan right before him and the Freezing Sky Clan in his mind.

The similarity was Freezing Sky Clan itself, and the difference was the ninth summit.

He spent a moment to think while remaining on his spot then lifted his head to look at the peak of the mountain. From there, he could see a magnificent building that gave people a grand impression even if they were looking from the distance.

Su Ming walked up the stairs covered by plants that could survive in winter and stepped on the snow as he moved towards the top of the mountain. Since he was already here, then he would not turn

back. Since he had already chosen Tian Xie Zi as his Master, then unless he absolutely had to, Su Ming would not choose another Master.

As he continued upwards, the mountain breeze became stronger. The moaning wind and tumbling snow around him blended together with the quiet mountain and turned into an indescribable feeling within him that made his heart gradually calm down.

‘This is such a tall mountain... One of the nine summits of Freezing Sky Clan... It might be the quietest mountain compared to the other summits here as well.’

Su Ming did not move quickly. As the sky gradually darkened and dusk arrived, he finally reached the top of the mountain. When he finished climbing the stairs, the magnificent building he’d seen in the distance stood before him.

However, now that he was closer, this building, which looked like an audience hall and did indeed let out a grand presence, was in such a state of disrepair that it seemed to have a dreary air around it.

There were nine pillars around the audience hall. They surrounded the hall and enveloped it with a thin sheen of light. Others could only look at it and not enter.

"It's sealed..?" Su Ming was stunned.

"The ninth summit of Freezing Sky Clan is composed of one main mountain, six subordinate mountains, and seven audience halls!" a familiar old voice said from behind Su Ming. He turned around and saw an old man walking out from behind the audience hall.

The old man wore a white robe and had a mysterious smile on his lips, which gave him the presence of an enigmatic sage.

"The seven halls each have their own function. If there's someone attending to them, then they could activate the mountain's might. All those who can occupy this particular hall will instantly become one of the nine Lords of Freezing Sky Clan's Great Frozen Plains.

"The duties of the school in Freezing Sky Clan are secondary. The left, right, and head preceptors, the sect protectors, and even the Clan Elders, are just mere titles.

"The people taking up these positions will change, but the only ones that will not change and will remain unchanging until the people with the titles die are the nine Lords of the Great Frozen Plains, which are the nine Lords of the nine mountains on this snow plains.

"The nine Lords of the Great Plains and the nine Lords of Heaven Gate... these 18 people are the strongest people in all of Freezing Sky Clan, besides some the old folks here, anyway.

"It's a pity that there are only eight Lords in Heaven Gate and seven Lords in the Great Frozen Plains. The halls in the first and

ninth summits aren't taken by anyone."

Su Ming remained silent and did not speak.

Tian Xie Zi walked to him slowly and looked at Su Ming with his back to the sealed hall when he was a few dozen feet away from Su Ming.

"My disciple, how do you feel after you've come here?" Tian Xie Zi asked, smiling.

"Like I've been lied to," Su Ming stated bluntly.

There was not a hint of awkwardness on Tian Xie Zi's face. He winked at Su Ming and smiled faintly without saying a word.

Su Ming forced down the anger in his heart and asked calmly. "I will not mind that you lied to me about me being your only disciple that day, but are the Berserker Vessels, skills, ancient scrolls and the others true?"

"Of course they're true. Look, I told you that day that I live on a mountain. I didn't lie to you about that now, did I? If you want to see it, you can do it anytime you want. But you just came today, so how about I call your second senior brother and third senior brother to drink together?"

Su Ming looked at Tian Xie Zi and hissed out, "Don't need. With your permission, I'd like to see it now."

"Ah... alright then."

Tian Xie Zi hesitated for a moment before he lifted his right hand at the air. Immediately, the mountain trembled and a stone door rose up from the ground beside him.

"This is where I store all my treasure. The first layer is where I keep the Berserker Vessels, the second layer has the skills, and the third layer has the ancient scrolls. If you want to see them, then I'll wait for you here."

Tian Xie Zi let out a fake cough.

"Ah, that's right. You can take one thing away from each layer out of the things that catch your fancy in there. Treat them as my gift for you for becoming my disciple."

Tian Xie Zi waved his hand, and the stone door immediately started opening with loud rumbling sounds.

Purple light shone through the door, making it seem as if there were truly valuable treasures in there.

"Don't be greedy. You can only take one thing away from each layer."

Tian Xie Zi still held himself in the manner of a sagely veteran as



he smiled and spoke to Su Ming. It seemed like he was very confident in his treasures.

When he saw Tian Xie Zi behaving this way, Su Ming started believing him somewhat but remained largely skeptical. He walked closer to the stone door and went inside.

He felt his vision blur in the same manner as when he was Relocated. Rumbling choed in his ears. After a moment, that sound disappeared, and his vision gradually cleared up to show a gigantic cave before him.

There were numerous small holes around the cave. There was an enchanted Vessel in each of the small holes. Each of them looked different from the others and were so numerous that they numbered into the hundreds.

Yet when Su Ming took a closer look, an odd expression gradually appeared on his face.

"These are his Berserker Vessels..?"

Su Ming felt fortunate that he had prepared himself mentally beforehand. At that moment, when he saw these Berserker Vessels, his lips twisted into a bitter smile.

## Chapter 221: Home...

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He took a few steps forward and picked a palm sized awl from a small hole. With just a small squeeze, a corner broke off from that awl.

In the small hole next to this one was a rusted iron sword. There were also some bone Vessels that had weathered away in some of the other holes.

He took a look around the area and saw that most of the items here were slightly broken. Even if some of them seemed to be in decent condition, once he approached them, they would crack just like the awl if he so much as touched them, as if they would completely shatter into pieces if he used even the slightest force.

"Oh well, Hu Zi already mentioned this before. Looks like it's true..."

Su Ming shook his head and laughed bitterly. Once he averted his gaze, he grabbed the very first awl he took from this place, which he also broke earlier, and placed it into his storage bag before no longer paying any attention to the place. He walked into the deeper parts of the cave abode and into the second layer.

With his experience in the first layer, Su Ming did not expect much when he entered the second layer. However, right at the instant he entered the second layer, his heart started racing in his chest.

Right before his eyes were an innumerable amount of jades floating in the air. These jades were shining with a gentle light that illuminated the entire chamber of the second layer. Some of the jades even shone with a variety of colors that made them stand out at first glance.

"Could it be that Tian Xie Zi wasn't lying about Freezing Sky Clan's Arts and skills?!"

Su Ming was momentarily stunned.

The colorful jades did not seem fake. Even if the color was really fake, Su Ming could still clearly sense the mighty pressure and spiritual presence coming from them.

His breathing quickened and he took a few steps forward to take a closer look and grabbed a jade with his right hand. He placed it on his palm and focused his attention on it. Once he did so, he immediately felt as if his will was being absorbed into the jade, and a string of words and illusions appeared naturally in his head.

However, before he could pay attention to them, the words and illusions in his head swiftly faded away and disappeared.

Su Ming frowned and tried a few more times. Yet it was the same each time he tried. A glint appeared in his eyes and he let go of the jade before taking another one, but the results were the same.

"Is it because my level of cultivation is not high enough..?" he

mumbled.

Not wanting to give up, he picked up a few dozen more jades and focused his attention on them one by one, but they were the same. The images only appeared briefly in his mind before they disappeared.

Even a simple jade that only had a small presence to it reacted the same way when Su Ming looked at it. Gradually, his face darkened.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he took in a deep breath and quelled the disappointment in his heart. Once he took a look at all the jades in the chamber and was marginally certain that all of them were fake, he laughed bitterly and shook his head before heading deeper into the chamber towards the third layer.

‘If the map in the third layer is also fake...’

Su Ming remained silent as he walked towards the third layer.

The third layer was built in a simple manner. It was the smallest in size, and there were stone shelves positioned around the chamber. There were some bamboo slips lying on the shelves along with some beast skins that were bundled together.

Su Ming stood in the third layer and suddenly felt nervous. He was torn between the desire to know whether the map of the Land of South Morning truly existed in this place and worried that he would not be able to find the Alliance of the Western Region once

he found the map.

This was not the first time he felt so conflicted. He had been this nervous at the foot of Tranquil East Mountain when he held the borrowed map from Tranquil East Tribe in the past.

After remaining silent for a moment, Su Ming took a deep breath. He did not look at the bamboo slips, but picked out a beast skin from the large amount of beast skins lying around, opened it slowly, and looked.

"Not it..."

There were some runic symbols that Su Ming had never seen before carved on the beast skin. With just one glance, he placed it back into its original spot and picked up another one.

"Not it..."

"Not it..."

Su Ming took out the beast skins one by one and opened them, but none of them were the map he wanted. When there was eventually only three beast skins left before him, his breathing quickened.

A corner of the second piece of the three remaining beast skins was exposed to the open, and it showed some faint lines that seemed to show the topography of a place. Su Ming hesitated for a

moment before he gritted his teeth and grabbed that beast skin. He had a strong feeling that the beast skin in his hand was... the map he wanted to see!

To him, it did not matter whether he was taken into Freezing Sky Clan or acknowledged Tian Xie Zi as his Master. These were not important. What was important was his goal for entering Freezing Sky Clan – the map that would allow him to return to the Alliance of the Western Region!

That was why when Tian Xie Zi said he wanted to take Su Ming as his disciple and mentioned one thing among all the other benefits he offered, the one where he a map of the Land of South Morning that was even more complete than the one belonging to Freezing Sky Clan, Su Ming's interest was sparked.

He did not care about entering Freezing Sky Clan. He only cared about the map.

That was why Su Ming agreed to acknowledge Tian Xie Zi as his Master!

At that moment, when he was continuously disappointed by what he saw in the first and second layers, his anxiety reached its peak when he held the beast skin in his hands.

His right hand shook as he opened the beast skin before him painstakingly slowly. When the beast skin was completely unfurled and Su Ming's eyes landed on it, he trembled. He felt as if thunder was rumbling in his head, and he even felt as if there were

buzzing sounds by his ears.

At that moment, he had forgotten everything. He forgot that he was within the chamber. He forgot that he was at the ninth summit of Freezing Sky Clan. He forgot that he was in the Land of South Morning. All his attention was gathered on his eyes, on his gaze that landed on the beast skin in his hands.

This was a torn and worn down beast skin, but even so, the map drawn on it was rather complete. There was an old and aged presence coming from that map, making all those who touched it to feel just how old that beast skin was.

This map should not be Tian Xie Zi's work, but something that had existed since a long time ago.

There were five continents on the map...

With his eyes trained on the map, Su Ming sat down on the floor slowly. There was a lost and nostalgic look in his eyes, and with grief on his face, he caressed the map gently with his right hand.

He saw the Land of South Morning on the map, and also saw... the Alliance of Western Region just right above it...

"My home..." he mumbled.

Tears had started falling from his eyes some time ago. The tears slid down his face from the corners of his eyes and stained his

clothes before seeping into the fabric.

Four of the five continents were located to the north, south, east, and west, and right at the center was the fifth continent. A cauldron was drawn on the spot.

The Land of South Morning was located to the south, and the Alliance of the Western Region was to the west, but there was a ravine between these two continents that seemed impossible to cross...

Su Ming's tears stained his clothes, and some of them fell on the beast skin. He lowered his head and did not hear the sigh that came from behind him.

‘So you acknowledged me as your Master because of this..?’



# Chapter 222: What Is The Meaning Of Creation?

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Su Ming stared at the beast skin map before him with a stunned expression. That map was stained with colors showing the signs of time. The edges were pretty worn out, giving the feeling that it had been around for ages.

The seemingly impassable ravine between the Land of South Morning and the Alliance of the West Morning was marked with a black line.

This line did not exist solely in between the Land of South Morning and the Alliance of the Western Region. It also existed between the other continents as well.

"Someone drew this map from memory after the second God of Berserkers was buried, though it's only drawn with him guessing the distance... Before the second God of Berserkers, the entire land of Berserkers was one big continent. It was gigantic, and there were some who could walk through the entire continent."

Tian Xie Zi's old voice came slowly from behind Su Ming.

"When the second God of Berserkers died, the Land of Berserkers was divided and became five continents with the Great Yu Dynasty as its center. The cauldron in the middle shows where Great Yu Dynasty is located.

"It's marked with a cauldron because this cauldron is the tribal Vessel for us Berserkers!" Tian Xie Zi's voice became slightly low. "The Great Barren Cauldron..."

The moment these four words came out of Tian Xie Zi's mouth, Su Ming shuddered. His attention was dragged away from the beast skin map and the only words that echoed in his ears were the three words – Great Barren Cauldron.

"Barren Cauldron..."

A violent surge of emotions formed in Su Ming's heart, and Tian Xie Zi saw it reflected on Su Ming's face, though he assumed that it was because the youth had heard about the Great Yu Dynasty. He did not know that Su Ming was thinking about that black stone hanging from his neck and all the sights he saw after he entered the space in the stone.

‘A Barren Cauldron is required for the process of quenching herbs into pills... Is there some sort of connection... between that Barren Cauldron and the Great Barren Cauldron Tian Xie Zi mentioned...?’

Bewilderment appeared on Su Ming's face.

"The black lines you see between the five continents are suspended lines of blood. They're formed through the grudge left behind after the second God of Berserkers died. It's rumored that the immortals used this grudge and worked together with the Shamans to lay out this exceedingly cruel Rune. This is the Rune

that caused the five continents in the Land of Berserkers to be incomplete...

"It's a grueling task trying to move between continents..." Tian Xie Zi's voice echoed in the chamber and stayed for a long time.

"I have no idea why you need the map, and I don't know where you want to go on these five continents... but, since you're my disciple, then I must tell you this... work hard to increase your level of cultivation.

"Your level of cultivation is everything. With your current power, even if you want to leave the Land of South Morning, it's impossible for you to traverse the world outside Sky Mist Barrier, much less go to the other continents.

"You must first be able to move around safely outside the barrier before you can think of anything else and go to the places you want... and you need to rely on great power to do this!

"If you don't have enough power, then don't think of anything else. Even if you think about it, it's useless, it'll just make you frustrated and you won't be able to calm down... If your heart isn't calm, then your soul will be in turmoil, which will cause your Mark to scatter when it manifests, and you will find it hard to improve.

"The key is your level of cultivation. You must increase your level of cultivation!" Tian Xie Zi said softly and lifted his right hand to pat Su Ming's shoulder.

"You're not the only one with a troubled past... Your eldest senior brother has his own past, and your second senior brother has his as well..."

Tian Xie Zi faltered in his words, as if he felt moved by something.

Su Ming was silent for a moment, then he looked at the beast skin map before him and asked in a low whisper, "What level of cultivation will I need to go out of Sky Mist Barrier and out of the Land of South Morning?"

Tian Xie Zi was silent for a while before he said, "Those who aren't in the Bone Sacrifice Realm don't even need to think about walking past Sky Mist Barrier! Even those who have reached Bone Sacrifice Realm need to be careful outside the barrier. The slightest carelessness will lead to a person's doom.

"What lies between us and the Shamans is a blood feud!

"If you reach the Berserker Soul Realm, then you can travel through the barrier as you please, but you still need to be careful. Still, as long as you don't run into the powerful Shamans from the Shaman Tribe and don't go to some of the more dangerous places, then you can still make sure you don't die."

"So what you're saying is that if I reach Berserker Soul Realm, then I'll earn the right to leave the Land of South Morning?" Su Ming mumbled.

"It's just a right, though. The Berserker Soul Realm is merely the completion of the first great realm of us practitioners of the Berserker Arts... There's bound to be other realms after the Berserker Soul Realm!

"But it's a pity, because no one knows exactly what are the other realms after the Berserker Soul Realm and how we're supposed to reach them..."

Tian Xie Zi sighed softly.

"Why?"

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at Tian Xie Zi.

"Because the fourth God of Berserkers still hasn't appeared even after so long. Only the fourth God of Berserkers can feel the presence of the third God of Berserkers' will through a trance and obtain the inheritance of the God of Berserkers, subsequently sensing the higher realms and create the statue of the God of Berserkers for the realms after the Berserker Soul Realm, and only then will those who have reached Berserker Soul Realm be able to sense their calling."

Su Ming looked at Tian Xie Zi and said after a long while, "When I was coming here, I met a man named Bai on one of the parts of Sky Mist Barrier. He's a Divine General in the Bone Sacrifice Realm and he mentioned you. He said you once ventured out of the Land of South Morning and went to the Great Yu Dynasty. Is this true?"

Tian Xie Zi was silent. A conflicted look appeared on his face. He lifted his head and looked in another direction in the chamber. That part of the chamber was empty, and Su Ming had no idea what he was looking at.

Nostalgia gradually appeared in Tian Xie Zi's eyes.

"I don't know whether what I saw was the Great Yu Dynasty... Once you reach the Berserker Soul Realm and you want to leave, then I'll tell you about it."

Tian Xie Zi closed his eyes, and his voice sounded even older.

"I know a person whose level of cultivation isn't even in the Awakenence Realm and he doesn't live in the Great Yu Dynasty. He lives on another continent, but has left his hometown many times. There was even once... where he might have gone to the Great Yu Dynasty..." Su Ming said, his head lowered.

When Tian Xie Zi heard his words, he immediately opened his eyes, and a bright glint appeared briefly in his eyes before it instantly vanished.

The moment the light in his eyes shone, an incredible pressure fell upon the place suddenly, but the pressure also dissipated equally quickly, causing others to think that they might have just imagined it.

However, Su Ming felt shaken. During that instant, he clearly felt as if his Qi had gone still, and even the ninth summit seemed to have shuddered.

"Going to Great Yu Dynasty from the other continents without even Awakening..? That's impossible!" Tian Xie Zi exclaimed.

"Impossible..? It might be."

Su Ming closed his eyes and covered the bewilderment in his eyes.

The more he knew, the more things he found were out of place in his memories regarding Dark Mountain. It was especially so when he saw Lei Chen and Bei Ling on the Chains of Han Mountain, whose appearances he had not been able determine were real or false. There was also the elder, who seemed to have wanted to tell him something when he appeared. All of these things made him uncertain and confused about the things he saw.

‘There’s a veil covering Dark Mountain and the things that had happened when I was in the void in the crack... Perhaps when I have the ability to lift the veil, I’ll be able to find out... the secrets surrounding me,’ Su Ming thought quietly, and this was the only thought that could prevent him from losing himself in the midst of his bewilderment, stop him from breaking down from fear and his suspicions regarding his future and his past.

"How can I increase my power quickly?"

Su Ming opened his eyes and looked towards Tian Xie Zi, who was sitting by his side.

"Your eldest senior brother asked me that question in the past, and I told him that he needed to have a clear mind. He thought about it for a long time and chose to isolate himself for long periods of time in the end."

Tian Xie Zi cast Su Ming a profound look. There was a brief pause in his sentence before he continued speaking, "Your second senior brother also asked me the same question, and I also told him to clear his mind. His decision was different from your eldest senior brother's. He chose to go plant flowers and trees.

"As for your third senior brother ... well, he's an ignorant fellow. He didn't ask me that question, only spending all his days drinking and searching for his heart while wasting his life away.

"I'll tell you the same answer. You have to have a clear mind."

Tian Xie Zi smiled faintly and pointed towards the entrance with his right hand.

"You must have been disappointed by the Berserker Vessels in the first layer of the chamber. You see them as broken and useless items. That is the same as the wine you drank from the gourd. You think it's water, but to me, it's wine.

"That's the same logic. To me, the items in the first layer of the



chamber are things that I collected throughout my life. In my heart, they're the most precious enchanted Vessels in the world.

"You must also have been disappointed by all the skills belonging to Freezing Sky Clan stored in the second layer, because you couldn't tell what was within."

There was a ghost of a smile on Tian Xie Zi's lips as he looked at Su Ming.

Su Ming was silent. He did not speak.

"You still don't truly understand. What do Berserkers practice? We practice creation, and that means we aren't limited by anything. We rely on ourselves to create whatever it is that we want.

"Those so-called skills and abilities are just creations left behind by our ancestors. There are hundreds upon thousands of Berserkers in Freezing Sky Clan, and the powerful ones are as numerous as clouds, but are these people practicing the creation?

"Do they know the meaning of creation?

"My disciples don't need any skills or abilities. They only need to understand the rules of Creation lying in the world once they find the way to clear their mind!"

There seemed to be a strange glow on Tian Xie Zi's face. There

was a sort of obstinacy with how he looked with that glow on his face.

However, Tian Xie Zi's obstinacy seemed almost like madness to Su Ming.

"Creation... This one word is what people desire and what they are searching for. But what is the true meaning of Creation? This is my question for you. Go think about it, understand it, and once you have your answer, come tell me."

That mysterious look was back on Tian Xie Zi's face. He stroked his beard and spoke languidly with the airs of a well learned sage.

"Can I take this map with me?"

Su Ming stood up quietly and carefully folded up the beast skin scroll before him.

"If you are my disciple, then you can take away one item from each layer," Tian Xie Zi said, smiling softly.

Su Ming put the beast skin away into his bosom, then looked at Tian Xie Zi and took a deep breath. He wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed towards him.

"Please receive the greeting from your disciple, Su Ming, Master."

Tian Xie Zi laughed boisterously and waved his arm. Immediately, wind blew past with a whistle and brought Su Ming out of the cave.

"Your senior brothers are a little odd, but you should get in touch with them. Go and search for a way to clear your mind. Trust me, you'll be able to find it."

## Chapter 223: Third Senior Brother's Eccentricities

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Su Ming stood alone on the top of the ninth summit. Once he was taken out of the chamber by Tian Xie Zi, he was left alone on the spot. He had no idea where Tian Xie Zi went.

‘Freezing Sky Clan’s ninth summit... is it my home now?’

Su Ming looked at the white world lying before him in the distance, and a familiar yet strange feeling rose in his heart.

What was familiar was the snow, and what was strange was the land.

Snow danced in the air around him. When he looked at it, Su Ming lowered his head and walked down the plant covered stairs.

‘Since I’m already here, then I might as well find a cave abode first.’

As Su Ming walked down, he looked around him, and all he saw were plants that could survive in the cold. They grew so densely that they covered most of the mountain.

‘Our second senior brother is far too hardworking, which led him to believe that he could do better...’

The words of his third senior brother, Hu Zi, echoed in Su Ming's ears. He walked for a long time, and gradually began to understand what those words meant.

When night arrived and the world turned dark, Su Ming found a place that was not covered in plants in a certain part of the ninth summit's mountainside. The spot was a little further away from the stairs. There was a big stone protruding off the ground, and it formed a platform that was not too big.

When Su Ming stood on the platform and the moaning winter breeze blew past his ears, he lifted his right hand, and immediately, the center of his brows shone with a green light. The small virescent sword flew out and circled Su Ming several times before it charged towards the rock wall of the ninth summit next to him.

Banging sounds echoed in the air, and under the small sword's continuous barrage, Su Ming gradually opened up a simple cave abode in the rock wall. The ice stones on the wall were incredibly sturdy. Just trying to hew out a simple cave abode required a bit of an effort from Su Ming's part.

Only when the moon hung high in the sky was the cave abode finally finished. Su Ming put away the small sword and looked at the cave abode before him. It was so simple that it did not even have a door. He shook his head and went in.

There was only one room in his abode. Su Ming walked to the end and looked around. The walls of the cave gave off a chilling air, causing the entire abode to also be cold.

He sat down quietly and took out the beast skin map from his bosom. He lowered his head and looked at it for a moment before sighing softly.

‘Power... Master is right. If I want to get out of the Land of South Morning, then I need great power.

‘First, I need to find a method to clear my mind and understand the true meaning of ‘Creation’.’

Su Ming put away the beast skin map and sat down on the ground with a contemplative look on his face.

Time trickled by. During his first night in Freezing Sky Clan’s ninth summit and in the simple cave abode with the moaning winter wind as his companion, Su Ming spent most of the night mulling over Tian Xie Zi’s words.

Besides the wind, Freezing Sky Clan was quiet at night. It was especially so on the ninth summit, because there were just too few people living there.

Moonlight scattered on the ground outside in a gentle manner, though the light gave the snow on the ground a biting cold air.

When it was almost daylight, Su Ming woke up from his meditation. He frowned. He was a little unclear on what exactly clearing his mind meant.

‘Clearing my own mind? I should have already done it. My mind is already calm and cleared. But what’s the use of it for my training..? What does Master mean by understanding it?’

Su Ming thought about it for a long time, but still found himself a little unclear about it. He lifted his head and looked at the dimly lit sky outside his abode before walking outside.

An unfamiliar land and an unfamiliar mountain. The moment Su Ming walked outside, cold wind blew against his face and brought some snow. He did not mind the cold brought by the snow.

The sky was dimly lit. The darkness around the area had mostly gone away and he could see the outline of the land. Su Ming walked forward without a direction and the snow he walked on made crunching sounds under his feet. Those sounds along with the rhythm at which they came gradually relaxed Su Ming’s mind that had become confused from his inability to understand his Master’s words.

‘Clearing the mind... does he mean to train the mind?’

Su Ming felt as if he understood something.

He had no idea how much time had passed, but as he walked around, he suddenly stopped and a piercing and fierce look appeared in his eyes. However, he soon relaxed and looked forward with an odd expression.

He saw a person crouching before him behind a big stone. That person had a pot of wine in his hands. As he drank, he would stretch his head out from behind the big rock carefully and peek outwards.

From where Su Ming stood, he could only see that person's back. He could not see exactly what the person was so carefully peeking at from behind the rock.

"Third senior brother..?"

Su Ming's expression became even odder. He could not really understand what this man who kept referring to himself as Grandpa Hu was doing by crouching there.

"Shh...."

Third senior brother had clearly noticed Su Ming. He turned back and swiftly placed his index finger by his mouth and made faces at him. Once he signaled Su Ming to not make a sound, he beckoned him over.

Su Ming hesitated for a moment before he walked carefully towards him. When he saw that his third senior brother was being very cautious and even had a hint of nervousness on his face, Su Ming could not help but to keep his guard up. He even bent down and approached him slowly.



When he saw Su Ming's attitude, admiration appeared on the man's face. Once Su Ming was close, he grabbed his arm and pulled him behind himself before he whispered, "Don't speak. No matter what you see later, don't cause a ruckus, or else things will get troublesome."

This third senior brother of his had kept him company when Su Ming was traveling to the ninth summit, but he had never seen such an expression on the dense-looking man.

When Su Ming saw this, he could not help but be surprised. However, he also became serious because of his words and nodded his head.

"Aye, that's it. When I look over next time, you can peek with me. Remember this, don't cause a ruckus..."

Third senior brother licked his lips. As he warned Su Ming, he drank some more wine, then lifted his head and looked out of the edge of the mountain rock.

Su Ming also lifted his head and stole a glance over the edge of the mountain rock.

That one glance alone made the expression on his face become even more peculiar.

There was nothing behind the mountain rock. The entire place was filled with plants, and there was no sign of anyone being there.

The place was silent.

Third senior brother's spirits were lifted up and he whispered quickly, "He's here!"

The moment those words were said, Su Ming immediately saw a person in white floating towards them like a ghost from the distance.

However, he was not really traveling very fast. Once he drifted to the spot filled with plants before them, he stopped. Judging by his looks, that person was Su Ming's second senior brother.

There was a cautious look on his face. Once he looked around to check his surroundings, he lowered his head and looked at the plants by his feet before crouching down and picking some of them. After that, he looked around once again before drifting away into the distance.

Su Ming was stunned.

He simply could not understand just what he needed to observe in this person. The cautious and stern look on Hu Zi's face made Su Ming feel that this was completely absurd.

Once their second senior brother left, Hu Zi relaxed and leaned against the stone with a wide grin on his face as he looked at Su Ming.

"So? Didn't that feel great?"

Su Ming was speechless. He looked at his third senior brother and found himself at a complete loss for words.

"Let me tell you, youngest junior brother. Do you know who is the smartest person on the ninth summit?"

There was a prideful look of third senior brother's face as he picked up the pot of wine and drank a huge mouthful. He even let out a drunken burp in the process.

Su Ming was silent and shook his head. He felt that he should not be here, or perhaps more accurately speaking, he should not even have come out of his cave abode.

"You don't? Well, that's to be expected. This is your first day on the mountain. Let me tell you, if we compare our powers, I can't win against our second senior brother, neither can I win against our eldest senior brother, much less the old man.

"But intelligence is another matter. Is there anyone else who is smarter than me on this mountain? None!"

Third senior brother's expression became even more prideful.

Su Ming continued staying silent. He looked at the man before him and had no idea just how he came to this conclusion.

"You're shocked, right? Let me tell you, your Grandpa Hu is the smartest person because I like to think," third senior brother whispered to him with a pleased look.

"Not only do I like thinking, I also like observing things. It's not just the ninth summit, I also have other targets of observation on the other mountains.

"I think, I observe, that's why I keep getting smarter!

"What did you see just now? You saw our second senior brother, right? Let me tell you. What you saw was our second senior brother, but also not our second senior brother. Haha, our second senior brother is constantly paranoid and keeps saying that someone is stealing his plants at night. He even suspects that I'm the one stealing those plants, but I'm not going to tell him that I see him stealing his own plants at night every single time."

The pleased look on third senior brother's face grew clearer as he whispered to Su Ming.

Su Ming felt his head hurt. He rubbed the center of his brows, and just as he was about to stand up and leave...

"Our senior second brother has gone mad with farming. The him you see at night and the him you see in the morning are different people. Isn't it tiring? He goes to plant stuff in the morning, and then he goes and steals at night, and he's always looking for the thief, which also happens to be him. I'm not going to tell him,

though."

Third senior brother grinned and took a big swig from his wine pot.

Su Ming smiled wryly as he looked at him.

He finally understood just what was his third senior brother's strange habit. That eccentricity of his was not his love to drink wine, but it was his love to observe and think.

"The wine's a little cold now. I've been here for too long, and now the wine's not nice anymore," third senior brother mumbled and stood up, then swept his gaze over Su Ming.

"Youngest junior brother, your senior brother Hu is happy today, so what do you say if I bring you to see our eldest senior brother? Our senior brother is a weird person. Isn't he silly? He's constantly in isolation just like a turtle. Isn't that tiring? He should live his life like me. He needs to think more, observe more, drink more, and dream more...

"But I heard from the old man when he borrowed wine from me that our eldest senior brother is different from us. He's real lucky, you know. He was the first to follow the old man, and I heard that he got himself some real skills. I heard that it's the most mysterious skill from Freezing Sky Clan," third senior brother mumbled drunkenly, pouting.

Su Ming was just about to leave when he heard the man's words. His heart jumped suddenly and a brilliant light appeared in his eyes. He had a feeling that he had caught onto something from his third senior brother's words, and his feet stopped moving once again.

He lowered his head and looked at his third senior brother looking at him with a drunken look and a foolish grin. Slowly, he found himself unable to tell whether this person was truly drunk, or that he was just telling him all of it on purpose.

"Are you coming? If you're not, then I'll go by myself."

Third senior brother rubbed his eyes and yawned.

## Chapter 224: Epiphany

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"I'll go!"

Su Ming nodded his head.

His third senior brother's spirits were immediately lifted and he picked up the gourd from the ground before lifting his head to look at the sky. As he mumbled some words that Su Ming could not hear, he lifted his hand and made a few signs with his hand as if he was scheming something.

After a moment, a silly grin appeared on his face.

"That's great. You're real lucky. We can see our eldest senior brother today. Come, follow me closely."

As third senior brother spoke, he charged into the distance. Su Ming did not say anything but simply followed behind him, looking at his third senior brother's back. He gradually found himself unable to understand this person.

Su Ming ran behind Hu Zi through the mountains, and before long, as the sun started rising in the sky, they saw a rather broken mountain rock. He could see a low cave over there, and most of the entrance was blocked by a big rock, causing a large amount of sunlight to be blocked off the cave even if it was already daylight.

Su Ming hesitated for a moment before he asked, "Eldest senior

brother isolated himself here?"

"There's no way our eldest senior brother would enjoy his life this way. This is your senior brother Hu's cave abode. So? It looks grand, right? Wait here, I'll get me some wine."

While speaking, he bowed his top half and entered through the low cave entrance. Su Ming stood stunned outside for a moment, beginning to feel doubtful about his previous speculation.

Very soon, his third senior brother walked out. Some wine spilled out from the wine pot in his hands. It was clear that he had just refilled it, and there was an excited look on his face as he held the giant gourd in his hands.

"Let's go. We have to hurry, or else it'll be too late."

As he spoke, third senior brother dashed forward. Su Ming hesitated for a moment before following behind him. The both of them ran to the bottom of the mountain.

After about the time it takes to burn an incense stick to burn, Hu Zi brought Su Ming to the bottom of the mountain. With a few twists and turns, they moved to a crack in the mountain. The moment they stepped into the crack, Su Ming immediately sensed a chilling air blow against his face.

He looked at his third senior brother's actions. It was clear that he was incredibly familiar with this place. They walked for half a



day in that crack and gradually moved deeper underground. During the entire process, there were times where they seemed to have reached the end because Su Ming could no longer see any road leading forward, but the moment Hu Zi took another turn, a new path would appear before them.

They took many turns in the ice layer, and when Su Ming started feeling dizzy, his third senior brother came to a halt before him and brought him to an ice basin that was moderate in size.

When he looked over, the basin seemed like a gigantic hole lying before him. It was dark inside it, and freezing air spread out from within. There were also numerous icicles hanging from the top of the basin that exuded a biting cold presence.

"We're here. Our eldest senior brother is down there, but it's too deep, so we can't go in. We can only look from here."

Third senior brother turned around and looked at Su Ming before pointing towards the basin before them.

Su Ming took a few steps forward and looked down the basin. He could not see the end with his current level of cultivation and sight.

His third senior brother placed the gourd in his hand on the ground and stood beside him. He lifted his right hand and started counting on his fingers, looking as if he was counting time.

"There's still the time of half an incense stick left. Youngest junior brother, you'll have to wait a bit..."

Yet before he finished speaking, a low roar suddenly came from within the basin. That roar was so loud that the ice around the basin started trembling viciously.

Su Ming's expression changed. He could clearly feel a strong wave of heat that did not belong to the ice suddenly erupting forth. He instantly took a few steps back. The heat crashed into the two like an explosion, and a wave of hot air surged forth explosively from underneath the basin.

That wave of hot air gave people a sense of scorching heat that would even burn their bodies. Yet strangely, the basin and the ice around it was only melting slowly under that wave of heat. When this sight that obviously defied logic appeared before Su Ming, he felt shaken, and he took a deep breath.

"Darn it! Our eldest senior brother's exhalation was brought forward! Eldest senior brother, Hu Zi is here, I even brought our youngest junior brother, he was just taken in by the old man! On behalf of our youngest junior brother, how about you help me warm up my wine?"

"Let me warn you, eldest senior brother, if you break my wine gourd again and embarrass me before our youngest junior brother, then I'll never come see you again."

While he spoke, third senior brother quickly threw the wine

gourd into the basin. The wine gourd did not fall but instead floated in midair until the heat that erupted from within the basin rushed out and crashed into it.

However, cracking sounds rang out in the air. Cracks immediately appeared on the wine gourd. Some of the wine even spilled from them and fell into the basin.

"Eldest senior brother!"

Hu Zi let out a shrill cry and he was so shocked his expression even changed.

A cold harrumph came from within the basin, and a thin layer of ice immediately covered the cracks on the wine gourd, causing the wine that was spilling from the gourd to stop flowing out.

At the same time, a wave of heat spread out from within the unsealed gourd. A thick alcoholic fragrance filled the air in the area, causing the people who took a breath of the air to feel warm.

The surface of the gourd was covered by a layer of ice while the wine in the gourd boiled, and a large part of it turned into alcoholic steam.

"That's enough, eldest senior brother! That's enough!"

Hu Zi's expression changed really quickly. Just a breath ago, he had a wretched look on his face, and now he was already smiling

happily.

"Third... don't do this again... Every single time you leave, I have to change the outline of the path outside, but you always manage to get in either way..."

The wine gourd covered in ice floated towards Hu Zi and landed before him. At the same time, a voice that carried a hint of resignation traveled out from within the basin.

That voice was very gentle, but the moment it landed in Su Ming's ears, he first felt a chill run down his spine, and that chill soon turned into warmth that spread through his entire body.

"You're the only one who can come up with the idea of using the Origin Breath I refined after much difficulty to warm your wine... Hah... just remember to deliver half of that pot to Master, or else I won't warm your wine again!"

The resigned tone in that voice made Su Ming think that his third senior brother had gone overboard.

"Eldest senior brother, don't worry. I'll definitely send half a pot to the old man. Haha!"

Hu Zi's face was alit with excitement. He quickly picked up the wine gourd and took a sniff of the alcoholic fragrance coming from within. An intoxicated look appeared on his face.

"Fourth, you just came to the mountain. It's a pity that I can't come out of isolation just yet. I can only do so after a few years. How about this? I'll give this to you. Use it to protect yourself."

The gentle voice traveled forth once again, and a blue piece of ice abruptly flew out of the basin. It charged towards Su Ming and floated before him.

The blue ball of fire sealed in the blue ice gave it a bewitching presence.

"Thank you, eldest senior brother."

Su Ming quickly wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed before he put away the blue piece of ice. Just by the look of it, he could tell that this was something extraordinary.

Hu Zi picked up his wine gourd and dragged Su Ming a few steps back before he shouted towards the basin, "Eldest senior brother, you should hurry back to your training. I already made calculations. You'll be exhaling that Origin Breath of yours 43 days later. When that time comes, I'll come find you again. We won't bother you anymore. Eldest senior brother, good luck!"

The heat spreading from the basin clearly halted for a brief moment, and a resigned sigh reached them from within the basin.

"Don't always work on getting drunk. Remember what the Master told you before. While getting drunk is the method you

found to clear your mind, this is just a process. What's important is the dream you have after you're drunk..."

The gentle voice echoed in the air.

"I know, I know. We're leaving now."

Hu Zi quickly left, but Su Ming's footsteps faltered. He looked towards the hot air spreading out from within the basin.

"Eldest senior brother, what is the skill you're practicing? Is it truly one of the skills taken from our Master's second layer in the chamber? Did you see the Arts and abilities written on the jades?"

There was a short period of silence from within the basin before the gentle voice came once again.

"You can't see what I see... because what I desire the most are skills."

His eldest senior brother's voice vibrated in the air, just like how Su Ming's heart was shaking at that moment. When he was eventually dragged out of his eldest senior brother's isolation grounds by Hu Zi and arrived at the bottom of the ninth summit, he felt his mind going into such turmoil it felt as if there were waves crashing in his mind.

He did not know how he left the place. In the shaken state he was in, he parted ways with his third senior brother and returned to

his cave abode. He sat down cross-legged on the platform and looked at the world in the distance. However, what he saw was no longer important. He could not calm down. Nothing he saw could calm him down.

‘Because my eldest senior brother desired skills, that’s why when he saw the jades in the second layer, they were real to him... He got the skill he wanted and isolated himself to train and make himself stronger.

‘And I wanted the map the most, that’s why the Berserker Vessels in the first layer, the skills in the second layer, and even the ancient scrolls in the third layer were fake. The map was the only thing I could see...

‘My eldest senior brother isolated himself to clear his mind and understand the meaning of Creation... perhaps the skill he obtained was just a part of it. To bring into being is the true meaning of Creation.

‘I wonder what my second senior brother obtained from Master’s chamber... He chose to plant those plants because if he planted them on his own, that’s also a form of bringing something into being... He’s bringing life into being and using this method to train his mind and to understand this...

‘As for my third senior brother, he enters sleep after he’s drunk. Getting drunk is the process, and he dreams when he falls asleep. That is a start of him training his mind... Dreaming can also mean creating dreams...’

Su Ming understood now.

He shuddered. At that moment, he saw the world lighting up in the distance. The sun was rising in the horizon. The sun was lighting up the land with an indescribable, shocking presence. The wind was traveling at a moderate speed and lifted Su Ming's hair. The sunlight cast him under a few different shades of colors.

Su Ming slowly turned his head and looked towards the top of the mountain that was now illuminated by sunlight. He could vaguely see an old person standing there. That person was looking at the sun rising in the horizon as his clothes fluttered in the wind.

"Master..." Su Ming mumbled.

The words Tian Xie Zi had told him that day appeared in Su Ming's mind once again, "If you accept me as your Master, then you'll understand someday that Freezing Sky Clan is nothing!"

Su Ming closed his eyes and immersed himself in his own understanding of the words.

Time passed by slowly. One day, two days, three days...

As the sun rose and set, Su Ming sat on the platform and remained unmoving in the midst of the wind and snow.



# Chapter 225: The Person Who Came In The Snowstorm

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Su Ming lost his sense of time in that rather unfamiliar state. He had his eyes closed, and he looked as if he had lost his soul. His soul seemed to have left his body and fused together with the world.

In his world, there was neither the sky nor the earth. There was only chaos that enveloped his mind like a thick layer of fog, causing him to be unable to see clearly, but his heart was still calm, so calm that even his heartbeat was beginning to grow faint.

Snow fell on his hair and his clothes. The snow gradually accumulated on him, causing Su Ming to look like a snowman from afar.

Four days, five days, six days...

The sun rose and set numerous times. Sunlight and moonlight fell on Su Ming's body alternatively and reflected off different shades of light on his body. Nonetheless, he still remained still and unmoving.

Su Ming did not know about this, but at that moment, at the top of the ninth summit, the person he'd seen before he entered this state had not left.

Tian Xie Zi stood on the peak silently. He had been watching Su Ming sitting there from the very start, had been going through the

past few days along with him, and he would continue staying there.

As his Master, he would only leave when Su Ming woke up.

He knew that this state was an incredibly important process of life and metamorphosis for this particular disciple of his. This was a process that would grant him epiphany.

Tian Xie Zi looked at Su Ming in the distance as he mumbled under his breath, "All my disciples would experience their first epiphany at different points of time once they came under me..."

When his first disciple experienced his epiphany, he watched.

When his second disciple experienced his epiphany, he watched.

He still watched on the peak quietly when his third disciple experienced his epiphany.

Right now, he was standing on the mountain just like the previous three times he had done so. He watched Su Ming gain his epiphany. During this process, he would not allow anyone to disturb his students. He was their Master. He had to stretch out his arms and protect them with his body when they were weak.

"I look forward to what sort of method will dawn on you and allow you to clear your mind..."

A kind smile appeared on Tian Xie Zi's face. In that smile was expectation.

He would never forget the sight of this disciple of his crying when he saw the beast skin map in the chamber a few days ago...

Just like how when he took in his first, second, and third disciples, the moment Su Ming called him his Master, he treated Su Ming as his disciple. There was no need for him to acknowledge Su Ming as his disciple overtime. Sometimes, people only needed that one particular feeling at that one particular moment to familiarize themselves with each other.

Tian Xie Zi continued watching...

Su Ming's third senior brother who loved calling himself Grandpa Hu lay in his cave on the ninth summit with his wine gourd in his hand, drinking from it. He was already drunk. However, the state of drunkenness he was in for the past few days made it difficult for him to fall asleep.

He would occasionally lift his head and look towards a particular direction. His line of sight might have been blocked by the stone wall of his cave, but if the wall was not there, then he would be able to see Su Ming sitting on that platform in the direction he looked.

"My life is so difficult... but there's no help to it, he's my youngest junior brother. There's no way around it... but at least

when I go out and fight next time, I'll have someone helping me. Not bad, not bad at all..." The third senior brother mumbled under his breath and grinned widely in a highly pleased manner.

"Hmph, at least I'm smart. Youngest junior brother gained an understanding from my unwitting guidance. Let's see what sort of method he'll figure out... No good. What if he reaches an epiphany like eldest senior brother and isolates himself just like him? Then I'll just be lonely again!

"What if he comes to a realization and obtains the same weird habit as second senior brother and falls in love with planting stuff... That won't do either... Drinking. It'll be best if he comes to reach an epiphany where he needs to drink, then he can drink with me."

The man scratched his head and anxiety appeared on his face.

At that moment, there was a person who was crouching down among a large field of plants on the ninth summit. He was digging through the iced earth and planting some seeds in the ground.

The man was wearing a white shirt. He had a handsome face and his eyes were bright. There was a smile on his face. He would occasionally lift his head and look towards where Su Ming was sitting. When he did so, his smile would widen.

"Youngest junior brother, good luck. Whether or not you can become part of the ninth summit depends on whether you can reach an epiphany..."

That man was Su Ming's second senior brother. He did not go to sleep even though it was already daylight. In fact, he had not gone to sleep for the past few days, but would instead occasionally cast his eyes to where Su Ming was as he took care of his plants, an act that was out of ordinary for him.

At the bottom of the ninth summit was a crack in the ice that led to the bottom of the mountain. It was Su Ming's eldest senior brother's isolation grounds. He was also looking in the same direction with a kind look in his eyes, as if he could see Su Ming. There was also eagerness in his gaze.

Su Ming was sitting silently on the platform. There was still a layer of fog in his world. He could not see anything, only the fog surrounding him. He had no idea how long it had been. It might have just been several breaths, it might have been several days, or even much longer.

He did not think about that in depth. He only kept his gaze fixed on the fog.

He could see the vague shape of a person in that fog. That person seemed to be sitting cross-legged. Cold air gradually gathered around that person, but there was also a presence of heat within that cold air.

This was how Su Ming felt about his eldest senior brother in his mind.

"With isolation, he could lock his body in a meditative state and focus his mind, which will lead to clearing his mind... By understanding the skill given to him, he could create his own path... This is my eldest senior brother," Su Ming mumbled. This was what he understood about his eldest senior brother.

"I can achieve this state as well... but if I choose this path because I saw it, then it's not creation... I'll just be walking on someone else's path. I'll be walking in my eldest senior brother's shadow."

Su Ming was silent for a long time before he shook his head slowly.

Slowly but surely, right before his eyes, another picture appeared in the fog in his world. However, only Su Ming could see that picture. If anyone else was in his world right then and looked at the fog, they would only see fog. They would not be able to see anything else.

It might look like fog, but in truth, those were Su Ming's thoughts.

Within the new picture, Su Ming saw his second senior brother. He saw the plants on the ninth summit, and saw a power that created life.

"By allowing the flowers to grow to the peak of perfection, he could reach the peak of perfection of his mind. The lives of these plants were given by the world, but through the second senior brother's hands, this also becomes a type of creation...

"Second senior brother seems to turn into another person at night and takes away the plants he creates... That's because since he was the one who gave life to the plants, he can also... destroy them with his hands..."

Su Ming trembled. In his state of reaching epiphany, he suddenly understood some of his second senior brother's actions.

His thoughts might not be correct, but it was what Su Ming understood.

"This sort of creation has reached an incredibly profound state... Second senior brother..." Su Ming mumbled. He fell silent for a moment, but still chose to shake his head again.

"This path still isn't suitable for me to answer Master's question on what is Creation..."

Su Ming looked at the fog. In truth, he already had an answer for Tian Xie Zi's question. However, he could only keep the answer in his heart. He could not say it out loud. If he did, then it would be wrong.

"Eldest senior brother's answer should be... I am Creation."

"Second senior brother's answer should be the same."

"Perhaps the words are slightly different for third senior brother, but the meaning should be the same... They can answer it this way because they found the way to clear their minds and find their own Creation."

"I can't say it, because I haven't found the answer. If I imitate second senior brother's path, then I'll never be able to say this... Unless I find my own path."

Su Ming shook his head.

The fog before him changed once again. This time, in the picture that no one else could see, he saw his third senior brother. He had a drunken look in his eyes as he drank wine and lay on the ground. There was a foolish smile on his lips, and drool flowed out from the corner of his mouth. Su Ming could hear faint snores.

He was dreaming about a world that made him happy. In that world, there were countless people drinking wine with him, and there were also countless people who were waiting for him to go and hit them...

His happy expression made Su Ming snicker uncontrollably.

He could already imagine that his third senior brother gained his epiphany the easiest and his epiphany was the simplest. In fact, there was a high possibility that his third senior brother did not have any sort of epiphany. It was just that when he fell asleep once he was drunk, he dreamed, and from then onwards, he naturally found the way to clear his mind.



"If someday, third senior brother's dreams could become true, then his achievements will not be any less than second senior brother's... As for eldest senior brother... I still don't really understand his path."

Su Ming eventually chose to shake his head once again.

He would not walk on his third senior brother's path either.

"I wonder what was Master's epiphany..?"

Su Ming had no clue, but he did not think about it either. Gradually, the fog before him started changing drastically. Its change was a projection of Su Ming's thoughts.

He was thinking about his own epiphany and his own method to clear his mind.

Days passed by. Very soon, it was already the 27th day since Su Ming sat down on the platform.

During the 27 days, sometimes snow would fall from the sky, but the volume was light. Yet even so, the snow still made Su Ming look as if his body had fused together with the snowstorm beside him.

Once 27 days passed by and the morning of the 28th day arrived,

the morning sun was accompanied by a great blizzard.

Blizzards were not uncommon in Freezing Sky Clan, there would be blizzards once every few days. As of then, as a blizzard raged in the land, and moaning, cold wind whistled through the sky, lifting up a large amount of snow in a seeming attempt to cover the entire world, the blizzard looked like a large, ancient beast that had its claws lifted then slammed them on the ground.

As the blizzard raged in the air, a person walked towards the bottom of the ninth summit from the distance. That person wore a thick bamboo hat and a straw cape that covered his entire body. A shocking presence spread out faintly from within his body as he walked in the blizzard, causing the snow and wind to seem afraid of coming close to him. They rolled back from his body, causing him to look like an earth dragon coming closer to the place.

"Su Ming..."

That person's voice was freezing cold and he spoke with a ghastly tone under the ninth summit.

## Chapter 226: The Hands Of Creation

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"There're a lot of rumors regarding Freezing Sky Clan's ninth summit. Since I'm here today, I might as well see whether those rumors are true..." the person wearing the bamboo hat said with a cold sneer at the foot of the ninth summit.

"I don't understand just how this unassuming Su Ming could make senior brother Si Ma pay so much heed to him. He even sent me a long distance letter and used that one favor I owe him to make me come here and take away something from him."

The moment the person took a step up the ninth summit through the blizzard, his entire body seemed to have blended together with the snow. The blizzard in the sky suddenly turned into a human face and let out a low, savage growl at the ninth summit. That growl became the wind the lifted up the snow.

The moment the person stepped on the mountain, the entire ninth summit seemed to tremble.

Su Ming's third senior brother who was drinking in his cave opened his eyes, surprised. He quickly took a few steps forward and bent his body down to exit his cave abode before looking down the mountain.

"That's Zi Che from the second summit. He's placed ninth on the ranking board among the disciples on the Great Frozen Plains in Freezing Sky Clan! Why did he appear on the ninth summit? Could it be to fight me? But I didn't offend him."

Hu Zi was momentarily stunned. He scratched his head.

In the midst of his surprise, his expression suddenly changed, because at that moment, Zi Che, who was dressed in a straw cape and bamboo hat, took his second step since up the ninth summit.

The instant his foot fell, his body suddenly appeared before Hu Zi. His appearance was so sudden it looked as if he had just forced his way through. The moment he stood a few hundred feet before Hu Zi, a monstrous presence erupted forth with a bang. That presence made Hu Zi quickly take a few dozen steps backwards. The wine gourd in his hand also shattered with a bang.

"Trash!"

Zi Che's face could not be seen under the straw cape and bamboo hat, but a chilling glint appeared in his eyes, and the shocking presence caused the ice around him to show signs of cracking. It was especially so for the land behind him. The savage human face that was formed from the blizzard let out a roar, and more snow gathered in the sky, as if it wanted to bury the entire ninth summit underneath.

Zi Che cast Hu Zi a cold glare and took his third step.

The moment he took the third step, he disappeared from Hu Zi's sight. Because he had left, he did not see that Hu Zi was staring at the shattered wine gourd on the ground at that moment. Red filled his sight and viciousness appeared in his eyes.

"How dare you break your Grandpa Hu's gourd!"

Hu Zi lifted his head swiftly and let out a loud shout towards the sky. He turned into a long arc and charged towards Zi Che, who was leaving.

At that moment, two people were running out of the seventh summit towards the ninth summit. The two of them were women and pleasing to the eye.

One of them was Han Cang Zi. There was worry on her face as she ran at full speed towards the ninth summit.

The woman beside her wore a yellow robe. Her petite, oval shaped face gave her an elegant and beautiful air. It was a strikingly similar look to how Han Cang Zi usually looked like.

There was a lazy expression on her face. When she saw just how nervous and worried Han Cang Zi was, she teased her, "Junior sister Fang, just what sort of person is this Su Ming for you to pay so much attention to him? Could it be..."

The woman's voice was very attractive. She chuckled after her own words.

"Junior sister, this isn't the time for this!"

Han Cang Zi travelled incredibly quickly, charging towards the ninth summit.

"Alright alright, I won't say anything more. Don't worry, Zi Che may be wild, but he's not a bad person. I'll just ask him not to cause trouble to Su Ming."

"He's your younger brother, of course you'll be siding with him."

There was a hint of a complaint in Han Cang Zi's words. The woman behind her smiled, but did not mind. She simply continued trying to soothe Han Cang Zi with a gentle voice.

They gradually got closer to the ninth summit as they spoke. However, right at the moment they got closer, they clearly felt the power of a blizzard charging towards them and forcing them to slow down.

At that moment, both of them also saw the savage human face formed by the blizzard, which was previously obscured from their sight by the ninth summit. The face was howling at the ninth summit.

Han Cang Zi's expression immediately changed. The woman beside her also turned grave.

"He activated the Art for his Berserker Mark!"

The woman took a step forward and charged towards the ninth

summit in the face of the blizzard. Han Cang Zi bit her bottom lip and followed behind her with worry.

On the ninth summit, Zi Che, who was dressed in a straw cape and a bamboo hat, arrived 300 feet away from where Su Ming sat the moment with his third step. He stood there with a cold and detached expression as his gaze fell on Su Ming's body.

"Just another piece of trash. The ninth summit is not as spoken in the rumors!" Zi Che said coldly and lifted his right hand.

But just as he was about to point towards Su Ming...

At that moment, Su Ming was completely unaware of what was happening outside. He was immersed in his own world. The fog he saw was currently raging and tumbling furiously. He thought he saw a faint shadow of something within.

A feeling akin to epiphany gradually formed in his heart.

"Just let me see a little clearer..." he mumbled. He had a strong feeling that if he could just see clearly, then he would be able to find the answer, and he would obtain the right to answer just what was the meaning of Creation.

As Zi Che lifted his right hand in the world outside Su Ming's mind, the world let out a loud rumble around the platform Su Ming had seated himself. The giant blizzard that had turned into the savage human face appeared in the air just to Su Ming's side,

and it was approaching quickly. The giant blizzard brought with it an earth shaking presence that did not just intend to bury Su Ming underneath, but also the entire ninth summit!

That sight even created a false impression that this blizzard was a work of nature, not due to a person using a mystical ability.

Zi Che did not intend to let Su Ming live. If he had not joined the ninth summit, but joined any other summit and became a true Freezing Sky Clan disciple, then Zi Che would find his hands tied. After all, they would belong to the same school, and the rules within the school were very strict, and it would be difficult for him to act in the day like this.

Yet Su Ming entered the ninth summit, the ninth summit that belonged to Freezing Sky Clan, but at the same time not. The disciples here did not have to follow the rules set by Freezing Sky Clan, but because of that they were also not protected by the rules of the school. That was why Zi Che thought about killing Su Ming without even a word and subsequently throwing his corpse to Si Ma Xin, who was rushing back to Freezing Sky Clan.

To him, the man who always referred to himself as Grandpa Hu was trash. There was no need for him to be careful of him. As for the person who loved planting things, he was a very effeminate and weak person to Zi Che.

Even the eldest senior brother of the ninth summit was just a coward who loved isolating himself. Zi Che had heard about him before. When disciples from other summits came to teach that trash Hu Zi a lesson, his other two senior brothers did not act at



all. The trash who loved planting stuff would especially pretend to be asleep to avoid trouble and let his junior brother fend for himself.

In fact, there was even one time when he saw such a thing happen when he was passing by the ninth summit. At that time, he was filled with disdain and contempt towards the ninth summit.

The only person he was wary of was the old man – Tian Xie Zi!

However, he had already made preparations before he came to this place. He was the second summit's prodigy and his Master placed high value on him. In his mind, if Tian Xie Zi attacked him without care for their differences in status, then his Master would definitely not stand by and watch.

With all these preparations, he was certain that nothing could go wrong. He lifted his right hand and readied himself to point at Su Ming so that the human face in the blizzard could swallow him up and let him achieve his goal for coming back this time.

Yet at the very moment he was about to swing his right hand down, a gentle voice traveled forth from behind him. That voice was very serene, as if the speaker was talking to a friend, and there was no hint of any anger in it.

"Brother, you're stepping on my flowers... That's... not good."

At the very moment that voice came, Zi Che shuddered. A serious

look appeared in his eyes, which were covered by the bamboo hat. With his current power, if anyone appeared around him, he would notice them immediately. This sort of thing, where a person appeared beside him and he did not notice, should only be possible for Tian Xie Zi alone on the ninth summit. Yet the person's manner of speech made it clear that he was not Tian Xie Zi.

"There's only ice under my feet. There aren't any plants."

Zi Che let out a cold harrumph. He did not turn back, but he did not try pointing towards Su Ming with his right hand either.

"Look again."

The gentle voice got closer to him, and a handsome man in white gradually approached Zi Che from behind. There was a smile on his lips and his face was kind. He walked to Zi Che's side, went past him, then stood... before the sitting Su Ming.

Zi Che was silent. He did not lower his head, but he could clearly feel green grass and flowers growing under him when the man walked past, and he... was stepping on them.

Shock rose from the bottom of his heart. He looked at the gentle looking man before him. He'd seen this person before and knew that he was the second disciple in the ninth summit.

Yet he never expected that the person who he thought was trash would... make him feel shaken.

A sense of danger, something that was rarely felt by him, surged forth abruptly in his body.

Zi Che was silent, but after a moment, he let out a cold harrumph and took a swift and huge step forward with his right foot. With his lifted right hand, he also pointed towards the man blocking him from Su Ming without any hesitation.

Yet the very instant he pointed with his right hand, the bamboo hat on his head shattered abruptly and turned into an innumerable amount of pieces that tumbled backwards, revealing a long haired man who looked to be in his thirties.

The straw cape he wore also burst apart with a bang and turned into smithereens, revealing the black robe he wore underneath. A mouthful of blood spilled out from Zi Che's mouth and he started trembling viciously. An intimidating pressure that shocked him spread out from the smiling man standing before him like the winds in spring. No one else could feel that pressure. In fact, from Zi Che's perspective, this might not even be pressure.

This was a type of stress formed by a gaze and also a temperament that created an indescribable but still spine chilling terror within him.

The source of that terror came from the hands of the man standing before him!

Those ordinary hands, those hands that were not lifted but

placed by his sides, touching his sleeves, seemed to hold the keys to his life and death!

Those were the hands of Creation!

## Chapter 227: Understood

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Zi Che shuddered and shock appeared on his face. He turned pale instantly and instinctively staggered a few steps back. Once he coughed out a mouthful of blood, he quickly retreated and rose into the air to leave the mountain immediately.

His heart pounded and raced against his chest. Terror had replaced all his thoughts. He had never expected that such a frightening person would exist on ninth summit of Freezing Sky Clan.

Those terrifying hands, those hands that seemed to control life itself, those hands that made him feel shaken to the core and made him injure himself badly the moment he made a move.

"He left just like that..?"

Su Ming's second senior brother continued smiling as he looked at Zi Che. His smile was gentle and no hint of anger or happiness could be found beneath it. Yet the moment he spoke, all the plants in the ninth summit shuddered at the same time.

"I didn't act last time because you didn't touch the ninth summit's bottom line. It doesn't really matter that Hu Zi gets hit. He's built tough, he'll get better if he just takes a nap after getting hit."

Su Ming's second senior brother spoke with a smile, and as he did so, the plants in the ninth summit trembled. A shocking presence

erupted forth. There was an endless amount of life force within that presence, and it came simultaneously from all the plants in the mountain.

Zi Che's expression changed drastically. As he ran, he groaned in his heart. All the other people from the ninth summit may be trash, but the man before him was not!

He was as terrifying as a monster!

"With just a breath, he drew out the force of all the plants... This is... This isn't a normal Berserker Art... This is..."

Zi Che sucked in a sharp breath, and as he retreated, the giant human face formed by the blizzard behind him gathered together and let out a faint growl towards the second senior brother.

"But this time, you spoiled a lot of my plants, broke Hu Zi's gourd, and even came to hurt my youngest junior brother. These... aren't good..."

Second senior brother sighed softly. The moment he said 'not good', all the plants in the ninth summit floated into the air and with an indescribable speed, they covered the sky and earth before charging towards Zi Che.

Zi Che was in shock. The snow human face behind him immediately surrounded him, attempting to fight back as they retreated, but the moment the snow face touched the innumerable

plants, it exploded with a loud bang.

It exploded and the world rumbled, turning into mountains of snow that fell down. At the same moment, Zi Che, who was wrapped inside the face, coughed out once again. His face immediately turned pale, and before he could retreat once more, the plants charged straight towards him and instantly surrounded him. Some of them even crept into his body, causing Zi Che to look like a person made of plants.

He trembled, and when he fell face down, he was wrapped by the plants and pulled back to the ninth summit.

"I won't kill you. I'll punish you instead to repair my third senior brother's gourd at the ninth summit, then to help me check who is stealing my plants at night. Listen to the other people in the mountain during the other times, like making sure my youngest junior brother is safe when he leaves the mountain.

Second senior brother retained his gentle demeanor as he smiled and explained. "Do this for three years."

At that moment, Hu Zi let out a loud roar and stormed out of the cave. He grabbed the plant covered but not unconscious Zi Che and lifted him up with a ferocious smile.

"You jerk! How dare you break your Grandpa Hu's gourd?! Just you wait, just you wait and see how I'll deal with you. D\*mn you, I'll drag you into my dreams."

There was anger in Zi Che's eyes, but he had already lost all his strength. When he was lifted by Hu Zi, who he had deemed as trash previously, a feeling of humiliation spread through his entire body.

At that moment, two long arcs arrived from the sky, before they revealed Han Cang Zi and her companion within. The two of them stood in midair and were stunned for a moment.

"We have guests. Are you here to visit my youngest junior brother?"

Second senior brother looked at the two beautiful women in the sky with an even gentler smile on his face.

Fang Cang Lan remained stunned for another moment before she quickly bowed towards second senior brother. "Greetings... second senior brother."

The woman beside her had a steely expression on her face. She glared at the gentle looking second senior brother standing beside Su Ming, then looked at Zi Che who was being dragged into the distance by Hu Zi, but she did not say a word.

"We seldom see such pretty ladies on the ninth summit. Looks like my youngest junior brother has a lot of luck with ladies... but you came at a bad time. He's currently training. Why don't you stay here and help me take care of him?"



Second senior brother winked and laughed.

With that one laugh, Fang Cang Lan immediately blushed.

"It's not what it looks like, it's..." she quickly explained.

At that moment, the woman with the oval shaped face glared at second senior brother. With a cold harrumph, she turned around and walked away.

Fang Cang Lan hesitated for a moment, looked at Su Ming, who had his eyes closed and was meditating, then at her clearly livid senior sister, and then shot an apologetic look to second senior brother.

"Since Su Ming isn't in danger, then... then... I'll be leaving first. Second senior brother, when he wakes up, please tell him..."

As Fang Cang Lan spoke, she saw the teasing look on second senior brother's face and blushed again. She quickly made her leave and went after her senior sister as if she was chasing something.

Second senior brother looked at the two leaving figures and shook his head before looking at Su Ming again. Just when he was about to feel moved, he suddenly narrowed his eyes and looked towards the sky in the distance once again.

There was an old man wearing a purple-red long robe walking

forward with a calm expression on his face in the sky in the distance. He was alone, but as he got closer, the wind around him froze. An intimidating presence spread out and covered every inch of the plants and the ice on the ninth summit.

"Urgh... I knew it. Once I hit the young one, the old one immediately popped out. Master, I can't deal with this one, you'll have to do it."

Second senior brother smiled and sat beside Su Ming.

"Youngest junior brother, how is that you already offended others when you just came..? Hmm? Are you waking up already?!"

There was a puzzled look on second senior brother's face when he looked towards Su Ming, but he suddenly smiled, and there was eagerness hidden within that smile.

"I wonder what method you found to clear your mind..." second senior brother mumbled.

Beside him, wisps of fog seeped out of Su Ming's pores and gradually spread around him. The fog tumbled around in an illusionary state before it gradually took form.

In Su Ming's mind, the fog that covered the world he saw was thinning out, causing his sight to no longer be obscured and allowing him to see the world behind the fog.

No, it wasn't a world he saw—it was a painting. The painting was slowly filled with mountains, water, grass, trees, and people.

Gradually, a sort of epiphany formed within his mind...

"My answer is that I will bring things into being myself. I... am Creation..." Su Ming mumbled.

He understood it.

In the sky of the physical world was the old man in the purple-red long robe calmly getting closer. He stood in the air beyond the ninth summit. There was no sign of any emotion in his eyes as he stood there and stared at Tian Xie Zi standing at the top of the ninth summit.

"Tian Xie Zi, let go of my disciple."

The purple-red robed man's low and deep voice reverberated in the sky.

## Chapter 228: Insolent Brat!

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"That's uncle master to you!

"What an insolent brat. Didn't your Master tell you about my status? Besides those old folks in the sky, who else has a higher status than me in Freezing Sky Clan? Even the head preceptor has to call me his uncle master. You're of the same seniority as the head preceptor, don't you know how to address me?

"Boy, let me just point out which rules you broke by offending your seniors. You broke the second, fifth, and the seventh rules of the school."

Tian Xie Zi yawned on the ninth summit of Freezing Sky Clan and spoke lazily. There was a lackadaisical tone to his voice, and it did not bear the low and deep quality of the purple-red robed old man's voice, and it did not travel too far either.

The old man wearing the purple-red long robe stood calmly in the air and watched Tian Xie Zi standing on the top of the ninth summit. If it had not been completely necessary, he would not have wanted to come to the ninth summit. It was not because he held any form of respect towards the rumors regarding Tian Xie Zi, but because Tian Xie Zi's status was simply too high in the school.

He was silent for a moment before he wrapped his fist in his palm and greeted Tian Xie Zi.

"Greetings to uncle master from You Long Zi."

"Aye, that's more like it. I doubt that you were born when I came to this mountain. You can't be so rude. Pay more attention next time, understand?"

Tian Xie Zi stroked his beard and nodded towards the old man in the purple-red long robe.

"Then, uncle master, please give me my disciple back. I'd like to take him away," the old man in the purple-red long robe said, remaining calm and seeming to not have heard Tian Xie Zi's words.

"Oh? Do you disagree with the punishment dealt out by your second senior brother to your disciple?"

Tian Xie Zi put on a surprised look.

The old man remained silent. He had to accept the fact that all the people's status in the ninth summit were raised exponentially due to Tian Xie Zi. For example, the man who injured his disciple, that person... was indeed of the same seniority as he was...

It was difficult to tell whether he was the senior brother or junior brother for the time being, though.

"Tian Xie Zi, I don't have time to play with you. I only asked you for one thing, are you going to let Zi Che go?"

The old man frowned, and his expression gradually turned cold. He had already paid his respects, so even if he spoke this way right now, no one would find fault with him.

"Hah? Are you trying to scare me? I'm not letting him go! I won't! I won't! I won't!"

Tian Xie Zi glared and put on a domineering air.

The old man's face turned dark and he let out a cold harrumph.

He did not attack, but that one harrumph alone sounded like thunder rumbling, and it caused the entire ninth summit to tremble, the weather to change, the clouds and wind to tumble backwards, and thin cracks to spread through the ice on the ninth summit.

Tian Xie Zi widened his eyes and quickly took a few steps back from the top of the mountain. He let out a shrill cry, and that cry was so distressed it was enough to make those who heard pity him.

Hu Zi was in his own cave. He had long since brought Zi Che back with him and had by then thrown him to the side before crouching down and starting to drink while laughing viciously with ill-intent.

Tian Xie Zi's shrill cries echoing in his ears made Hu Zi lift his head to look at the stone wall above him, and an odd expression appeared on his face.

"Go on pretending, old man, that's what you do best anyway... Don't think that your Grandpa Hu... Urgh, don't think that another person's family's Grandpa Hu doesn't know that you wore white today."

That shrill cry spread through the entire ninth summit, similarly falling into the second senior brother's ears, who was sitting beside Su Ming. Second brother had his head lowered and was toying with the plants before him as if he had heard nothing.

"Master, I saw you wearing white today..."

Second senior brother shook his head with a gentle look on his face, as if he was whispering to the plants before him.

At the same time, in the basin located deep in the cracks in the ice right under the ninth summit, a weak mumble sounded in the originally quiet place.

"The Master was wearing white today, wasn't he..?"

That voice belonged to the eldest senior brother.

As Tian Xie Zi was crying out in distress and retreating on the top of the ninth summit, he saw the old man in the purple-red long robe walking towards him and he quickly let out another piercing cry.

"Xiao Hu, save me! I promise you I won't ask you for your wine

anymore..."

Hu Zi drank his wine in his cave abode and glared at Zi Che lying before him. He swatted Zi Che's head, and the force was so great it made the man jolt. Anger burned within him and he glared at Hu Zi.

"Hah?! How dare you glare at your Grandpa Hu?! I'll kill you!"

Hu Zi seemed to have found a way to not think about his Master crying out in distress. He stretched out his arm and swatted Zi Che's head again.

Once Tian Xie Zi shouted out those words on the mountain, he found that the old man had already closed in on him. He had even landed on the ninth summit, and the moment his feet landed on the ground, a loud boom came from the ninth summit.

"Second! Second... I'm warning you, if you don't save me, then I'll pluck out all your plants from the mountain!"

The second senior brother sitting by Su Ming's side seemed to not have heard anything and touched the plants before him as he said in a gentle whisper, "Go on and pluck them, then. I'll just plant new flowers after you pluck them away. It'll be fine... won't it, youngest junior brother?"

Second senior brother lifted his head and cast a glance at Su Ming with a smile.



The old man in the purple-red robe from the second summit was looking at Tian Xie Zi screaming with a cold look, he then frowned and lifted his right leg to move forward.

"First disciple! Why are you still isolating yourself at this moment?! Do you only know how to isolate yourself?! Your Master is about to be finished, if you don't come out now, I'll get Xiao Hu to go to you to warm up his wine every single day!"

The basin deep under the ninth summit remained silent. Eldest senior brother who had chosen this place as his isolation grounds also chose to pretend not to hear anything as he immersed himself in his meditation.

However, Tian Xie Zi's voice was simply too distressing, and a moment later, a sigh came from within the basin.

"Master, stop fooling around..."

The voice originated within the basin and spread outwards. In an instant, it reverberated all through the ninth summit and traveled into Hu Zi's ears, causing him to pause in delivering another slap.

The voice also landed in the second senior brother's ears and a bright glint appeared briefly in his eyes.

It also traveled to the old man walking towards Tian Xie Zi. The old man faltered in his footsteps and his heart started beating

uncontrollably. His expression changed instantly, because a wave of heat that came out of nowhere suddenly fell on his body and caused the air all around him to immediately start distorting.

Yet this was not his doing. It was due to the voice that had formed a ripple around him, one that made him feel shaken.

He seemed to have heard low growls of a ferocious beast echoing from the distortion, but that distortion could not be heard by anyone else. Only the old man himself could hear it clearly. That voice made him don on a grave expression.

"The Sound of Creation!"

The old man's pupils shrank.

However, the sound only appeared for an instant before slowly fading away. The distortion around the old man's body also disappeared without a trace.

The moment Tian Xie Zi heard the sound, surprised delight appeared on his face, but his expression soon changed to one of anger when the sound dissipated.

"Rascals! You three rascals! If I knew about this, then I wouldn't have taken you people in as my disciples! How could you not help your own Master at such an important moment! You make me so mad!

"Hey, Junior! Don't force my hand now. I'm telling you, if I make a move, you'll run away immediately like a dog with its tail between its legs!"

Tian Xie Zi lifted his right hand and placed it onto his bosom. His gaze gradually grew stern as he looked at the old man in purple robes.

As he grew stern, an intimidating pressure gradually gathered in his body, causing the old man in purple robes, who was still shocked by the Sound of Creation, to also become stern.

He had not really regarded the ninth summit too highly. This was, in fact, the first time he came to the ninth summit. Yet now that he had experienced the string of events that happened to him, he could not help but recall the rumors circulating around Freezing Sky Clan about the ninth summit.

The old man in purple robes was silent for a moment before he spoke in a low voice, "Uncle master, if you release my disciple, then I'll leave immediately and won't enter the ninth summit again. If not, then I'll just have to check whether the rumors regarding you are true! The Sound of Creation alone, it's still nothing to worry about."

As he spoke, the old man in purple robes walked towards Tian Xie Zi. His footsteps were not quick, but as he moved, a presence that grew increasingly stronger spread out from his body. An illusionary picture started appearing faintly in the sky and was quickly gaining physical form.

"You made me do this! Behold my enchanted treasure!"

Tian Xie Zi retreated once again and drew his right hand from his bosom swiftly. Something was in his hand—it was a plate.

"Insolent brat, do you know what this is?!"

As Tian Han Zi shouted out, the old man in purple robes came to an abrupt halt and stared at the plate in Tian Xie Zi's hands. That plate had a dark purple hue and let off a pure, freezing chill. It did not seem like a counterfeit, and neither would anyone dare to make a counterfeit of that plate in Freezing Sky Clan...

When he remembered Tian Xie Zi's status, the old man's expression started experiencing drastic changes. Sometimes, he would look sullen, sometimes glum, and sometimes resigned. All these emotions blended together and eventually turned into a long sigh filled with mixed feelings.

He wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed deeply towards Tian Xie Zi.

"I, De Long Zi, disciple of Freezing Sky Clan, greet the Clan Master's plate. The status of the owner of the plate is akin to the status of the Clan Master himself, of course I will recognize it.

"Hmph, how dare you force me to bring out this plate? Let me tell you, I grabbed the ninth summit in the past using this plate, didn't

your Master tell you?

"Ah... Whatever. Looks like you're not your Master's beloved disciple either, or else he definitely would have told you something so important. You seem rather pitiful, so how about this? Give me a few million stone coins and I'll turn a blind eye towards your offence."

Tian Xie Zi lifted his head and puffed out his chest as he spoke arrogantly.

The old man in purple robes breathing quickened. Veins gradually popped out on his face, but when he saw the plate in Tian Xie Zi's hands, he quelled down that anger and wrapped his fist in his palm to salute Tian Xie Zi.

"Yes, sir."

After saying that, he immediately turned around and turned into a long arc that left the ninth summit in an instant. He was afraid that if he stayed even a moment longer, he would be unable to force down that miserable feeling in his heart.

He finally understood why those of the same seniority as his rarely went to the ninth summit, and it was especially so for the Lords of the summits. Most of them would choose to travel around the ninth summit.

De Long Zi himself seldom took notice of other things. He might

be one of the powerful Berserkers in Freezing Sky Clan and a member of the second summit, but he was not the Lord of the second summit. Besides, he had been staying in the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky most of the time and only came back to stay in the school recently.

When De Long Zi left the ninth summit, Su Ming, who was sitting on the platform cross-legged, slowly opened his eyes.

# Chapter 229: The Picture Of The Blood Moon And Dark Mountain!

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Right at the moment Su Ming opened his eyes, a brilliant light appeared in his eyes, but that light faded away in an instant. At the same time, the thick layer of snow that had accumulated on his body quietly floated away and surrounded him before it started circling around him slowly.

Second senior brother sat by his side with a smile as he watched with full attention.

At that moment, Tian Xie Zi, who had been putting away the plate with a prideful look, also noticed the changes and looked towards Su Ming. The youth seemed very different from how he usually was, and Tian Xie Zi slowly grew stern.

At the same time, Hu Zi, who was originally in his cave abode, walked out and stood outside to look in the direction of the platform at the mountainside.

An attentive gaze was also trained towards that direction from the basin in the ice layer under the ninth summit.

Su Ming opened his eyes, but there was only calmness within his gaze. That calmness was different from the one he'd showed previously. This was a stillness within his mind, a stillness that would remain unperturbed even if the mountain crumbled and the earth shattered before him.

The things that allowed him to remain in such a state of calm were the snow flowers before him. As they danced around him, Su Ming slowly lifted his right hand, and they immediately gathered there, turning into a snow brush between his fingers.

When Su Ming held the pen, he drew a stroke in the air before him.

He took a few more strokes, and snow would float to the places the tip of the brush passed through. With each brushstroke, the air before him turned into a canvas, and a mountain appeared on the mountain.

The mountain's lines were formed by snow and floated in midair. It looked like an ordinary picture, but if someone focused their attention on it for too long, they would start feeling that the mountain was alive.

When he drew this mountain, Su Ming's heart was in a serene state. It was a serenity that he had never experienced before. It was one that had never appeared in his heart ever since he left Dark Mountain.

In that serene state, Su Ming did not notice that his second senior brother was sitting behind him, neither did he know that Hu Zi was also looking at him from the distance, nor did he know that his eldest senior brother was concerned over him in the basin under the mountain, much less did he notice the old man in white robes on the top of the building.



All his attention was focused on the pen in his right hand and the snow that was drawing out the scene that he wanted to draw the most in his heart.

He was not in a trance but seemed like he was. He did not close his eyes to enter that strange state, yet he seemed to be deeply immersed in that state and refused to get out of it.

["Creation... Picture Creation... This is the answer he gives me..."](#)

The foolish act Tian Xie Zi had put up when he was facing the old man in purple robes was gone without a trace. There was instead an indescribable air of wisdom around him as he looked at his fourth disciple.

"What my eldest understood was Sound Creation. That's why he chose to isolate himself and go into a state of silence, away from the noise around him. Once he gets rid of all of them, what is left is his heart. That's why he walks the path of Sound of Creation.

"What my second understood was Flower Creation. He uses flowers and plants as his Creation and has turned his hands into the Hands of Creation, which allows him to take control of life and death.

"What my third understood was the word Creation itself. The act of dreaming itself is Creation...

"I didn't expect my fourth disciple would gain an epiphany on a fourth type of change... Picture Creation..." Tian Xie Zi mumbled and his eyes brightened up.

On the platform, Su Ming looked at the mountain he drew and he continued drawing with the brush in his right hand. With each brush stroke, the five summits on a mountain became clearer. Dark Mountain was drawn.

At the moment Dark Mountain was drawn, the Mountain Mark on Su Ming's face appeared faintly, as if it was shining, and it caused his power to show signs of changing, though he did not know about it.

Right at the moment Su Ming finished drawing the mountain, he drew a long line across it with the snow brush in his hands. That long line was a ghastly sight. It was like a sharp sword that exuded a shocking amount of killing intent.

The moment that killing intent appeared, Tian Xie Zi's expression immediately changed.

At the same time, Su Ming's second senior brother, who had been keeping watch over him all this while, also became serious. Hu Zi had the same reaction outside the cave abode.

Even the eldest senior brother who was in isolation also started breathing rapidly the moment he noticed the long line.

‘What incredible killing intent!’

Su Ming did not notice this. He was only following his heart and calmly Creating a Picture to draw out his own life.

When his brush reached the end of the long line, he slowly started drawing out the Dark Mountain Tribe within the Berserker Mark on his body. The flowers, trees, and houses gradually appeared before him and started glowing in the air with his Berserker Mark.

He did not know how much time had passed by, but the moment he finished drawing the entire Dark Mountain Tribe, the brush in his hand stopped moving.

The picture in the air before him had mountains, plants, stones, wood, houses that stuck together, and fences that formed a seemingly complete picture of a tribe.

It was identical to his Berserker Mark.

Yet Su Ming’s hand remained lifted, even though he had stopped drawing. It was as if he did not know what he should draw next. His eyes remained serene, but there was a lost look in the depths of that serenity.

A long time passed by...

"Sound Creation, Flower Creation, Creation, Picture Creation...

All of these are creating something from nothing... There is shock in silence, a realm within a mirror... Youngest junior brother, I think that there's something lacking in that picture..."

Second senior brother's kind voice floated gently into Su Ming's ears.

Su Ming was silent. The sky gradually grew dark. The moon appeared in the sky and moonlight scattered on the ground and glowed with a silver light, causing people to feel cold just by looking at it.

No one was asleep on the ninth summit on that night. All of them were watching Su Ming. They knew that this was an incredibly important day for him. It was especially so since he had clearly found a method to clear his mind, but he was still a little lost and his understanding was not complete.

This was a critical moment for Su Ming.

Perhaps there were only a few from Freezing Sky Clan who were not from the ninth summit who understood this. Yet those on the ninth summit walked on a path that was different from others. They knew just how important the first epiphany was for this path.

As the darkness in the sky started changing and light reappeared in the horizon once again, the moon was about to be hidden away. It was just a shadow remaining in the sky when Su Ming's right hand, which had stopped in midair for a long time, suddenly

started moving once again!

At the moment his right hand started moving, Tian Xie Zi's expression immediately became grave on the mountain. The second senior brother, third senior brother, and eldest senior brother, who remained in isolation, also had the same expressions on their faces.

They saw Su Ming's right hand move, drawing a circle with the brush right above the picture of Dark Mountain that was drawn on the air as there was a canvas before him.

That circle was simple. It was done with one stroke, but that simple stroke took Su Ming an entire night to finish. Right at the moment he drew it, Su Ming's body trembled viciously, and a circle also gradually appeared right beside the Mark of Dark Mountain on his face.

At the same time, Su Ming's power started circulating within his body with a bang. It reached its maximum point in an instant and his power started showing signs that it had reached the peak of the initial stage of Awakening. It felt as if he just needed one more step and he could reach the middle stage of Awakening!

At that moment, the circle on the canvas Su Ming created before him started glowing with a piercing light. That light was red, and the circle seemed as if it was burning before it turned into a moon!

The blood moon!

The burning blood moon!

This was the first Berserker Mark Su Ming gave up when he was in a trance. At this moment, it was drawn on his very first canvas in his serene state.

Right at the moment he finished drawing the blood moon, the presence within the canvas changed abruptly and turned into the Picture of the Blood Moon and Dark Mountain! A shocking amount of killing intent came from the Picture of the Blood Moon and Dark Mountain, and the strength of that murderous intent made even second senior brother's face become grave.

Hu Zi shuddered outside his cave abode and mumbled out a few sentences under his breath.

As for the eldest senior brother, he remained silent for a moment before he sighed.

"Looks like the ninth summit won't be peaceful any longer... But since he's my youngest junior brother, it's fine."

When the Picture of the Blood Moon and Dark Mountain appeared, it made Su Ming tremble and his power broke through his previous limits. Banging sounds echoed within his body, and his level of cultivation reached the middle stage of the Awakening Realm from the initial stage!

One epiphany, one picture, and one Blood Moon. These things

changed Su Ming's Mark and made his training reach a breakthrough!

"My disciples don't need any skills or abilities. They will only need to understand the rules of Creation lying in the world once they find the way to clear their mind..." Tian Xie Zi's words rose back in Su Ming's mind. At that moment, he finally understood what the old man was trying to teach him.

This was a completely different path that trained the mind!

The ninth summit did not practice any skills neither they did they learn any mystical abilities, but they honed their minds!

Tian Xie Zi was silent as he stood on the mountain. After a long while, he turned around slowly and walked towards the sealed hall. He may have seemed to be staggering, but his footsteps were stable.

He had turned around, so no one could see the sad determination on his face.

'Master, I'll prove to you that the path we Berserkers take... is wrong! You're wrong! You're all wrong!'

After Tian Xie Zi left, the picture before Su Ming gradually returned to being snow and scattered on the platform on the ninth summit as the serenity within his eyes disappeared and he truly woke up.

"Youngest junior brother, you have quite a nice place here. Do you mind if I plant some of my flowers on your platform?"

Right at the moment Su Ming woke up, his second senior brother's gentle voice reached his ears.

Su Ming was momentarily stunned, and he immediately turned around to see his second senior brother, who had appeared at some unknown point of time behind him. He quickly stood up and looked at the plants that now filled his platform.

"Er... Second senior brother, could you leave a place for me to meditate..?"

"Oh, alright. I'll leave a small spot for you..."

Second senior brother winked at him and gave him a gentle smile.

"Oh, that's right. When you were trying to understand those words, I caught something living for you. That thing's with your third senior brother. When you have time, go take a look.

"Also, a pretty disciple niece came to search for you. If you have the chance to see her, remember to ask her for the name of the lass beside her for me."

There's a MASSIVE play of words here. 造化 is Creation, and 造畫 is drawing, but I tried to make sure the word 造 retains its original



meaning, and 畫 is picture. 造嘒 is Sound Creation, and 造花 is Flower Creation. 造化 is read as zao4 hua4, 造畫 is also read as zao4 hua4, 造嘒 is zao4 hua1, and 造花 is zao4 hua1. 化 and 畫 have the same pronunciation, and 嘒 and 花 have the same pronunciation. All of them have different meanings.

# Chapter 230: Don't Waste

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"A pretty disciple niece?"

Su Ming had just woken up and could not process too much in his head at the moment. When he heard the words 'disciple niece', he could not help but be stunned.

"Very pretty. She's a woman."

His second senior brother smiled gently and nodded.

"Er... What's her name?"

Su Ming remembered Tian Xie Zi's status and an odd expression appeared on his face.

Second senior brother scratched his head. After thinking about it deeply for a while, he eventually sighed and said, "She's called... Hmm? What's her name again..? Youngest junior brother, I was just paying attention to the lass beside her and I already forgot her name."

Su Ming looked at his seemingly absentminded second senior brother, then a warmth that stemmed from within him spread through his entire body. He might have just woken up, but he could still remember clearly that when he entered that strange state and sat on the platform, his second senior brother had not been there.

Yet right now, his second senior brother was sitting behind him. Su Ming could not imagine just how long he had been sitting. This was a silent show of care, a warmth that made Su Ming feel touched.

He stood up and instinctively lifted his head to look at the top of the ninth summit. With just a glance, he could see that there was a person walking into the distance slowly. That figure was gradually hidden away by the ice mountain, causing Su Ming to be unable to see him any longer.

However, while it may have been just one glance, but that aged back was familiar to Su Ming's eyes.

"Thank you, second senior brother."

Su Ming averted his gaze and looked at his second senior brother. He did not even know his name, but in his heart, the title of 'second senior brother' was already deeply embedded within him.

"We're brothers, there's no need for thanks between us. Besides, I didn't do anything, I only planted some flowers on your platform."

Second senior brother smiled and stretched lazily.

"I'm going to sleep. I haven't slept for the past few days. Youngest junior brother, remember to ask for me."

As he spoke, second senior brother winked. There seemed to be a rare and slight hint of red on his cheeks, as if he was a little embarrassed of himself, reminding Su Ming of this so many times.

"Oh, that's right. The method you used to clear your mind is the State of Creating Pictures. If that's the case, you'll need to immerse yourself in that realm for a long period of time. When you drew in the air just now, you used the power stored within your body. Gathering your power to draw is not good...

"That's called convergence through spreading out your power. You mustn't use it too often. You can't use it to calm your heart, so it's not suitable for you to train your mind. Look at my flowers. When did I ever use my power to make them grow..? Do it naturally, only then can you clear your mind.

Second senior brother let out a fake cough and advised him again, "How about this? Your third senior brother is familiar with the layout of Freezing Sky Clan. Have him bring you to the school's Artifact Storage Hall. I remember there are some canvases that belong to Freezing Sky Clan stored there. It may lean slightly on the more expensive side, but you can go to Master and have him give you the Clan Master's plate, then you won't even have to spend a single coin."

When a smile appeared on Su Ming's face, his second senior brother turned around and walked towards the mountain trail on the other side of the platform. He traveled with a natural grace, his hair flying behind his back from the wind, and he gradually disappeared from Su Ming's sight.

As he watched his second senior brother leave, the warmth in Su Ming's heart spread through his entire body. He looked at the mountain rocks on the ninth summit, then at his surroundings. Slowly, a faint sense of home slowly appeared in his heart.

Perhaps as time passed by, this feeling would grow stronger and deeper until he completely blended with the people here and would treat this place as his second home.

Once Su Ming meditated for another day in his cave abode, he managed to stabilize the power of the middle stage of the Awakening Realm within him by noon and he walked out once again.

Su Ming did not quite understand the increase of his level of cultivation this time. He was confused, but he still knew that the main key for his increase in level was due to him training his mind.

‘Training the mind, a state where you clear your mind to understand your own form of Creation...’

Su Ming touched his face, right on the spot that was now hidden, but belonged to the additional blood moon that manifested beside the Mountain Mark.

The blood moon was located in a rather strange position. It was placed within Su Ming's right eye itself!

‘The blood moon in the right eye...’

Su Ming took a deep breath and his expression gradually became calm. He walked down the mountain trail, and before long, a cave abode appeared before him.

Before he even got closer, he could already smell the fragrance of alcohol and hear snoring coming from within. Those snores rumbled like thunder. When he stood outside the cave abode, Su Ming paused for a moment. He was really only here to see just what was the living thing his second senior brother had talked about.

It was a little difficult for him to understand, but now that he was here and was looking at his third senior brother’s cave abode, Su Ming decided to bend his body down and walk through the door.

The moment he entered, the snoring reached a deafening volume, reverberating through the cave. Hu Zi lay not too far away, a long line of drool hanging off the corner of his mouth. There was an intoxicated look on his face, as if he was doing something that made him happy in his dreams.

Lying by his side was a person covered in plants. His right hand was captured by the unconscious Hu Zi. There were fewer plants covering his face, and Su Ming could see the pain on his face. That person also had his eyes closed, as if he was deep in his dreams and doing something that he did not like.

His body would even occasionally convulse a few times.

This was the first time Su Ming entered Hu Zi's cave abode. When he saw the person covered in plants, he was stunned, but did not think too much about it. He simply thought it was a unique feature in Hu Zi's practice.

When he saw that his third senior brother was still deep in his sleep, Su Ming sat down cross-legged by his side. He did not bother Hu Zi, but chose to sit down and wait.

Time trickled by, and after several hours, when the sky outside gradually darkened and dusk was about to arrive, Hu Zi's snores reached their loudest volume, and at that very instant, they were cut off abruptly.

He opened his eyes and rubbed them, then wiped away the drool at the corner of his lips. Only then did he see Su Ming sitting not too far from him.

"Haha... You're here..." Hu Zi laughed foolishly and ruffled his own hair before grabbing a pot of wine by his side and taking a big mouthful again.

"That was a good sleep. You brat, who gave you the right to disobey me?" Hu Zi put down his wine pot and looked at the person made of plants, slapping him. "Why are you still sleeping? Wake up!"

With that one slap, the person made of plants shuddered and opened his eyes. The first thing that entered his eyes was Hu Zi,

who had suddenly put his head right before his face and was looking at him ferociously.

Once he saw Hu Zi, the person visibly shuddered, and a look of anger and fear appeared on his face.

"Hmph, so? How does it feel like sleeping with your Grandpa Hu?"

There was a prideful look on Hu Zi's face. He pulled his head back and slapped the person covered in plants with his right hand once again.

When Hu Zi moved away, the person covered in plants immediately saw Su Ming sitting by the side, looking at him calmly. The moment he saw Su Ming, a conflicted look appeared in his eyes. The range of emotions within that conflicted look could be interpreted as resignation, regret, sentiment, and misery.

"Third senior brother, who is this?"

Su Ming looked at the person covered in plants calmly. When he saw the conflicted look in his eyes, he was surprised.

"Hmm? Don't you know? Oh, that's right. You were trying to reach an epiphany. This person is called Zi Che, and he's very powerful. When you were within yourself, he wanted to harm you, but he was unlucky. He shouldn't have crushed my gourd, much less stepped on second senior brother's plants. He was tied up by



second senior brother in the end and he said he was giving him to us."

Hu Zi let out a boisterous laugh and that prideful look on his face became even more prominent. He got up and gave a vicious slap to Zi Che's head once again, and that slap caused a bang in the air.

Zi Che was already used to Hu Zi's slaps, yet when he was slapped right before Su Ming, the anger in his heart grew stronger. To him, if that terrifying Hands of Creation were not there, then Su Ming and Hu Zi would have to look up to him, but now...

"Oh?" Su Ming's expression remained passive. "He must be the 'living thing' second senior brother spoke about," he said unhurriedly.

"Ah, so second senior brother told you about him? That's right, he's that 'living thing', but youngest junior brother, don't you dare snatch him from me. I'm not done playing with him yet. Once I take him into my dreams a few more times, I'll toss him to you. You jerk, how dare you break my gourd?!"

Hu Zi glared at Zi Che and lifted his hand to slap him once again.

"Third senior brother, wait. I want to ask him a few questions."

Su Ming stood up, walked towards Zi Che, and stood before him as he looked at the person completely covered in plants lying in front of him.

Zi Che glared at Su Ming coldly and disdain gradually appeared in his eyes. He might have been captured and humiliated by Hu Zi, but as a powerful Berserker, he had his own pride. In his eyes, Su Ming was clearly the weakest among all, just as weak as an ant. Even if an elephant was captured, it would never cave against an ant.

Su Ming crouched down and looked at Zi Che as he stated calmly, "By right, I just came to Freezing Sky Clan, so there shouldn't be anyone paying attention to me. As for the reason why you came to the ninth summit to find me... it's because of Si Ma Xin, yes?"

Zi Che's gaze remained cold and disdainful, as if he did not hear Su Ming's words.

"Third senior brother, just how much of his power was sealed by second senior brother?" Su Ming's expression remained passive as he asked softly.

"It's completely sealed. Once we're done toying with him, we can just ask second senior brother to release some of his power. It'll be more fun this way."

Hu Zi rubbed his hands and excitement appeared in his eyes, as if he had experienced this before.

Once he heard Hu Zi's words, Zi Che's expression clearly changed, but he gritted his teeth and forced himself to remain calm. However, from the occasional glances he threw towards Hu

Zi, Su Ming could tell that he was afraid of him.

However, he was clearly not afraid of Su Ming.

"This is such a rare material, I can't waste it now..."

Su Ming looked at Zi Che and smiled. That smile was very faint, so faint that it seemed like a light breeze, and it made him look completely harmless.

Yet when the words fell into Zi Che's ears, it made his heart tremble. For some unknown reason, the word 'material' suddenly made Su Ming's faint smile seem much more vicious and terrifying than Hu Zi.

Su Ming's smile made Zi Che feel a chill traveling down his spine. This was a completely different feeling than the one he got when confronting Hu Zi. To him, while Hu Zi's actions might not be completely predictable, but they were still predictable enough for him to know what he would do. He might be afraid of him, but his fears were only towards the viciousness in his dreams. In truth, he still largely looked down on Hu Zi.

Yet Su Ming gave him a completely different feeling. He could not grasp just what he intended to do, and as the word 'material' continued echoing in his head, he became increasingly more horrified.

# Chapter 231: Freezing Sky Cave

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"Don't be afraid."

Su Ming smiled faintly. His voice remained serene as he crouched down and put his right hand into his bosom and pulled out a few items unhurriedly.

His actions not only attracted Zi Che's attention and affected his mind, it also made Hu Zi incredibly curious. He quickly widened his eyes to watch.

It was a beast bone and a few shrubs of herbs.

When Hu Zi saw Su Ming taking these common items out, he was disappointed and started mumbling under his breath. He originally did not want to look at it, but when he saw Zi Che's expression changing drastically when he saw the items, he was immediately surprised.

"What do you want to do?!"

This was the first time Zi Che spoke after he was captured. His voice was hoarse, but there was terror in his voice, and he was indeed terrified. This terror far surpassed the terror of facing Hu Zi. It was one that stemmed from his heart.

Because when he saw the beast bone and the herbs, he suddenly understood what Su Ming meant by 'material'. In his words, the

beast bone was the material, the herbs were the ingredients, and Zi Che himself was also treated as a material.

This understanding and terror forced him to speak.

"Hmm? You jerk... you can actually speak? Then why didn't you talk when your Grandpa Hu asked you a question?! Why didn't you speak even when you were in the dream?!"

Before Su Ming could say anything, Hu Zi had already widened his eyes in anger. He took a step forward and slapped Zi Che viciously again.

"How dare you lie to me?! I hate people lying to me the most!" Hu Zi slapped him a few more times in anger before he turned to look at the materials Su Ming brought out. "Fourth, what are the bone and herbs for?"

Hu Zi scratched his head with a puzzled look.

"Third senior brother, you may not know this, but before I joined the ninth summit, I was creating medicine myself... His body is in good condition, he's perfect for me to create a certain medicine."

Su Ming smiled softly and took up a shrub. He swept his gaze through Zi Che's body, and as he spoke, he crushed the herbs and took out some of the seeds before stabbing through Zi Che's chest with a finger. Just as blood flowed out of the wound, he pressed the seed into his flesh.

Su Ming immediately followed by tapping on several other spots on Zi Che's body in quick succession.

Zi Che did not feel too much pain, but his chest quickly grew numb, and when he lowered his head, he was shocked and terrified to see the seed on his chest growing at a bizarrely quick speed.

Zi Che's expression drastically changed when he saw the seed growing. This change of emotion was not at all weaker than when he was facing Su Ming's second senior brother's Hands of Creation. He could clearly feel the herbs absorbing his blood and life force to aid in their growth.

The roots of the herbs were even spreading out slowly through his body. While he could ignore the pain of having something force its way through his flesh, but the terror of the unknown made his breathing quicken. A terror that was never seen in his eyes appeared as he looked at Su Ming.

That terror reached its peak when Su Ming took some of the blood from Zi Che's body and let it drop on the beast bone.

Zi Che quickly asked, "Just what do you want to do?!"

Su Ming lifted his head and cast Zi Che a glance. With a faint smile, he said, "Make medicine."

"What medicine?"

Zi Che trembled.

Hu Zi was paying full attention to what was happening, but there was puzzlement on his face. However, when he saw Zi Che's expression, he could not help but admire Su Ming a little.

'Fourth is good... Just a few actions, and this man is already terrified. My intelligent self will have to learn this.'

Hu Zi nodded his head as if he was deep in thought.

"The procedure of making this medicine is easy. All I need is a living dead person. I'll plant some herbs in his body and use his blood and life force as nutrients for my herbs. Once the herbs fully mature, the living dead person will become an important material to create this medicine, call it a Medicine Human, if you will.

"And then, I'll need some aura of death to create the pill. Once the medicinal pill is formed, the Medicine Human will also die. When the Medicine Human dies, the medicine will also be ready.

"Don't worry, I've already made it once, so I'm very familiar with the process. I'll make sure that you won't feel too much pain," Su Ming said, smiling, and due to his words, his voice was naturally laced with a strange quality.

He brought out a few more herbs and planted them within Zi Che's body. His actions were very gentle, as if he was afraid of

damaging the herbs and the 'material' before him.

Yet when his actions fell into Zi Che's eyes and his words which sounded casual but held a determined quality to them echoed in his ears, his face instantly turned pale. Terror or fear could no longer be used to describe how he looked at Su Ming. He was petrified.

Even Hu Zi, who was crouching beside Su Ming, sucked in a sharp breath when he heard those words. A strange look came to his eyes as he looked at Su Ming.

'Eldest senior brother is a turtle and he's always in isolation... Second senior brother likes planting stuff, but he steals the plants at midnight himself... as for Master, well, forget about him... I thought my new youngest junior brother would be the only other normal person besides me in this mountain...

'Who would have known that he has such a weird quirk? Treating a person as a material and turning him into medicinal liquid before drinking it down...'

Hu Zi shuddered and let out a long sigh.

He had already finished thinking about how he would describe the fourth to his fifth junior brother if he should ever have one.

"Your... Your second senior brother only took away three years of my freedom! He said he'll release me three years later!" Zi Che



quickly said.

"It's fine. I can ask him to turn those three years to an eternity," Su Ming said and smiled. He did not lift his head but continued stabbing bloody holes into Zi Che's body and planting medicinal herbs inside him.

"We... We're from the same school! You can't do this! You... You... My Master won't let you off!"

Zi Che looked at Su Ming, who was still smiling, and his terror reached its peak. To him, this face could practically become the most terrifying sight he had ever seen in the world.

He suddenly understood why Si Ma Xin still asked him to take away that thing from Su Ming even though he was already on the way back.

"It's fine. I also have a Master."

Su Ming still did not lift his head. He brought out another herb with a serious expression, as if he was hesitating where he should place it on Zi Che's body.

In his terror, Zi Che gritted his teeth and cursed in his mind, 'Damn it, Si Ma Xin didn't ask me to return my debt to him, he just pushed me into a fire! This Su Ming may not have great power, but the terror I feel from him can't be fake. This person... is definitely abnormal! I can't use his power as a basis to judge him!'

"It's Si Ma Xin! He was the one who asked me to come to you and take the bell away from you!" he quickly said.

Su Ming held the herbs in his right hand and slowly lifted his head. His expression remained passive, but in Zi Che's eyes, that calmness was like the calm before a storm, a monstrous storm.

Zi Che even saw a hint of red in Su Ming's right hand. That red was murderous intent. While that murderous intent did not erupt forth from Su Ming's body, but as it appeared, the cave abode immediately turned cold.

Zi Che felt shaken, and he did not dare look at Su Ming's right eye.

Hu Zi also took in a sharp breath by his side and shuddered. He could feel that his youngest junior brother completely changed from how he was previously in an instant.

"Where is Si Ma Xin?" Su Ming asked unhurriedly.

His voice sounded the same as usual, but when it landed in Zi Che's ears, it sounded like thunder rumbling. There were even some lightning arcs traveling through his body, though they disappeared soon after.

Zi Che trembled and quickly explained, "He's rushing back to the school. He'll be back in two days, I think... I owed him a favor in

the past, that's why when he sent me a letter to come, I couldn't refuse him. I didn't mean to offend you."

He did not know why he was saying so much to explain himself, but he had a strong feeling that if he did not come clear, then even if he did not end up dead this time in the ninth summit, he would still be in great trouble in the future.

This was what his instincts told him. This was an instinctual feeling that rose in him as he faced Su Ming.

Su Ming was silent for moment until the red light in his right hand flashed briefly and he asked calmly, "What is Si Ma Xin's current level of cultivation?"

"He has been away for many years. When he left, he had attained completion in the Awakening Realm. I haven't seen his current level of cultivation, so I'm not too certain... But if he reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm, he'll definitely think of a way to enter Freezing Sky Cave and try to sense the will left behind by our ancestors there.

"Then he'll have a chance to change all the bones in his body at the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm and reach the great completion of the Bone Sacrifice Realm in one go!

"While the possibility of this happening is very low, and from what I know, there are only three people who had managed to do this, but if he can really find our Ancestor's bones in Freezing Sky Cave, then he might be able to do it...

"He was originally known as the prodigy of Freezing Sky Clan to begin with, and was also rumored to be the person who is most likely to become the fourth God of Berserkers. He has a lot of friends within Freezing Sky Clan. Besides the ninth summit, the other eight summits are practically filled with his friends.

"If he becomes your enemy... then you'd best be careful..."

Zi Che's voice echoed within the cave abode and lingered around for a long time.

"What's Freezing Sky Cave?"

This was the first time Su Ming had heard of that name.

"I don't know the details, but I heard that Freezing Sky Clan's Great Frozen Plains is built on Freezing Sky Cave. If that's the case, then... in the deep parts of the endless icy water under our feet is Freezing Sky Cave.

"After all, the ninth summit is still part of Freezing Sky Clan..." Zi Che said.

Once he was done speaking, he hesitated for a moment, then looked at the herbs on his body, gritted his teeth, and spoke again. This time, his voice dropped to a low whisper.

"If I were you, then I'd definitely settle all my grudges with him before he enters Freezing Sky Cave, or else... It won't matter whether he succeeds or fails, as long as he makes it out of Freezing Sky Cave, then he'll have a chance of entering Heaven Gate. Once he enters Heaven Gate, then his status will be completely different from us on the Great Frozen Plains.

"When that time comes, he will kill you... Unless the ninth summit has the power to go up against Heaven Gate, then you'll definitely die!"

Su Ming was silent for a moment before he asked, "Heaven Gate?"

"Freezing Sky Clan is divided into two sections, the Great Frozen Plains and Heaven Gate. Only those in Heaven Gate are considered to be the core of Freezing Sky Clan... Besides inheriting the right to enter Heaven Gate, the only other way to enter Heaven Gate is to obtain 1,000 Shaman heads and not die when you enter Freezing Sky Cave. You can only enter once you fulfill those two conditions!"

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MAJOR ANNOUNCEMENT, VERY MAJOR, READ IT

Due to reasons of continuity, Transcendence Realm has now been officially changed to Awakening Realm.

Spirit Infant (灵婴) has also been changed to Nascent Soul, while Origin Spirit (元神) has been changed to Nascent Divinity.

But the major one is Transcendence Realm, the reason it's changed is because the Immortals and RI and ISSTH also have a Transcendence, so to avoid confusion, the following has happened:

Transcendence Realm --> Awakening Realm

Transcended --> Awakened

Transcend --> Awaken

Divine General of Transcendence --> Divine General of Awakening

Deity statue of Transcendence --> Deity statue of Awakening

Power of Transcendence --> Power of Awakening

## Chapter 232: He Saw It...

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Hu Zi crouched by the side, watching Su Ming asking questions and Zi Che answering them, and he had a dazed expression on his face. When he saw Zi Che's change between how he had acted previously to how he acted now, he could not help but think of his previous actions.

'Youngest junior brother sure has a good trick up his sleeve. I'll definitely have to learn to do this.'

Hu Zi ran through Su Ming's every single word and action in his head and once he believed that he had learned it, a prideful smile appeared on his face.

"Heaven Gate? Great Frozen Plains? That's utter nonsense. Youngest junior brother, if you don't like Si Ma Xin, then I'll teach him a lesson for you. If we can't win against him, then we can just run and go back to the ninth summit to look for second senior brother."

Once he heard Hu Zi's words, warmth blossomed in Su Ming's heart.

"By the way, youngest junior brother, why did you come to me? If you didn't come for me, then I'll go out for a while. I haven't been out of the mountain for days. I'm worried that the people outside will miss their Grandpa Hu."

Hu Zi picked up his wine gourd and swung it a little. There was

not much wine left in it.

"About that, third senior brother, you're familiar with Freezing Sky Clan. I'd like to go to the school's Artifact Storage Hall and bring out some of the papers second senior brother spoke about for me to use on a regular basis when I practice clearing my mind.

"But before I go, I'd like to borrow Master's Clan Master's plate," Su Ming said, smiling

"Clan Master's plate? You don't need to go and get it from Master, I have several of them with me here."

As Hu Zi spoke, he ruffled through the things in his cave abode before bringing out a purple ice shaped in the form of a plate.

"Here, that's the one. Master has a lot of these. When I went there last time, I brought a few back. I'll give you one, take it and scare away other people when you feel like it."

Hu Zi threw the plate in his hand to Su Ming while speaking.

Su Ming was stunned. When he caught it, he immediately felt a freezing chill travel into his body and circulate around him once. By the looks of it, it was crafted with fine detail and did not seem fake.

However, he was not the only one stunned. Zi Che was also stunned. He sucked in a sharp breath, because he recognized what



that plate was, and Hu Zi's words threw him into a state of disbelief.

‘The ninth summit... So this is the ninth summit...?’

Zi Che's heart trembled.

"Let's go. I'm familiar with the Artifact Storage Hall. I taught a lot of the people there a lesson before."

Hu Zi patted his chest and was about to take Su Ming and leave, but once he took a few steps forward, he turned around and walked towards Zi Che to glare at him.

"Hey, jerk, your Grandpa Hu is about to leave. You're the 'living thing' second senior brother gave us. Remember to follow behind us. Second senior brother might have sealed your power, but he said that you have to protect my youngest junior brother when he goes out, so you have to do it. Don't lie to me anymore, or else I'll teach you a lesson in my dreams!"

Zi Che felt incredibly aggrieved and quickly said, "But... my power has been sealed, I can't fly on my own..."

"Shut up. Your Grandpa Hu will bring you out and throw you off in midair. If you don't know how to fly, then you'll fall to your death. Don't blame me for not saving you then."

As Hu Zi spoke, he lifted Zi Che and grinned at Su Ming before he

bent his body down and went out of the cave abode before him.

Su Ming followed behind. When he looked at the plant covered Zi Che being lifted with an expression filled with anger and indignation, he smiled and followed after.

The three of them turned into long arcs and charged out of the ninth summit towards the center of the nine summits, located far in the distance underneath Heaven Gate. There were many buildings there and it looked so grand that it exuded a vast and mighty air.

The buildings seemed like they were cut from jades and gave off a magnificent aura. There were numerous people walking in and out of the buildings, and it gave the place a lively air.

Hu Zi, who was leading the way in midair, let his right hand go loose the moment he flew out of the ninth summit's area. He tossed Zi Che off and let out a huge shout, "Hey, I'm letting you fall now!"

Zi Che's face paled as he plummeted downwards, but once he fell about 1,000 feet, surprised delight suddenly appeared on his face. His plummeting body came to an abrupt halt and he flew up into the air.

Yet very soon, the joy on his face turned into anguish, because he realized he could only be in area not too far away from Su Ming and Hu Zi, or else his power would be sealed up once again.

He did not even need to try it. He already knew that if he attacked Su Ming and Hu Zi, then his temporarily released power would immediately be sealed once again.

"Hmph, how dare you pretend before your Grandpa Hu? Isn't it out now? What are you looking at? Hurry up and follow us."

With a single glare from Hu Zi, Zi Che fell silent and sighed, falling behind Su Ming.

As Su Ming watched Hu Zi's actions and his words, his smile grew wider.

"Youngest junior brother, that is the eighth summit. The eighth summit is very interesting. There're quite a lot of them staying there, and they're usually very cautious. It's as if they're hiding something.

"But I'm me, I'm the most intelligent Grandpa Hu on the ninth summit. There's no secret in the world that can be kept hidden from my eyes. I even know the things second senior brother does.

"I can pass through the enchanted maze in the eighth summit even if I close my eyes. I saw a lot of interesting things. In the past, I saw a disciple nephew who is actually a girl disguising herself as a boy! I even saw her taking off her clothes..."

As Hu Zi spoke, his eyes started beaming with joy.

"That's the seventh summit. All the disciples there are weak. The enchanted maze may be weak, but the people there are far too careful, which is a pity. I was almost caught a few times in the past... There were even a few times where I was captured, but I was fast enough to escape, still, it's a pity... second senior brother refused to help and simply stood by the side as I got hit...

"This is the second summit. It's also where Zi Che is staying. Hmph, they can't keep their secrets away from Grandpa Hu's eyes either. In the past, I..."

Su Ming did not think much about Hu Zi's boasts. While he simply started to think that they sounded a bit odd the more he heard about it, Zi Che was laughing bitterly by the side.

There was one particular rumor among those in the second summit that the disciples who ventured out at night would feel as if someone was watching them. They only learned much later that it was Hu Zi who was doing it.

This person would always appear in the summits whenever he was free and hide in secluded spots, all the while snickering as he watched other disciples. Almost everyone knew about it in Freezing Sky Clan.

The three of them flew through the air and after around the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, as Hu Zi kept on talking about his achievements in Freezing Sky Clan and all the secrets he learned through peeking at people, the three of them arrived at the center of the nine summits, which was also located under Heaven Gate.

Hu Zi took the lead and charged towards one of the many buildings on the ground with a huge leap. He flew down quickly, and there were quite a number of Freezing Sky Clan disciples venturing in and out of the buildings who would accidentally get in his way. Once they saw Hu Zi though, they would quickly move out of the way with odd expressions on their faces, as if they did not want to provoke this unreasonable person and end up having him sneak into their summit and peek on them.

It was especially so for the female disciples. Once they saw Hu Zi, they would grit their teeth. Some of them even looked as if they were about to fly towards Hu Zi, but when they saw Zi Che following behind him, they would move back hesitantly.

Zi Che's fame in Freezing Sky Clan was great due to him placing ninth in the Great Frozen Plains.

When he saw what was happening, Zi Che suddenly understood why Hu Zi insisted on bringing him here. Su Ming also understood, and laughed wryly as he cast a glance at Hu Zi, who was flying with a swagger and an incredibly smug expression.

"Hm, what are you Berserker Children looking at?!"

"If you continue watching, I'll sneak into your rooms tonight and watch you as much as I like!"

"Hey, disciple nephew! How dare you not come and greet your Grandpa Hu when you clearly saw me?! Can't you see that even Zi

Che is flying behind me?!"

Hu Zi continued shouting on the way, and his words made Zi Che's expression darken continuously, while Su Ming did not know whether he should laugh or cry in this situation.

When he saw that Hu Zi was about to act even more outrageously even though he had been flying around the buildings in the center of the nine summits under Heaven Gate with a smug look, Zi Che, who had been following behind Su Ming, found himself to be unable to bear with the pressure any longer and whispered to Su Ming.

"Um... Su... Uncle master Su, uncle master Hu has gone past the Artifact Storage Hall eight times..."

As he spoke, he pointed towards a hall not too far into the distance.

Su Ming let out a fake cough. Once he cast a glance at the Artifact Storage Hall, he looked towards Hu Zi, who was shouting at some of Freezing Sky Clan's disciples before him, then he smiled wryly and said, "Third senior brother, how about we go to the Artifact Storage Hall first? If you still want to walk around, then I'll ask Zi Che to accompany you later. I... I still have to go back and train in the mountain."

The moment Hu Zi heard it, while there was a look on his face that said he had not fully enjoyed himself, he still turned around with a stern look.

"Youngest junior brother, who said that I like loitering around? Bringing my youngest junior brother to the Artifact Storage Hall is the most important thing to me. I just couldn't find the place. Let me see... Hmm? The Artifact Storage Hall is over there!"

Hu Zi pointed towards the Artifact Storage Hall not too far away with a look of surprised delight.

Hu Zi had arrived at the door to the Artifact Storage Hall while he spoke. However, the door to the hall was closed. Su Ming remembered seeing the people inside immediately closing the door when they saw Hu Zi passing by.

"Open up! Your Grandpa Hu is here! I'm not here to hit someone today! If you don't open the door right now, I'm going to get angry!"

Hu Zi went up to the door and lifted his foot to kick it.

Very soon, the door flew open, revealing a man with a handsome face, but with a sullen expression. He was frowning, but there was a clearly resigned expression on his face. The man stood behind the door and looked at Hu Zi, then opened his mouth, as if he wanted to say something.

"Hmm? You're here today? So that's why the door was closed. Youngest junior brother, she's the person I said was actually a woman disguising herself as a man. I saw..."

The man's expression instantly turned incredibly dark, and veins even started popping on his face.

Su Ming quickly went up front to pull Hu Zi back, who was still shouting out in surprised delight, and smiled towards the man apologetically.

"Disciple nephew, about that..."

Su Ming had yet to finish speaking when a focused look appeared on his face. He heard the sounds of an uproar nearby. Even the man standing before him lifted his head and looked towards the air behind Su Ming with a fanatical and respectful look.

"The Seven Colored Light! Eldest senior brother Si Ma has returned!"

"There's no way we can be mistaken. That's eldest senior brother Si Ma's Seven Colored Mountain. Look, isn't that eldest senior brother Si Ma sitting on the mountain?! Hmm? There's a girl sitting beside him. That girl... seems rather familiar."

"It's really big brother Si Ma!"

Uproars broke out everywhere around him. From the corner of his eye, Su Ming saw a seven colored light piercing through the sky, traveling towards where they were. He slowly turned around and looked up.



## Chapter 233: What Is... Your Name...?

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The entire sky was covered by a piercing seven colored light. The seven colors were like a rainbow, but the light was not as gentle as that of a rainbow. It spread all over the place instead, and every part of the world as far as Su Ming could see was filled with those colors.

The seemingly blinding seven colored light fell on all the summits and blended with the sky scattering on the ground. It filled everyone's vision with those colors.

There was an indescribably domineering air to the light, causing all the disciples from the other eight summits besides the ninth summit on the Great Frozen Plains to lift their heads and look towards the center of the seven colored light.

Uproars broke out all over the place, because this seven colored light could only come from one person in Freezing Sky Clan!

In Freezing Sky Clan, only one person could make himself known in such a manner!

That was the prodigy of Freezing Sky Clan, the one that was known to have the highest possibility of becoming the fourth God of Berserkers – Si Ma Xin!

"It's senior brother Si Ma, he's back!"

"I heard that senior brother Si Ma has been away for many years. When he left, his power had already reached the peak of the Awakening Realm. Now that he is back, could it be that he's now in the Bone Sacrifice Realm?"

"When senior brother Si Ma left the school, he said he won't return unless he reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm!"

The uproars shook the world. The appearance of the seven colored light shocked all of the disciples of the eight summits on the Great Frozen Plains. Some of those who were close to Si Ma Xin even turned into long arcs and flew out from their summits.

In the blink of an eye, numerous people flew into the sky and floated in midair to watch from the distance.

The crowd beside Su Ming who were gathered in the center of the nine summits underneath Heaven Gate and were walking in and out of the buildings just now also flew up into the air with fanatical and respectful looks on their faces. When they looked at the sky, they wrapped their fists in their palms and bowed towards the person in the light.

Even the man who Hu Zi said was really a woman disguising herself as a man also walked out briskly to bow towards the sky.

"Welcome back, eldest senior brother Si Ma!"

These words were repeated by the numerous people on the

ground, and seemed to have fused together to become one voice that shook the world.

Su Ming stood there and felt his eyes hurting slightly due to the seven colored light that seemed to want to pierce through him. He watched the people welcoming Si Ma Xin back respectfully while he, Hu Zi, and Zi Che, who was standing by his side, all seemed to have been forgotten by the world. In their eyes, the only thing they could see at that moment was the seven colored light.

Su Ming was not unfamiliar with this feeling. This sight reminded him of that time when he arrived on the field before Wind Stream Mountain when he was still in Dark Mountain. At that time, he also stood in a corner and was a nobody as he looked at the prodigies walking forth and being the center of everyone's attention.

Yet Su Ming was no longer how he used to be. In the past, he had to force himself to remain calm, but now, he did not need to do it on purpose. He could just stand there and remain calm.

His eyes were calm, his expression was calm, his body was calm, and his heart, too, was calm.

He looked at the source of the seven colored light located far away in the sky. Over there was a mountain floating in midair, a Seven Colored Mountain!

There was a man standing there with his face purposefully muddled. The color of the man's clothes could not be seen clearly

through the seven colored light. Su Ming could only see his hair floating in the air and a girl standing by his side. However, that girl's face could not be seen clearly.

As the Seven Colored Mountain got closer, more shouts echoed on the ground. The sounds of worship sounded like waves rising and falling in Su Ming's ears. He looked at the people from all the summits floating in the sky and saw that they were all currently wrapping their fists in their palms to bow towards the approaching Seven Colored Mountain.

"Thank you for your warm welcome. I've prepared some gifts for all of you. Once I return to my mountain, I'll ask my good friends from each of the other summits to take them and distribute to all of you."

Si Ma Xin's gentle voice echoed in the air and there was a kind smile on his face as he wrapped his fist in his palm to return the greeting to the crowd.

There was a relaxed look on his face and a certain charm that could not be described around him, causing the others to feel as if spring wind was blowing against their bodies. They would naturally feel a sort of friendliness towards him.

"How fake. Grandpa Hu met this Si Ma Xin a few times in the past. His smiles are too fake. Second senior brother's smiles are much more soothing than his. Master wanted to take him in as his disciple in the past... thank goodness he didn't take him in the end."

Hu Zi stood beside Su Ming and picked his nose as he spoke in a condescending manner.

Zi Che was silent, but when he looked towards the Seven Colored Mountain in the distance, his eyes were dark.

He now resented Si Ma Xin. If he had not asked him to go to the ninth summit to cause trouble for Su Ming, he would not be in this sorry state now.

Su Ming was silent. He was still looking at the gradually approaching Seven Colored Mountain in the sky. Soon, he saw Si Ma Xin's face clearly. Si Ma Xin, who was dressed in white, had an incredibly handsome face and looked very gentle and elegant, as if there was not a hint of anger within him. His brows were sharp and his eyes sparkled. The smile on his face simply did not disappear.

A temperament that was clearly different from others was natural to Si Ma Xin, and once it blended together with his extraordinary looks, it turned into an indescribable charm.

This was not the first time Su Ming crossed paths with Si Ma Xin, yet strictly speaking, this was the first time he truly saw him. This was different from when Si Ma Xin had borrowed Fang Mu's body to attack him when he was in Han Mountain City.

Su Ming looked at Si Ma Xin. He watched his graceful demeanor and his gentle smile, but still remained calm and did not speak.

Hu Zi's disdain, Su Ming's calmness, and Zi Che's sullenness were completely different from the respectful expressions on the other Freezing Sky Clan disciples around them. Because of their different expressions and because they stood together, when other people swept their gazes over the crowd, they would not be able to help themselves but pay some attention towards them.

Si Ma Xin might also have noticed Su Ming, but he remained smiling and did not reveal any sort of changes in expression.

"Let's go, third senior brother. Once we get the papers, let's go back to the mountain," Su Ming said calmly.

The enmity between him and Si Ma Xin could be described as something simple, but could also be described as something complex. Nonetheless, there was only one conclusion to it, they had reached a point where their enmity could not be solved.

Unless he returned Han Mountain Bell respectfully, ignored his promise with Han Cang Zi, and asked for Si Ma Xin's forgiveness for what happened to Fang Mu, there was simply no other way to resolve this.

However, Su Ming simply could not do these things.

After his words, Su Ming was just about to turn around and walk into the Artifact Storage Hall to get his papers when the Seven Colored Mountain closed in. As the seven colored light gradually dissipated, Su Ming not only saw Si Ma Xin's face clearly out of the

corner of his eye, but he also saw an excited petite face smiling beautifully behind him.

It was a beautiful girl. She wore a purple robe and seemed quite young. Her skin was like jade and her eyes like the moon. She stood behind Si Ma Xin with an obedient demeanor, yet the liveliness in her eyes would make others feel shocked by her charm while also sensing the wild beauty within her once they saw her.

That sort of beauty came naturally and was not formed as time passed by, neither was it an act. It was due to the environment she grew up in, her personality, and other factors that formed this rarely seen wild beauty within her.

Her sparkling eyes, curving brows, the arc of her lips that could captivate others with a smile were the true epitome of a beautiful smile. Although she might still be young and was yet to fully mature, this girl still made Su Ming shudder when he caught sight of her from the corner of his eye as he was just about to turn around.

At that instant, he felt as if hundreds upon thousands of thunders rumbled in his mind and exploded simultaneously, causing his body to tremble and shudder. His breathing also quickened in a manner that had never been seen on him, as if his breathing could no longer keep up with the rumbles in his heart, neither could it keep up with how hard his heart pounded.

The world had come to a standstill at that moment before Su Ming's eyes. The wind did not move, the clouds remained still, all the uproars he heard instantly disappeared. In that moment, in the

world he saw, the people disappeared, the nine summits too disappeared.

The seven colors in the sky had completely disappeared in his eyes. There was no longer any Seven Colored Mountain, neither was Si Ma Xin there any longer.

In his sight and the world he saw, there was only one thing, and there could only be one thing – the person dressed in purple. The person with the wild and untamed smile. The person whose eyes sparkled and seemed to contain endless vigor within them.

That...

... girl filled with wild and untamed beauty...

The calmness in Su Ming's eyes shattered.

The calmness on his face crumbled.

The calmness in his body was replaced by shivers.

The calmness in his heart was gone...

At that moment, he forgot that he was standing in Freezing Sky Clan, forgot everything that he'd seen.



It was the girl standing behind Si Ma Xin that made him forget everything. At that moment, his mind was blank. He had no thoughts, his mind did not process anything. The only thing in his head was a mourning song filled with sadness that played in his heart without a sound. That mourning song was accompanied by a scene that made his heart clench in pain.

White snow floated down in that image in his head. In the snow, a boy and a girl held hands and walked through the storm. Snow fell on their hair, as if they had walked together until their hair had turned white with age.

"Su Ming, that's a promise..."

"I'll definitely come!"

Everything that had happened in that scene made Su Ming tremble. He stared at the girl who was gradually approaching them in the sky and looked at everything before him.

"Bai Ling..? How... How could this be?!" he mumbled.

There was disbelief in his eyes. At that moment, a strong urge suddenly erupted within him.

He did not want to suppress that urge, neither would he suppress it, because he could not suppress it!

Even if that urge would make his training to clear his mind come

to a standstill, he just didn't want to suppress it...

He lifted his right foot slowly in that instant and at the very moment his foot landed on the air, he rose and started walking towards the Seven Colored Mountain.

Su Ming's actions temporarily stunned Hu Zi. Yet even though he was surprised, he still immediately followed behind him.

Zi Che hesitated for a moment before he too followed after.

As the seven colored light grew dimmer in the sky, Su Ming stood before the floating Seven Colored Mountain. He blocked the mountain from moving forward!

That sight immediately caught the attention of all those present. They all turned their gazes towards the place, and in an instant, a few thousand pairs of eyes were gathered on Su Ming, who was to them an unfamiliar face.

"What's... your name..?"

Su Ming did not see the Seven Colored Mountain, did not see Si Ma Xin, did not see anyone else. He could only see the girl, or more accurately speaking, the person standing in the snow in Dark Mountain.

## Chapter 234: Not Bai Ling!

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Si Ma Xin's return attracted a lot of people's attention. Among them were two people who Su Ming did not notice. One of them was the fourth summit's Han Fei Zi.

She was wearing a white robe and stood on the mountain with a demeanor as cold as ice. Her expression was calm when she looked at the Seven Colored Mountain in the sky, though no one knew what she was thinking about.

Yet the occasional frosty glint in her eyes showed that she harbored a certain degree of animosity towards Si Ma Xin. That animosity was perhaps different from Han Cang Zi's. It was a scrutinizing look towards a rival.

The other person whom Su Ming did not take note of was the third summit's Han Cang Zi.

She stood on the third summit with the beautiful, oval shaped faced woman by her side.

They saw Si Ma Xin, heard the people's cheers, and saw the light from the Seven Colored Mountain falling on their bodies.

The moment she saw Si Ma Xin returning, Han Cang Zi's face turned pale. The woman beside her frowned and let out a cold harrumph before she took a few steps towards Han Cang Zi.

"He's not even placed first in the ranking board for the Great Frozen Plains yet. He's only second place, and he's already showing off so much!"

Han Cang Zi was silent. She lowered her head and did not say a word.

"Hmph, the rumor about him being the one person who is most likely to become the fourth God of Berserkers is simply the doings of the school. The school created his image and his chances. To many disciples, that Si Ma Xin has already been turned into a God of Berserker along with our eldest senior sister Tian Lan Meng and senior brother Chen Qing.

"The three people known as the three great prodigies of Freezing Sky Clan, hmm..? Let's see, who would be the first of the three who can enter Heaven Gate. Still, while Si Ma Xin's potential is pretty good, some of the things he does seriously disgust me. Even if eldest senior sister Tian Lan Meng and Chen Qing return to the sect, they wouldn't cause such a stir.

"Besides the school creating that image of his that makes the others so crazy about him, isn't it also because he keeps using all those tricks? He keeps using a large amount of things to attract other people to follow him and from there, he makes acquaintances with them."

The woman beside Han Cang Zi spoke with a cold smile on her face, then cast Han Cang Zi a look. There was pity on her face.

"Why do you always look this way whenever you see him? Why are you afraid of him? He simply planted the Berserker Seed of Love within you, that's all. If you're scared of him and keep hoping that someone will help you, then even if someone actually manages to free you, you'll be controlled by someone else in the end.

"Are women any less than men? Look at eldest senior sister Tian Lan Meng. She's our best example. Even when that Si Ma Xin sees our eldest senior sister, would he dare harm her?"

There was an aloof pride on her oval shaped face.

"When we were coming back, I saw the portion of the Sky Mist Barrier where uncle master Bai was guarding."

Han Cang Zi bit her lip and slowly lifted her head, and resolution appeared on her face.

"Uncle master Bai? You mean the person who was also rumored to have had the hopes of the entire school placed on him in the past? The person who also practiced the Creation Arts of the God of Berserkers, but eventually ended up practically estranged from the school simply because he did not follow the will of the school to practice the God of Berserkers Transformation but instead inherited his Master's right to become the Divine General of the Bone Sacrifice Realm? That uncle master Bai?"

Han Cang Zi nodded.

Once the oval shaped faced woman heard it, she sighed softly.

"Divine Generals are all revered people, and it's something a lot of people dream of attaining. Even in the school, the desire to become Divine General is second only to becoming the God of Berserkers, but... once you become a Divine General, it's practically impossible to become the God of Berserkers. They can only become the subordinates for the future God of Berserkers...

"There aren't many Divine Generals within the school. Most of them have already been sent out to gain experience in killing so that they could be a force for the future God of Berserkers.

"I heard that the person you like is also a Divine General?" she asked suddenly.

A red blush immediately appeared on Han Cang Zi's face, as if she forgot the stress brought by Si Ma Xin at that moment and was embarrassed like a little girl. Just as she was about to speak, her senior sister's expression suddenly changed.

"That person you like... what... is he doing?"

Han Cang Zi was stunned. Instantly, she turned her head back to look, and her expression changed.

The entire area was filled with silence at that moment. Including Han Cang Zi, all the people's gazes were focused on the person walking slowly towards the Seven Colored Mountain in the sky.

At that moment, even Han Fei Zi's cold and aloof face changed. There was confusion as she looked at Su Ming.

Hu Zi was also stunned. He rubbed his eyes and looked at Su Ming, who was walking from his side with a dumb expression towards the Seven Colored Mountain. Hu Zi did not hesitate, and with a single move, he charged towards Su Ming.

He would not bother thinking about Si Ma or whoever else, nor would he be bothered by the crowd's gazes. The only thing in his mind was that he was the one who brought his youngest junior brother here. He could not let anything happen to him.

Zi Che felt his heart lurch and his mouth go dry. He never expected Su Ming to walk out just like this and face Si Ma Xin!

"What's... your name..?"

Su Ming's body floated in midair. As he stood before the approaching Seven Colored Mountain, he could only see the girl filled with untamed beauty.

His voice echoed in the air gently, and as it fell into the people's ears, all those who heard immediately had odd expressions on their faces.

"Who is he?"

"That person is unfamiliar, but the ninth summit's Sun Da Hu is beside him. If Sun Da Hu is with him, and especially since he blocked senior brother Si Ma's path, then he must definitely be an unreasonable person as well."

"I heard that the ninth summit has received a new disciple. Could it be him? But all the people on the ninth summit are strange people. His actions and words at least follow the traits that belong to those in the ninth summit."

"Interesting. This person must be attracted to junior sister Bai's face, and blinded by his infatuation, he forgot his status and asked for her name."

"He's biting off more than he can chew. How could he be so rude to junior sister Bai? Hmph!"

Low mocking and disdainful voices gradually appeared as the people looked on with odd expressions on their faces. To them, Su Ming was simply a person who was too confident in himself. Being rude to a beautiful woman right in front of senior brother Si Ma was exactly what an unreasonable person would do.

Han Cang Zi was stunned. Her gaze immediately shifted from Su Ming to the girl behind Si Ma Xin, and gradually, a conflicted look appeared in her eyes.

‘He once said that he broke a promise...’



Han Cang Zi sighed softly. The woman beside her was frowning, and there was a displeased look in her eyes as she looked at Su Ming.

At the same time, Han Fei Zi also cast a profound look towards the girl behind Si Ma Xin on the fourth summit, and she sank into deep thought.

Su Ming slowly came to a halt 30 feet away from the Seven Colored Mountain. Si Ma Xin looked down on Su Ming, who was blocking his path, from his position on the mountain.

In truth, when he was coming forth from the distance, he had already seen Su Ming, but he did not dare act rashly because Zi Che was by Su Ming's side. Judging by his looks, it seemed that he was a little sullen and resigned.

Yet he did not expect that while he was ignoring the man, Su Ming would come to block his path over here. It would have been fine if he was merely blocking his path, but Su Ming was not even looking at him, but at the girl behind him.

This sort of disregard, coupled with the grudges that couldn't be solved between them, made Si Ma Xin's eyes turn dark and chilly.

"Junior brother, you seem rather unfamiliar. Why are you blocking my path?"

Si Ma Xin smiled faintly and the cold look in his eyes

disappeared. His voice was calm, as if he was not angry with Su Ming's actions and he had a big heart.

Su Ming did not speak. Up till this point, he still had not even looked at Si Ma Xin. He simply kept his gaze fixed on the girl filled with wild beauty.

The girl blushed under Su Ming's stare, but she was frowning and there was displeasure in her eyes. She cast a glance at Su Ming, then at Si Ma Xin, who was standing before her, and did not speak.

The person before him was less than 30 feet away from him, but the person in Su Ming's heart was so far away it was as if there was the distance of heaven and earth between them.

At that moment, Su Ming smiled.

That smile was very faint, and there was a sadness to it.

"If we continue walking in the snow, will we walk until our hair turns white..?"

Those words echoed in his head and eventually turned into a sigh.

Su Ming knew. The girl before him was not Bai Ling.

This had nothing to do with the Berserker Seed of Love. The

girl's eyes were the same as Bai Ling's. In physical terms, they looked so similar that there were practically no differences between them, but since their souls were different, then they were completely different people.

Their aura was also different. Aura was something Su Ming could sense ever since he started practicing Aura Refinement and started observing people's aura around him once he activated the Branding Art in his mind.

This person... was not her... She may have the same face, but... she was not Bai Ling!

Su Ming closed his eyes. He did not ask her again, because he had already obtained his answer. That urge within gradually died down. When he opened his eyes once again, they had already returned to a calm state.

No longer looking at the girl, Su Ming turned around and started walking away to leave.

He heard the mockery and disdain in the low voices around him and felt the ridiculing gazes on his person, but these did not bother him.

Yet while he may not care about it, it did not mean that Hu Zi did not mind it. Hu Zi narrowed his eyes and cast an angry glare around the place from beside Su Ming, even growling with a hostile look on his face.

"What are you looking at? What, do you dare say all this right in front of Si Ma Xin's face? Laugh! You jerks, I'm telling you to laugh! Just you wait, I'll sneak into your places tonight and let you know my might."

Hu Zi was about to continue speaking, but his words were cut off bluntly by Si Ma Xin.

Si Ma Xin smiled as if he was pleased with what the girl behind him did and cast a look at Su Ming, saying slowly, "Junior brother, are you going to leave just like that? Take care of your senior brothers first, or else I'll teach you what respect is in place of your Master."

Su Ming paused in his footsteps and turned around, then looked at Si Ma Xin for the first time in midair.

When their gazes met, they seemed to have viciously clashed with each other.

"I am not your junior brother, disciple nephew Si Ma, I am your uncle master."

# Chapter 235: The First Battle In Freezing Sky!

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Su Ming's voice was calm when he spoke languidly, looking at Si Ma Xin. There was no pride in his voice, neither did he have the condescending manner Si Ma Xin adopted while he stood on the Seven Colored Mountain, but the meaning behind his words was a form of condescension under the rules of Freezing Sky Clan itself!

"I am your uncle master."

This sentence instantly made the people around him fall silent. There may be anger on their faces, but they did not dare refute his words. They could only accept the high status of the ninth summit with resignation.

A piercing, chilling light instantly appeared in Si Ma Xin's eyes. As he looked at Su Ming, his lips gradually curled up in a cold smile.

Hu Zi immediately brightened up and placed his hands on his hips as he lifted his head and shouted pridefully towards Si Ma Xin, "Oh, that's right. Hey, jerk. Your Grandpa Hu is your uncle master. Come here, Si Ma Xin, greet your uncle master."

Si Ma Xin simply ignored Hu Zi's existence. At that moment, only Su Ming existed in his eyes. With such close proximity and with the slight connection he had with Han Mountain Bell in the past, he could tell with certainty that Han Mountain Bell was within Su Ming.

"Uncle master, eh? Then allow me to consult you and see whether you have the right to be my uncle master."

As Si Ma Xin spoke, he took a step forward with his right foot and lifted his finger to point at the sky.

"Freeze!"

With his voice, a large amount of green, freezing air suddenly manifested on the originally cold sky. That freezing air seemed to have a physical form, and the air would freeze as it passed by it. Rumbling sounds echoed in the air.

An illusionary hand formed from the green mist appeared in the freezing air and manifested abruptly in the sky. That hand gave off a freezing presence and gathered together out of nowhere before it charged towards Su Ming to catch him.

"The Creation Art! As expected of senior brother Si Ma, he's indeed the person who will become the God of Berserkers! His first move itself is the Creation Art!"

"No ordinary person could cast the Creation Art so easily, even if it was just the One Creation Art."

"Besides Leader Liu on the ninth summit, the other people there are all trash. I heard that their eldest senior brother isolates himself all the time, the second is always planting flowers like a

weak woman, the third is an unreasonable fellow, and that newest addition to the ninth summit just had the galls to block senior brother Si Ma's path!"

The green hand charged towards Su Ming, and a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Yet at that moment, anger appeared on Hu Zi's face and he let out a low growl.

"Youngest junior brother, move back. Jerk, how dare you attack my youngest junior brother in my face!"

Hu Zi lifted his head and sat down in midair. He lifted his right hand swiftly and overlapped his index and middle fingers together. As he lifted his hand, he drew an arc in the sky.

A mighty presence erupted forth from Hu Zi's body. The strength of that presence seemed to have caused the weather and earth to change, causing the incoming green hand to falter for a moment in midair.

"Entering... Dream..."

Hu Zi's expression was stern. At that moment, not a hint of recklessness could be seen on his face. His act of drawing an arc with his two fingers seemed to have contained some mysterious form of Creation, and when Si Ma Xin saw this, his expression turned grave.

The people around him also became nervous. As they looked at

Hu Zi, expressions of surprise appeared on their faces, as if during that instant, the Sun Da Hu before them became completely different from the person in their memories.

Right at the instant the green hand froze in midair for a moment, Hu Zi's right index finger touched the center of his brows. His eyes immediately fell shut and he started snoring.

Nothing changed, except for the appearance of Hu Zi's snores in the air, and since he was in deep sleep, he could not continue floating in the air and fell from the sky...

All the people who saw this were stunned and burst out laughing a moment later.

Even Si Ma Xin started chuckling after the stun wore off. Yet a chilling glint appeared in his eyes and he pointed towards the falling Hu Zi with his right hand. Immediately, the freezing green hand charged towards Hu Zi, whistling through the air, a clear sign that while Si Ma Xin had laughed at Hu Zi's actions, he was also displeased, and for that, he wanted to hurt him.

Su Ming was silent. He did not laugh. It was clear that Hu Zi chose to act that way just now because he already considered Su Ming as his youngest junior brother under the same Master, and as his senior brother, it was his duty to protect him.

Hu Zi's power may not be great, but it was precisely because of this that his actions reflected what he thought even more prominently when he stood before Su Ming. That alone was



enough.

Right at the moment Hu Zi started plummeting downwards, Su Ming turned into a long arc and charged towards him, catching his body in midair and landing on the ground.

But the green hand was still chasing after them. Su Ming did not bother with that hand. Right at the moment he landed on the ground, Zi Che flew up and charged towards the hand.

He had to act, or else he had no idea what sort of horrible fate would befall him when he went back to the ninth summit. Besides, he was also angry towards Si Ma Xin.

Rumbling sounds echoed above Su Ming, but he did not lift his head up to look. Once he landed on the ground, he gently placed the snoring and drooling Hu Zi on the ground.

He looked at Hu Zi's face. That silly look on his face made Su Ming smile.

Amidst the rumbling sounds in the air was Si Ma Xin's downcast voice.

"Zi Che, what's the meaning of this?!"

"Si Ma Xin, there's no use talking. If you attack Su Ming, then I have to act against you!"

Zi Che's appearance made all the people watching immediately burst out in to an uproar again.

"That's senior brother Zi Che, ranked ninth on the Great Frozen Plains ranking board! Isn't he good friends with senior brother Si Ma?!"

"Why is he suddenly helping an outsider?!"

"I saw him with the people from the ninth summit just now..."

The oval shaped faced woman beside Han Cang Zi let out a cold harrumph as the discussions raged around her, but it was clear that she had let out a sigh of relief when she saw Zi Che just now.

Si Ma Xin stared at Zi Che. As they gazes met in midair, his eyes gradually turned cold.

At that moment, as Su Ming looked at Hu Zi snoring as he slept on the ground, he slowly lifted his head and looked at Si Ma Xin standing beside the Seven Colored Mountain in the sky.

"Zi Che, stand back. Take care of my third senior brother," Su Ming said unhurriedly, then lifted his right foot to take a step into the sky. The moment his foot landed, his body left the ground and he stood in midair.

Zi Che hesitated for a moment before he wrapped his fist in his palm to salute Su Ming, then returned to Hu Zi's side.

"My power is not as great as yours, and I didn't want to fight you..." Su Ming said calmly, looking at Si Ma Xin. "You have your own thing to do, as do I... but you shouldn't have tried to hurt my third senior brother once he lost all power to fight back!"

Su Ming's voice still remained calm.

"He is my third senior brother... If you want to fight, then... I will fight!"

At that moment, a chilling glint appeared within the calmness in Su Ming's eyes.

At that very moment, an incredibly powerful killing intent surged out from Su Ming's body. That murderous intent came from his right eye, from the Picture of the Blood Moon and Dark Mountain!

The instant Su Ming declared his intention to fight, his entire demeanor changed. While he may still look calm, there was a pressure coming from within that calmness that made people feel as if it was pressing heavily on their bodies from above.

He lifted his right foot and took his first step towards Si Ma Xin. At the moment it landed, a clear Mountain Mark appeared on Su Ming's face.

It was the Mark of the mountain with five summits – Dark Mountain!

When that Mark appeared, an illusion immediately formed in the sky above Si Ma Xin. In the blink of an eye, the gigantic Dark Mountain that was exactly like the Dark Mountain Mark on Su Ming's face appeared in the sky!

The moment it appeared, an incredibly powerful pressure spread out and caused the people who were watching on the sides to withdraw with changed expressions.

Si Ma Xin gave a cold sneer and lifted his right hand and clenched his fist around empty air. The moment he did so, a large amount of cold air gathered together underneath Dark Mountain and turned into a gigantic ice fist that charged towards it.

Rumbling sounds reverberated through the air and the ice fist crashed into Dark Mountain, triggering a vicious wave of force that turned into a large wave of ripples that spread thorough the air.

Once that punch was thrown, an ice layer instantly appeared on the spot where the ice fist touched the five peaked Dark Mountain formed from Su Ming's Mountain Mark amidst the rumbling sounds. The ice layer spread out rapidly, and in the blink of an eye, ice covered the entire mountain, turning it into a five peaked ice mountain.

The ice mountain floated in the sky. It was originally just an

illusion, but at that moment, due to the ice fist created by Si Ma Xin's Creation Art, the mountain was caught between a state of having physical form and being an illusion.

"A simple trick. You are... as weak as you were when I met you in Han Mountain! I don't even need to use the power of my Berserker Mark, neither do I need to use my Origin Vessel, the Seven Colored Mountain!" Si Ma Xin said languidly.

There was no disdain in his voice. He was merely speaking in a tone that suggested he was looking down on Su Ming because they were not of the same level and he was more powerful.

As he spoke, Si Ma Xin placed his hands behind his back and looked at Su Ming coldly.

"I'll give you a chance to attack. If you disappoint me, then I'll make you despair! Bring out Han Mountain Bell. Let me see how powerful it is in your hands," Si Ma Xin said coldly.

Su Ming did not speak. He had firsthand experience of Si Ma Xin's arrogance, and this was not the first time he heard such words from his mouth.

His expression turned even more aloof in his silence. Underneath his robes was the other part of the Berserker Mark Si Ma Xin could not see, and it was now manifesting on his body. As it did so, Su Ming lifted his right hand and waved it in the sky.

A large area underneath the frozen Dark Mountain started distorting. The distortions spread out, and in an instant, an illusionary Dark Mountain Tribe appeared in the world.

The plants, the trees, the houses, all of these things were shown in such fine detail that they looked real. They covered the entire sky, and those who saw it felt as if their entire beings were about to be sucked into the tribe.

A grave expression appeared on Si Ma Xin's face.

"This is your complete Berserker Mark?!"

A depressing feeling that pressed heavily on the hearts of all those looking surrounded the entire area when Dark Mountain Tribe appeared...

The manifestation of this Berserker Mark made Si Ma Xin feel a force pressing heavily against him. This was the most complex Berserker Mark he had ever seen in his life. There was even a vague and indistinct grief coming from within the illusionary tribe formed from the Berserker Mark that affected his heart.

‘What is with this Berserker Mark?! Why are there emotions in there?!’

Si Ma Xin's expression changed drastically.

## Chapter 236: Battle Of Berserker Marks!

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Si Ma Xin was shaken. Su Ming's Berserker Mark gave off a huge, threatening presence. This threat far surpassed how he felt when he first saw Su Ming in Han Mountain.

However, it was merely a threatening feeling. Besides the grave expression on Si Ma Xin's face, a pattern was appearing faintly on his skin. That pattern looked like a flower, and it was blooming in a manner that outshone all other flowers!

Yet if anyone took a closer look, then they would clearly see that the blooming flower was actually an ice flower! There was a faint layer of frost around it, causing Si Ma Xin's face to look as if he was covered in a layer of frost.

"You're one of the few people who can force me to use my Berserker Mark. Today, I'll let you see the power of my Berserker Mark!" Si Ma Xin slowly said, and as his voice fell into the people's ears, the words turned into a layer of frost that covered their bodies.

The moment he finished speaking, ice and snow gathered around Si Ma Xin and turned into a gigantic ice flower. The sunlight reflecting off the ice flower shone with a seven colored light, causing Si Ma Xin to be surrounded by it, and it crashed into the Dark Mountain Tribe that was formed from Su Ming's Berserker Mark.

There were no banging sounds, only mere rumbles. When Si Ma

Xin's Berserker Mark appeared, its presence also manifested along with it. Soon, under the rumbling sounds, the illusionary Dark Mountain Tribe Su Ming had created in the sky was instantly covered in a layer of frost, just like how Dark Mountain was previously. In the blink of an eye, all the houses, plants, and trees in Dark Mountain Tribe turned into ice sculptures.

"Even if you activated your entire Berserker Mark, you... are still too weak!"

As Si Ma Xin spoke, the gigantic ice flower behind him gradually rose into the air, glowing with the seven colored light. The gigantic flower was the center of the seven colored light, as if it wanted to fight for the glory of the position of being the only source of light in the sky with the sun. It charged towards Su Ming.

The petals opened up like a big mouth, as if they wanted to swallow up Su Ming whole!

The entire process of the fight between Su Ming and Si Ma Xin may have seemed to have happened slowly, but in truth, all these happened in a few short moments. The two of them may be hundreds of feet apart, but this sort of battle between Berserker Marks was incredibly dangerous. If one party was slightly weaker, that person would instantly be gravely injured.

This sort of battle between Berserker Marks was an Origin mystical ability that only the Berserkers of the Berserker Tribe could cast after they reached the Awakening Realm.



Su Ming's expression did not change even the slightest even though the ice flower formed from Si Ma Xin's Berserker Mark was quickly charging towards him. He stood in his spot calmly, and he looked not towards Si Ma Xin, but towards the frozen Dark Mountain and his equally frozen tribe.

"My Berserker Mark... is not yet complete..." he said unhurriedly.

This was the first time he spoke ever since he started battling Si Ma Xin. As he spoke, a shocking wave of murderous intent erupted forth from his body. In an instant, his right eye was stained with a bloody shade of red.

That bloody red look was clearly the blood moon!

At the same time, the illusionary Dark Mountain and tribe in the sky welcomed a new addition – a blood moon. There was an enchanting air to the blood moon. The moment it appeared, the sad presence that shrouded Dark Mountain and Dark Mountain Tribe changed abruptly.

There was no longer any grief coming from within, but a shocking amount of killing intent. It fell upon the entire layer of ice on Dark Mountain and colored the place a bloody shade of red. The ice on the houses in the tribe was also illuminated by a bloody red glow.

It was as if the entire world had just been dyed in a blood-red color!

## The Picture of the Blood Moon and Dark Mountain!

Booming sounds spread in all directions like thunder. The ice layer on Dark Mountain completely shattered and exploded into pieces with a bang. The ice on the houses in the tribe also cracked and turned into ice shards that tumbled backwards.

Even the gigantic ice flower charging towards Su Ming turned into a blood-red flower under the illumination of the blood moon. Before it even got close to Su Ming, it was torn to pieces and exploded.

"This... is my complete Berserker Mark!"

Su Ming took a step forward and lifted his right hand, then slammed it downward before him!

The moment he did so, Dark Mountain rumbled and charged towards Si Ma Xin. Whispering could also be heard coming from the houses in the tribe, causing Si Ma Xin's expression to change. He instantly retreated.

Yet before he could move too far back, he found himself unable to leave the area of the blood-red light.

The entire Picture of the Blood Moon and Dark Mountain seemed to have come to life and turned into a gigantic Sealing Rune. Si Ma Xin was within the Rune, and he... could not seem to escape.

Not only did the expression on his face drastically change to shock, his pupils also shrank. Su Ming's Berserker Mark had once again surpassed his expectations. This was completely different from the Su Ming in his memories!

He suddenly understood why Zi Che would fail. He could sense that at this moment, Su Ming had the power to fight against those in the later stage of the Awakening Realm with just his Berserker Mark alone.

‘He still has that Origin Lightning of his... He also has Han Mountain Bell and that sharp sword...’

As Si Ma Xin retreated, he bit his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood. That blood immediately turned into blood mist before him.

"Your Berserker Mark may be complicated, but my Berserker Mark isn't easy either!"

As Si Ma Xin spoke, the blood mist before him immediately charged towards him and stained his face, then with a bizarre speed, seeped into his skin.

It was quickly followed by Si Ma Xin lifting his head to growl at the sky. The Berserker Mark of the Ice Flower appeared once again on his face and body. However, this time, there was not just one ice flower, but two, three, four... until eight flowers appeared on his body!

The eight ice flowers covered his entire body. However, the sizes of these eight flowers were clearly slightly smaller than of the first. Yet when the eight ice flowers appeared, it made Si Ma Xin's retreating body instantly stop.

He no longer retreated but lifted his arms and swung them sideward.

With that one swing, the eight ice flowers formed and spun around him to turn into an ice typhoon.

"Freezing Sky Berserker Art, Ten Creations!" Si Ma Xin stated in a low, booming voice and clapped his hands together to point in Su Ming's direction. The ice typhoon around him instantly grew bigger, as if it wanted to tear the world apart, and crashed into the illusionary world that was the manifestation of Su Ming's Berserker Mark.

Rumbling sounds echoed in the air. The ice typhoon became smaller, but similarly, the Dark Mountain Tribe formed from Su Ming's Berserker Mark scattered away like dust in the typhoon, like a picture that was ripped to shreds.

When Dark Mountain Tribe completely disappeared, Dark Mountain too trembled and shattered. Only the blood moon remained and crashed into the now greatly shrunken ice typhoon for the last time.

The greatly reduced ice typhoon turned into eight ice flowers once again and charged towards the blood moon while connected

to each other. Under the blood-red light and the rumbling sounds, the first ice flower exploded, the second ice flower shattered, the third ice flower crumbled, and the fourth ice flower disintegrated, but the fifth ice flower broke through and crashed into the blood moon.

The blood moon trembled and started showing signs of not being able to remain stable amidst the thunderous rumbles. At the same time, the sixth ice flower came forth and crashed into the blood moon.

Soon, the seventh and eighth ice flowers crashed into the blood moon. A loud boom shook the skies, and when the blood moon broke down, the ice flowers disappeared.

"What a strong Berserker Mark!"

Si Ma Xin found himself unable to say that Su Ming was too weak anymore. At that moment, he was breathing rapidly. His Berserker Mark was already complete, but it only managed to reach a tie with Su Ming's Berserker Mark.

'This must be the limit for his Berserker Mark. This sort of Berserker Mark will not change anymore!'

Killing intent appeared in Si Ma Xin's eyes. In truth, he had harbored killing intent towards Su Ming since a long time ago but had always kept it hidden. After all, he was in Freezing Sky Clan. Yet when he witnessed the might of his Berserker Mark, he could no longer hide his killing intent.

In the instant their Berserker Marks disappeared from the clash, Si Ma Xin made a sudden move. He turned into a long arc and charged towards Su Ming.

He wanted to kill Su Ming!

Yet at the moment he charged forward, Su Ming also took a step forward. He did not retreat, but used a similarly shocking speed to rush at Si Ma Xin.

The two of them were not far from each other in the first place, hence with that rapid speed, in an instant, they closed in on each other.

Once they were close, a large amount of electrical arcs immediately began swimming through Su Ming's entire body. As he swung his fist forward, an innumerable amount of lightning gathered together and charged towards Si Ma Xin with a thunderous rumble.

Si Ma Xin also lifted his right hand and as he clenched it into a fist, seven colored light appeared in his hand. Lightning and light clashed with each other, and as rumbling sounds spread out, the two of them let out muffled groans and tumbled backwards.

Si Ma Xin moved 30 feet backwards, and Su Ming moved 50 feet back. At the moment the both of them came to a stop, they rushed towards each other once again.

This time, Si Ma Xin tapped at a few spots on his body with both hands and seven colored light immediately started shining on his body. There was a layer of ice underneath that seven colored light which turned into ice armor on his body. This was the Seven Colored Ice Armor Si Ma Xin had created himself!

Similarly, black fog surrounded Su Ming's body. As a Divine General of Awakening, he also had his own armor. The black fog turned into armor, and at the instant it appeared, the stunned crowd that had been watching all around them immediately let out loud cries of surprise.

"A Divine General of Awakening!"

"He's a Divine General of Awakening?!"

"No wonder he could fight against senior brother Si Ma. He's a Divine General of Awakening, he has extraordinary power, and the complexity of his Berserker Mark is simply outrageous and unheard of!"

The uproars had been stifled due to the intense battle between Berserker Marks just now, but erupted forth now with such force that it filled the air with buzzing sounds in an instant.

In truth, Su Ming's identity as a Divine General was hidden from the crowd largely due to the fourth summit. For some unknown reason, the left preceptor in the fourth summit had locked down all information regarding Su Ming. The other people in Freezing

Sky Clan only knew that there was a new disciple in the ninth summit. As for his status, level of cultivation, and all the other things—it all remained fuzzy.

As for Chen Yu Bing and Xu Ru Yue, once the two of them returned to Freezing Sky Clan, they were placed under a gag order and were told not to talk about Su Ming.

"Is... he the one who made big brother Si Ma angry..?"

The girl's who was on the Seven Colored Mountain gaze was fixed on Si Ma Xin, who remained mighty and powerful in her heart, all this while. As for Su Ming, her first impression towards him was bad, and since he was Si Ma Xin's enemy at the moment, she recalled the things that had happened when she was playing chess with Si Ma Xin, and her gaze towards Su Ming turned even more hostile.



## Chapter 237: Similar!

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Su Ming and Si Ma Xin stood in the sky. One of them was surrounded by black fog, which turned into a black fogged armor that gave off a ghastly feeling, while the other was surrounded by seven colored light, and his ice armor seemed to be filled with light that pierced the eyes, making it hard for others to look at him directly.

Two completely different presences, two completely different sets of armor, two... completely different people!

"You... are not in the Bone Sacrifice Realm!" Su Ming said languidly, and as he spoke, he charged forward.

Si Ma Xin's face was sullen. With a cold harrumph, he moved forward. The two of them crashed into each other once again in midair. Rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, and the fierce battle made all those watching around the area stop breathing.

The longer Si Ma Xin battled, the more shocked he felt. He could not imagine just how Su Ming had become so strong in such a short amount of time. This was no longer the person he could defeat by just attacking with a move through manifesting his soul on a Berserker Seed.

With such a speed in his growth, Su Ming had the right to make Si Ma Xin pay attention to him!

‘This person is growing too quickly, I can't let him stay alive...’

Si Ma Xin took a few steps back and grabbed the air with his right hand. Immediately, an ice spear appeared in his hand, and he threw it towards Su Ming.

At the same time, Si Ma Xin swung his left arm forward, and a round bottle appeared. With a snap of his fingers, howling sounds came from within the bottle. A white wolf charged out and started growing as it was exposed to the wind. In an instant, it grew up to be a few dozen feet tall. Its fur was white as snow, and with its fangs bared, it growled at Su Ming.

That growl turned into a force that turned Su Ming's mind blank once it hit his body, as if he was shaken. Yet it only lasted for an instant before the power of Aura Refinement started circulating within him on its own and his mind immediately cleared up.

He woke up too quickly, and it made Si Ma Xin frown. He fought against Su Ming with the long spear in hand, and at the same time, the ice wolf pounced on him.

"He Feng!"

Su Ming took a few steps back and black fog immediately rushed out from his chest. That fog turned into He Feng, who had an agonized look on his face, but he did not dare choose not to fight. When he appeared, he charged towards the soul of the ice wolf. The both of them were spiritual entities, and though their battle may have been without sound, it was still incredibly vicious.

At that moment, the mark of the sword at the center of Su Ming's brows flashed briefly, and the small virescent sword charged out with a whistle and spun around Su Ming's body. It moved with his will and crashed into Si Ma Xin's long spear with a loud bang.

Su Ming's fight against Si Ma Xin did not just attract the attention of the people around the area, it even attracted the attention of some of the powerful Berserkers in the nine summits of the Great Frozen Plains. Some of those in the older generation even looked over.

Su Ming's second senior brother was crouching down on the ninth summit tending to his plants. Occasionally, he would lift up his head towards the direction where the rumbling sounds came from and shake his head.

"Just how many times does this make since third failed entering his dream.? Ah... the moment he gets agitated, he immediately wants to enter his dreams to fight against others. This... is not good."

Tian Xie Zi sat at the top of the mountain with a pleased smile on his face as he looked at the place where the rumbling sounds were coming from.

"Not bad, not bad at all. Teach him a good lesson."

There were other people gathered on the other mountains. As they looked at the battle, a rare sight in the Great Frozen Plains of Freezing Sky Clan, the left preceptor in the fourth summit, the old

man who liked wearing red robes, stood at the top of the mountain with a solemn expression on his face.

‘The Virescent Light Sword... That’s Han Kong’s treasure... Why is it in his hands?!’

He was frowning, but once he cast a glance towards the ninth summit, he shook his head and decided not to bother himself with what he deemed was a trivial matter.

Besides him, the other people of the older generation also appeared on the other summits and sized up the battle from their respective spots.

At that moment, on the mountainside of the seventh summit was a woman dressed in red. She was sitting on a big stone. Her black hair fell on her shoulders, and when they were occasionally lifted by the wind, her snow white skin would be revealed underneath.

She had a gentle look on her face as she watched the people battling against each other. Most of the time, her gaze was focused on Su Ming.

"A Divine General of Awakening, and with such a Berserker Mark too... What is his name?"

There were a few girls standing behind the woman. One of them quickly answered her, "Eldest senior sister, his name is Su Ming. He’s a disciple on the ninth summit."

At the moment, the battle which had caught the crowd's attention had yet to reach its most intense moment. The small virescent sword shone and crashed into the incoming long spear. Before the rumbling sounds even disappeared, the second clashing sound had already spread in all directions.

More lightning arcs swam through Su Ming's body and turned into numerous lightning sparks that charged towards Si Ma Xin. Thunder rumbled in the sky, and by the looks of it, lightning was about to fall.

However, Si Ma Xin was the prodigy of Freezing Sky Clan. Su Ming might have seen through the fact that he had yet to reach the Bone Sacrifice Realm, but the mystical abilities and enchanted Vessels he had were practically endless.

The white wolf and the ice spear he had in his hand were definitely not any ordinary items. At the same time the snow surrounding him fought against Su Ming's lightning, the virescent sword and ice spear, He Feng and the white wolf too fought against each other. While the battle might not have reached its most intense state, it had already reached an intensity that was not too far away.

This was a battle that could not be settled in a short period of time. While Su Ming was currently also in the Awakening Realm, compared to Si Ma Xin, his level of cultivation was still a little lower.

Yet he was a Berserker who Awakened with 999 blood veins and also understood the Clearing Mind Art. With his mystical abilities and Origin Vessel, he could fight against all those who were under the Bone Sacrifice Realm.

As the small virescent sword and ice spear clashed against each other, as did Su Ming's lightning and Si Ma Xin's ice, and they once again let out a rumbling sound, Su Ming took a few abrupt steps backwards with a calm expression. As he moved back, he swiped his right hand before his chest. When he lifted it, a spherical medicinal pill immediately appeared in his hand.

There was a snow flower in the medicinal pill as if it was sealed up within. There was an enchanting feeling to it. It let out a freezing chill, and dim light also spread out from the pill.

It was Su Ming's Spirit Plunder.

He only used this pill once after he created it, and it was when he was curing Fang Mu. In truth, this was the first time he brought this thing out during battle. The moment Spirit Plunder was taken out, it started spinning in the air. When Su Ming pointed towards Si Ma Xin, that pill instantly turned into a long arc that charged towards him.

At the moment Su Ming brought out Spirit Plunder, Si Ma Xin's expression turned even more serious. He stared at the medicinal pill in his hands and took a few steps back as surprise appeared in his eyes.

At the same time, he opened his mouth wide open and spat out. As he did so, a small black insect flew out of his mouth. The insect was built in the shape of a small rod about the length of a finger's segment. If it was not twisting about in the air, it would be difficult for anyone to tell that it was actually an insect.

When the insect flew out, it spread out its wings, and four pairs of thin wings could be seen on its rod shaped body. There was green light shining on its head, making it look slightly terrifying.

The moment the insect appeared, a malicious presence immediately erupted from its body, along with a buzzing sound that pierced the minds of all those who heard it.

The insect turned into a ray of green light, but it did not charge towards the incoming Spirit Plunder. It went past the pill and charged towards Su Ming instead.

That insect could be said to be the most precious item Si Ma Xin had besides the Seven Colored Mountain. He had only just obtained that insect and had only recently formed a small mental connection with it.

He had tested this insect many times before, and Si Ma Xin had never seen anything that this insect could not pierce through. He had tried using this insect on many objects before, and all of them had ended up the same way!

If it was not because Su Ming had the Divine General's armor and it would be difficult for any sort of mystical ability to cause harm

to him, Si Ma Xin would not have wanted to use this insect. At this moment, not only did he not want to face the strange object that had clearly sealed the Berserker Seed he had planted in Fang Mu charging towards him, he also wanted to kill Su Ming, or at the very least cause such grievous injuries to him that his power would fall.

By doing so, once Si Ma Xin successfully cleared Freezing Sky Cave and entered Heaven Gate, no matter how quickly Su Ming improved, he would be of no threat to him.

As Spirit Plunder and the small rod insect passed by each other and Spirit Plunder closed in on him, Si Ma Xin bit his tongue, coughed out blood, took a step forward, and turned into a blood figure. He fused together with his blood and seemed to have turned into an illusionary layer of mist instead of having physical form. It spread outwards, looking as if it could dodge Spirit Plunder's might.

Yet the moment he was about to dodge, Spirit Plunder came to an abrupt halt and stopped in midair. An incredibly powerful absorption force that shocked Si Ma Xin exploded forth from it. That absorption force caught all the blood mist around the area, and the blood mist started showing clear signs of being sucked in.

The mist struggled incessantly, and Si Ma Xin's face was revealed within. There was a hint of shock on his face, but once he gritted his teeth, he immediately split the illusionary blood mist into two separate parts. One of them was taken into Spirit Plunder, and the other rolled backwards quickly before it reverted back into Si Ma Xin once it was far away from the pill. His face was pale as he



sucked in a sharp breath.

"What's with that thing?!"

Su Ming was also shocked, because even though he was retreating quickly with a dazzling speed, he still could not shake off the insect charging towards him.

That insect closed in on him in an instant and clashed with the small virescent sword. It knocked the sword away and closed in on Su Ming once again. The insect had even ignored the lightning arcs swimming in the air. Even though lightning covered its entire body, it did not slow down. With a bang, it pierced through Su Ming's Divine General armor!

It was about to pierce Su Ming's body, but at that moment, a loud bell chimed out from within Su Ming's body. In the face of danger, Han Mountain Bell materialized between Divine General armor and Su Ming's body, and it was the Bell that finally managed to stop the insect's attack.

As the bell chimes reverberated in the air, blood flowed out of Su Ming's mouth and he staggered a few hundred feet back.

"What's with this insect?!"

Su Ming lifted his head swiftly. His question was shouted out almost at the same time as when Si Ma Xin shouted his.

At that moment, a strange feeling formed in Su Ming's heart. That inconceivable feeling also formed in Si Ma Xin.

"They're... so similar..." someone from the crowd murmured..

## Chapter 238: Copy

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They were two completely different people with two completely different names and two completely different lives.

They were like two parallel lines that would never touch each other. Even if they were going in the same direction, they would never touch each other. This was Su Ming and Si Ma Xin before this battle in Freezing Sky Clan.

Even when they started exchanging blows, the odd similarities that the people watching found were yet to come into existence, but as they continued attacking each other, everyone noticed, and it could even be said that the two of them were the last ones who noticed it.

As the onlookers watched the battle continue, the feeling that these two were similar became stronger.

One of them was lightning, the other ice. They may look different, but one of them had lightning swimming through his entire body while the other was surrounded by ice. Perhaps this was not enough to call them similar, but soon, when the small virescent sword and ice spear clashed with each other, the black Divine General armor and sparkling ice armor appeared, the feeling that they were alike started blossoming within their hearts.

The moment Si Ma Xin brought out the round bottle and released the wolf, which was a rare Vessel Spirit that was definitely not something a normal person would be able to get, and He Feng flew

out of Su Ming's body, that feeling that they were similar reached an incredibly high level in an instant.

The similarities reached an even higher level when Su Ming brought out Spirit Plunder and Si Ma Xin released the strange rod shaped insect from his mouth and when the both of them had the same expression and reaction as they faced these two completely different enchanted Vessels. At that moment, it was as if all their similarities had fused together and erupted forth with a force that made even outsiders notice that these two people were... very similar!

Bell chimes reverberated in the air, and at that moment, the black rod shaped insect that was only about the size of a finger's segment tumbled backward. However, its speed as it flew back had clearly been reduced. It even started swaying in the air, as if the crash had caused a backlash that it could only marginally withstand because it had been traveling too fast previously and because the echoes from Han Mountain Bell were too powerful.

Su Ming watched the rod shaped insect tumble back and recover in the span of a few breaths. The sight made his expression change. He suppressed all his other emotions, because he knew Han Mountain Bell's might well. That crash just now and subsequent rebound were difficult even for him to withstand. Yet that strange insect was already showing signs of recovery after such a short period of time.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He knew that he could not let that insect recover, or else that thing alone would affect him greatly. At the same moment the insect retreated, Su Ming lifted

his right hand pointed towards it. He also took a huge step forward.

The moment his foot landed, his body instantly appeared above the retreating insect, and soon, Han Mountain Bell appeared in his hands like a small bell, then like a huge shade that covered the small insect.

In the distance, Si Ma Xin was forced to split up and discard part of the blood figure formed from his blood under the might of Spirit Plunder. His face was pale. While he did not cough out blood like Su Ming, he was also clearly weakened. When he saw Su Ming's actions, Si Ma Xin's eyes immediately became clouded with anger.

He charged forth with a low growl and grabbed the air with his right hand. Immediately, the floating Seven Colored Mountain in the distance erupted with a piercing seven colored light. The girl standing on the Seven Colored Mountain let out a cry of surprise and quickly flew back. There was a floating ribbon under her feet which supported her.

Right then, in his battle against Su Ming, Si Ma Xin finally used his most powerful enchanted treasure – the Seven Colored Mountain!

"Su Ming, how dare you touch my snake?!"

Si Ma Xin's face was vicious. As he grabbed the air with his right hand, the red light from the light of the Seven Colored Mountain shone with an intensity that was far brighter than all the other

colors. It was as if it was asked to come forth from the seven lights. As the light shone, the Seven Colored Mountain looked as if it only possessed that one color.

"God of Berserkers Transformation, Seven Colors Refinement, Scarlet Style!"

Veins popped out on Si Ma Xin's face, and his body was dyed in a scarlet shade. His right hand curled up and turned into a five fingered claw. The scarlet shade on his hand was incredibly alluring, and he swiped his clawed hand towards the floating Seven Colored Mountain that was currently shining with a red light.

The moment he swiped his hand across, the red light from the Seven Colored Mountain immediately started flickering as if the fog on it was boiling. As it flickered, the mountain let out a buzzing sound. The red light looked as if it was absorbed into Si Ma Xin's right hand and a large amount of it was gathered there before turning into a scarlet long sword.

That sword was seven feet long and looked as if it was dyed with blood. There was even a harrowing sadness coming from it that stunned people. When Si Ma Xin held the sword in his hands, he swung it down in Su Ming's direction!

That slash immediately made the world dark. An oppressive feeling spread out so suddenly that the crowd watching immediately felt as if they were suffocating. It was as if that sword stroke had sucked in all the air from the world.

A sadness that could affect all those around it spread out in all directions as the sword slashed downward.

"The place where I was born still did things according to the laws of the universe..."

A voice filled with grief spilled out of Si Ma Xin's mouth as he swung the sword down. His expression seemed to have fused together with the sword, and with that one sentence, he executed one sword stroke!

The moment that sword stroke fell, Han Cang Zi's face turned pale on the third summit. The oval shaped faced woman beside her also sucked in a deep breath.

"He casted the God of Berserkers Transformation!!"

When the red robed left preceptor saw this on the fourth summit, he narrowed his eyes.

"Looks like he has understood the first style of the God of Berserkers Transformation."

All those who understood the meaning of the sword stroke turned their attention towards the attack from their respective summits. On the ninth summit, a gourd had appeared in Tian Xie Zi's hands some time ago. He placed it by his mouth and drank from it before he shook his head and disdain appeared in his eyes.

"God of Berserkers Transformation... It's not worthy of the word 'Transformation'! One day, I'll let the people know just what is the true God of Berserkers Transformation! But Si Ma Xin's method of casting this mystical ability has some form of transformation that originated from him..."

Tian Xie Zi did not seem to be paying attention to the question of how Su Ming was going to deal with that shocking sword slash. He was drinking wine instead and was uttering words that no one else could hear besides himself.

It was as if he had the confidence that Su Ming could deal with that sword strike!

Similarly, Su Ming's second senior brother, who was still planting flowers on the snow covered ground with his back bent on the ninth summit, lifted his head to look into the distance when his right hand, which was holding several flowers, faltered.

He trained his eyes on the distance as he mumbled under his breath, "Youngest junior brother, this is a rare chance... God of Berserkers Transformation... This is the strongest skill in Freezing Sky Clan! When people draw, they first learn by copying others, only then will they be able to create their own drawings."

Su Ming and Si Ma Xin's battle had attracted even more attention from the people gathered under Heaven Gate and in the center of nine summits of the Great Frozen Plains. When Si Ma Xin casted the God of Berserkers Transformation and brought out the red



light from the Seven Colored Mountain before turning it into a long sword that seemed to be dyed with blood and swung it down, the presence that exploded from that sword strike caused the battle to instantly reach its most intense moment.

The red light from the sword brought forth a strange sound as it sliced through the air. It sounded as if there were numerous people mourning and crying, and when the sounds gathered together into one, it turned into the sound of the scarlet sword slicing through the air.

A hint of seriousness appeared on Su Ming's calm face. He had already known a long time ago of Si Ma Xin's strength. Although he was no longer the same as he was before, there was still some difference in power between him and Si Ma Xin.

Just this sword strike from alone was already enough to make Su Ming feel that he could not fend against it. Si Ma Xin's murmurs echoed in his ears. Those words had fused into the sword, and it seemed to be filled with a power that could change the world, a change that far surpassed Su Ming's ability to possibly comprehend it.

It was this change that seemed to be able to turn something decadent into something great that caused this simple sword slash to turn into a power that Su Ming could not resist. The sword itself was also a treasure manifested from Si Ma Xin's Seven Colored Mountain, which meant that it contained an incredible power. With the might of the mystical ability, God of Berserkers Transformation, the might contained within the sword stroke was enough to kill all Berserkers under the Bone Sacrifice Realm, Su

Ming analyzed.

Even the powerful Berserkers in the Bone Sacrifice Realm would find it hard to resist this sword slash. However, Su Ming had yet to arrive at the Bone Sacrifice Realm. He could assume it as such and could not be certain of it.

The moment the sword fell towards him, a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He knew that Han Mountain Bell was the only thing that could perhaps fight against this sword, but if he used Han Mountain Bell to fend against the attack, then he would not be able to subjugate the rod shaped insect that was about to recover.

If he let the rod shaped insect recover its speed and clear its mind, then Su Ming would be forced into a complete defensive position in this battle. Yet if he did not give up on the rod shaped insect and took Si Ma Xin's sword slash...

Su Ming's pupils shrank and he sighed. He was just about to give up on the bizarre rod shaped insect when the light in his eyes flickered.

He saw the speed of the sword slashing down from the sky start slowing down in a peculiar manner. This decrease in speed came very suddenly, and even more strange was that the sword's sudden slowness seemed to have gone unnoticed by others. When Su Ming instinctively looked towards his surroundings, he noticed that everything in the world around him had also slowed down.

It was as if a wave of power had come to the place without a

sound, and in that instant, controlled the flow of time in the place.

"This is what I created. Once your powers of Creation have reached a certain level, this sort of change will happen depending on what you've been Creating... it's somewhat similar to Space Void, but it's also different. To others, it may look like it only lasted for an instant, but in your current state, it will seem very slow.

"You have ample time to remember this one sword slash and understand the changes within this attack... Find it, then block the boy Si Ma's attack fairly and squarely."

There was a strange look on Su Ming's face as he looked at the people around him, whose actions had been slowed down by several fold. He turned his gaze towards the scarlet sword shining with a red light which was also falling down slowly.

He did not know how Tian Xie Zi had managed to do it, but he would need an incredible amount of courage to do so under the scrutiny of so many people in Freezing Sky Clan.

The warmth in Su Ming's heart grew due to his Master's kindness, and his feelings of belonging to the ninth summit increased.

However, he knew that this was not the time for him to feel moved. As he watched the scarlet sword fall slowly from the sky, his eyes gradually became empty and blank... He lifted his right hand, and with his index finger as the brush, he started drawing

out the trajectory of the sword.

# Chapter 239: First Appearance Of Picture Creation

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He drew one stroke after another. Each time Su Ming lifted his right hand and drew with his index finger, the space before him would disappear slowly layer by layer like he was tearing off layers of membranes.

He did not know how much time had passed by, but Su Ming's actions in copying the sword stroke were gradually slowing down.

Time continued passing by as he continued drawing. Su Ming did not know how many strokes he had drawn and just how many times he had copied the trajectory of the sword.

He might not know the specifics, but he knew that each time he drew, while each stroke seemed the same, but in truth, they were all different. If he drew it 1,000 times, then those 1,000 strokes were different from each other. If he drew them 10,000 times, then those 10,000 strokes would be different from each other!

Yet he still had not found the grief that spread out when Si Ma Xin swung the sword, it was as if he could not fuse that emotion with his stroke.

It only made Su Ming want to draw the principles contained within the sword stroke even more, hence he paid even more attention to the various changes in that sword slash. Yet there seemed to be no rules hidden within it, making it difficult for him to completely understand it, which would allow him to draw the

sword slash with his right index finger.

He knew that it was difficult to completely understand the power behind the sword slash. That was why he did not think about trying to understand it in one go. Instead, each time he copied the sword slash, he would find something different within the attack and copy it to his new drawing.

Gradually, as time passed by, with each time Su Ming's right hand fell down, he came to slowly sense the presence of the invisible and innumerable membranes that were disappearing before him layer by layer as the scarlet sword fell.

As the membranes disappeared, Su Ming's body also came closer to the incoming scarlet sword.

Su Ming remained calm, but his empty eyes made him seem as if he had lost his soul. Perhaps more accurately speaking, it was as if his soul had gone to his right index finger. With each stroke, his soul would seep into the world to feel the strange changes contained within the sword as it fell down in the gigantic world.

Those strokes made him seem like he was drawing out the lines for a picture. The invisible membranes continued disappearing as Su Ming moved forward slowly. Every single time he took a step, he would draw many lines in the air, causing more membranes to disappear.

Yet he knew clearly that with his current abilities, he could only copy out the form of the sword slash, but not its soul. Even if he

used his own soul to draw it, he could not feel its sadness, that was why his strokes had no life.

"Sadness..." Su Ming mumbled.

As his right hand drew time and again before him, he found his sadness and the sadness within Dark Mountain. Yet, there was something missing from that sadness, causing it to be unable to fuse with the stroke.

‘It’s lacking an aged feeling...’

When Su Ming came to the side of the falling scarlet sword and observed the sword in close proximity with just a few feet between them, he suddenly jolted and a hint of understanding appeared within him.

‘Among the people I met, there’s only one person who has this old and aged feeling...’

Su Ming lowered his head and his right eye was gradually stained in red until it eventually turned into the blood moon of Dark Mountain.

"Wherefore doth thou cry, o blue sky..?" he mumbled and closed his eyes.

He lifted his right index finger instinctively and drew once again. This time, he drew a diagonal stroke. If that stroke was drawn on

paper, perhaps it would only form a horizontal line. However, this simple line would make people feel that it contained the power to change the world once they saw it.

But he was drawing on air. The final invisible membrane between Su Ming and the scarlet sword tore apart with a ripping sound that no ear could hear when Su Ming drew that line.

The instant it disappeared, Su Ming lifted his right hand once again and drew a stroke in the direction of the scarlet sword, in the air where all the invisible membranes between them no longer existed.

That stroke was also a horizontal line, yet while that horizontal line seemed like it was only one simple stroke, it was in truth the culmination of all the thousands upon thousands of strokes taken when Su Ming copied the trajectory of the sword.

At the instant that stroke was completed, the numerous horizontal lines he drew previously appeared by his side. No one could see the strokes that seemed like mere scribbles, only Su Ming could because he was the one who'd drawn them.

At that moment, these innumerable horizontal lines gathered before Su Ming and fell on his final stroke as if they were overlapping each other. These thousands upon thousands of strokes fell on top each other and eventually turned into the most powerful horizontal line Su Ming could draw after copying the trajectory of the sword in the air.



The moment this stroke was finished, rumbling sounds seemed to echo in the world, and the world before him shattered like a mirror. Once a layer of something seemed to have been swept away from the world, uproars reverberated through the air and a shrill whistling sound descended from the sky.

The world had returned to normal. Time seemed to have stopped a moment before Su Ming tried to understand that sword slash, and when the world returned to normal, he found himself returning to that instant.

It was as if everything that had happened was just an illusion.

A dazed look appeared on Su Ming's face. His right hand was lifted and remained in the same position of when he'd drawn his final stroke in the strange world.

The shrill whistling sound before him was from Si Ma Xin's scarlet sword. That sword was now tumbling backwards, and with a boom, it could no longer maintain its sword form. It turned into a large amount of red light and returned to the Seven Colored Mountain behind Si Ma Xin, who was looking at him with an aghast look in his eyes and an expression full of disbelief.

Si Ma Xin's breathing quickened. All the people who were watching looked towards Su Ming, and their gazes were filled with shock along with horror.

Just now, they saw the scarlet sword slicing down towards Su Ming. Su Ming originally did not react to it, but when the sword

was less than 100 feet away from him, he suddenly lifted his head, and with his right hand, he waved at the incoming scarlet sword gently.

Yet that wave made the space between him and the scarlet sword twist. Before any of them saw it clearly, rumbling sounds echoed in the air, and the scarlet sword let out a shrill whistling sound before it tumbled backwards because it could not fight against that wave, and eventually could not even maintain its sword form!

To top it off, that was the God of Berserkers Transformation Si Ma Xin had casted!

After a short moment of silence, uproars rose in the air like a constant buzzing. There was surprise and bewilderment as the people looked at Su Ming, as if they had just renewed their understanding of this unfamiliar face before them.

Si Ma Xin breathed rapidly. He might not have been injured, but during that instant when Su Ming waved his hand lightly and made his scarlet sword tumble backwards before shattering, he was stunned.

He understood the might of his God of Berserkers Transformation Art, and it was precisely because of this understanding that his heart pounded and raced against his chest while he looked at Su Ming with a face filled with disbelief.

‘Impossible! He’s not in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, how could he so easily dispel that one style I mastered..? And... And the method

he used to counter it just now...’

Si Ma Xin could not believe what he saw just now, and the movements Su Ming made when he waved away the sword were also incredibly familiar to him.

During that instant, there was a subtle hint of grief that made him feel shaken.

A brilliant glint appeared in the eyes of the red robed left preceptor standing on the fourth summit. With a grave expression on his face, he took a step forward and took a careful look at Su Ming, who was standing in the battlefield in the distance.

"Creation..." the left preceptor mumbled and kept his gaze fixed on Su Ming for a long time.

Some of the older generation who rarely left their mountains on the Great Frozen Plains of Freezing Sky Clan turned their attention towards Su Ming. His final wave during the battle just now was enough to make them feel shaken.

The long haired woman sitting on the platform on the eighth summit lifted her right hand and tucked her hair behind her ear. When she lowered her hand, she drew a line before her gently. The arc she drew bore some similarities to the horizontal line Su Ming had drawn.

The similarity was not in the appearance of the lines, but the

essence within those strokes. In fact, when she drew her arc, the air before her also twisted, as if she had just imitated Su Ming's actions with ease. However, the sorrow and aged feeling was missing from her stroke.

‘What an interesting stroke... A disciple of the ninth summit, hmm..?’

The woman smiled faintly.

The dazed look on Su Ming's face disappeared and the calm look returned. However, his heart remained in a state of shock. Yet when his mind cleared, a sharp pain spread through his entire body, causing him to turn pale and he coughed out blood before staggering a few steps back.

This pain did not come from a specific spot within him, but from his entire body. Every single inch of his flesh and bone, even his veins and organs were crying out in pain.

This pain came too suddenly, as if Su Ming had performed an action that far surpassed what his body could endure just now, and it had caused his body and his organs to show signs of weakening.

When Su Ming retreated, Han Mountain Bell had already captured the rod insect. Once it held the creature within it, Han Mountain Bell shrank and returned to the size of a small bell before it flew back to Su Ming and landed in his hand.

Buzzing sounds appeared from within the Bell, causing it to tremble in Su Ming's hand, as if the captured rod insect was struggling furiously inside.

After all, Su Ming was still not in total control over Han Mountain Bell. He might have been able to take it away, but in terms of using its power, as of now he could only use the bell's tolls and turn them into a sound wave and also use the Bell to seal things just like before.

Not too far away, when Si Ma Xin saw Su Ming coughing up blood, his expression relaxed slightly and was no longer as shocked as it was before. If Su Ming could really dispel his first Style in the God of Berserkers Transformation without suffering any form of injury, then Si Ma Xin would immediately turn away and return to the first summit to isolate himself and avoid Su Ming.

Yet when he saw Su Ming coughing up blood, Si Ma Xin's confidence returned.

He stared at Su Ming and took a deep breath. A serious expression of an intensity never seen before appeared on his face. He lifted his right hand slowly and pushed his palm up towards the sky.

"If you can fight against my final attack, then from now onwards, whenever I see you, I will immediately kneel down towards you!" Si Ma Xin said resolutely and made a slight hooking motion in the air with his fingers.

In the span of that breath, from the various tribes on the Land of South Morning, all the Berserker Seeds Si Ma Xin had planted in the people just like he'd done to Fang Mu shuddered violently and fell unconscious in different locations.

"Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed!"

Si Ma Xin's hair floated without wind and a dim light appeared in his eyes. He spread his arms outward, causing him to look extraordinarily enchanting in midair!

## Chapter 240: My Name Is Bai Su

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The moment Si Ma Xin spoke the words, the crowd quickly retreated once again and an even wider space was cleared for the battle.

All their gazes were no longer trained on Si Ma Xin, but on Su Ming, and their looks were all conflicted.

Su Ming rarely spoke, and it seemed to them that he was a quiet man. Yet Su Ming and Si Ma Xin's battle had made the other Freezing Sky Clan disciples from the other eight summits to remember him. Their previous disdainful comments were already gone like the wind.

Su Ming had used his actions to crush all their disdain and contempt, and all these emotions had melted into the hearts of all those who'd spoken those words.

To them, Su Ming was now an existence that could be said to be equal to Si Ma Xin. He might be slightly weaker than he was, but if he could fight against Si Ma Xin to this point and force him to use the Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed, then it could only mean that he was an extraordinary person.

From this day onwards, Su Ming's name would sweep through the land like a typhoon, and there will be a lot of people who would remember everything that had happened.

Perhaps in the future, there will be one more person who will be

known as the prodigy of Freezing Sky Clan. However, this person belonged to the ninth summit! Moreover, he was not their senior brother or junior brother. He was... their uncle master.

The fourth in seniority from the ninth summit – uncle master Su.

However, when Han Cang Zi heard Si Ma Xin's words from where she stood on the third summit, her expression instantly changed. She had a vague feeling that something was off with Si Ma Xin's words. It was as if there was something within them that made her skin crawl and her heart clench in terror.

It was as if the attack was not as simple as it seemed, but there was a danger within that could not be pinpointed!

"No... There's something wrong with this..." Han Cang Zi mumbled.

With a frown on her face, she started mulling over his words.

At the same time, Han Fei Zi was also watching from the fourth summit. However, she was different from Han Cang Zi. She did not think about what Si Ma Xin said, but was watching Su Ming. There was shock on her face.

Su Ming's strength had once again exceeded Han Fei Zi's expectations. This change made her feel that if Su Ming continued growing stronger, then the distance between them would increase.



The red robed left preceptor had a displeased look in his eyes as he stood on the fourth summit. The others might not understand the meaning behind Si Ma Xin's words, but he did.

"Preposterous!"

The old man let out a cold harrumph and swept his eyes towards the quiet ninth summit before he fell silent.

The long haired woman sitting on the big stone platform on the seventh summit was also frowning. When she looked at Si Ma Xin standing in the distance, there was disgust in her eyes.

"I read some ancient scrolls before, and one of them recorded the words left from one of the other worlds. What did it say now..?"

The woman spoke softly, and the women standing behind her immediately stood to attention. Some of them even looked excited and eager. Being able to receive pointers from their eldest senior sister was something fortunate to them.

"If you stay on your [Dao](#) but have no method of solving a particular problem now, that method will eventually come to you. If you have the skills and power, but have strayed from your Dao, then you cannot use your skills, and your power will forever stay stagnant! I don't understand the 'Dao' meant by those in the other worlds, but now..."

道: Dao, or Tao, or the Way, or the Path, is a philosophical state in Taoism. It is an underlying natural order of the universe, a way of life, and a concept. There are so many interpretations to the

word Dao that it's rather confusing, but in this novel, I believe that Dao is used in this context – an ongoing practice to reach a state of spiritual perfection. For the sake of consistency between RI and ISSTH, the word Dao is used instead of the insane amount of alternatives available for the word.

The woman gaze went from Su Ming to Si Ma Xin, a contemplative look on her face.

Tian Xie Zi continued drinking from his gourd at the top of the ninth summit. It was as if he did not hear what had happened outside.

Su Ming's second senior brother who was still crouching down tending to his flowers at the mountainside frowned and put aside the flowers in his hands before standing up and casting his gaze into the distance.

Si Ma Xin's words were still echoing in the air above the buildings located at the center of the nine summits and under Heaven Gate. All of his mystical abilities were built with the Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed as its basis. Even the God of Berserkers Transformation would show different changes according to the different Art practised. With Si Ma Xin, the Art was based on his Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed.

This Art was created by the second God of Berserkers and contained immeasurable power. Legends said that the second God of Berserkers used this Art to enslave those from the other worlds, this way obtaining the right to become the God of Berserkers. He might not have reached the height of power of the first God of

Berserkers, but he was still powerful enough to make clouds tumble with just a shout.

Si Ma Xin used a lot of time and effort in practicing this Art. Just the act of searching for Berserker Seeds alone had used up a lot of time and energy on his side. Unless he absolutely had to, he did not want to activate this ability to fight against his enemies.

Because once he used this ability, all the Berserker Children that had been planted with the Berserker Seed would fall into a certain state, just like Fang Mu had previously done, and die.

This was something Si Ma Xin found hard to accept. It would make all the progress he had with the Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed come to a halt, and he would have to find enough Berserker Children before he could begin practicing the Art again.

Yet now, Si Ma Xin casted this Art against Su Ming without much hesitation. This was not a moment of recklessness, but a choice after a long period of careful thought!

He would rather sacrifice all his Berserker Children to obtain a new one... This new Berserker Son... was Su Ming!

Su Ming's growth speed, his frightening potential, and his action in dispelling his God of Berserkers Transformation not only made Si Ma Xin shocked and aghast, it also sprouted a sinister thought in his heart.

The idea was to plant a Berserker Seed in Su Ming's body and turn him into his Berserker Seed!

‘If I can turn him into my Berserker Seed, then with his growth speed and his potential, it'll be worth it for me to sacrifice all my other Berserker Children!

‘After all, while good Berserker Children are difficult to find, people like Su Ming are even rarer. Now that I've found one, I won't be satisfied with letting him go!’

A light flickered in Si Ma Xin's eyes, and when he looked towards Su Ming, there was a strange look hidden deep within his eyes.

When he declared that if Su Ming could receive his subsequent and final attack, then he would bow down towards him in the future, those words were actually something out of character for him.

If there was no underlying meaning behind his words, he would not do something so stupid. That sentence was the same as forcing himself into a corner. He had to win, or else the consequences would be unbearable for him.

In truth, the words he said were a suggestion required for the Art and for him to plant the Berserker Seed. It could even be said to be a hook.

He would bury the words in Su Ming's heart and make it a hook.

The more Su Ming placed his attention on it, the more weight those words would carry. Then with those words as a hook, he could form a strange connection with Su Ming. While that connection may not have physical form and would be something imaginary, this sort of hook was the connecting line that was particularly important in practicing the Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed.

By using the outcome of the battle as a hook, burying the words in Su Ming's heart, then gathering them into a Seed within him as a premise, then if Si Ma Xin won this battle, the Seed would slowly grow into a real Berserker Seed in its unique way within Su Ming.

Even if he lost, then when he saw Su Ming and had to kneel down before him, the surges of emotion Su Ming would feel no matter how small they may be when he saw this action would nourish the Berserker Seed and allow it to grow.

This was the mysterious and domineering quality of the Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed, the Art that few people had understood over the countless years that had passed. As long as the targets had a slight opening in their minds, then this Art could rip apart that opening and enter. The casters would not take their targets' spirits, but could use them and their power for themselves.

This mystical ability was simply too tyrannical. If the caster did not completely understand the Art, then the rate of success would be low. Unless they could use their power to suppress their target's and forcefully plant the Seed within them, then they would need luck.

If Si Ma Xin won, then he would have complete ownership over this powerful Berserker Son. If he lost, he could still slowly make Su Ming turn into his Berserker Son. To Si Ma Xin, the only thing he would lose was a bit of his reputation. This was something he could bear.

Right now, he was floating in midair. As he spread out his arms, the presence coming from within him increased at a shocking speed. It even gave others the feeling that he had reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm.

Su Ming frowned. He had already heard Si Ma Xin's words. There was something he couldn't describe within them. It was as if the words had crawled into his heart and were echoing endlessly within him.

At that moment, an anxious voice suddenly traveled out from the third summit.

"Su Ming, don't fight him! He wants to plant..."

That voice belonged to Han Cang Zi, yet she could only speak further. With a cold harrumph from Si Ma Xin, her words were immediately cut off.

Nonetheless, even though she did not manage to finish speaking, this battle was bound to not be able to continue, because right after Si Ma Xin let out that sound, the left preceptor's dark and sullen voice traveled out from the fourth summit and reverberated through Freezing Sky Clan.

"The school forbids in-fighting! Do you two not know the rules?!"

That voice was not loud, but there was an intimidating power to it. When it fell into everyone's ears, each word was like a roar of thunder that grew increasingly louder by the word until it eventually turned into countless echoes that sounded as if there were tens of thousands of people growling at the same time. It shook the world and caused the weather to change, the clouds to tumble back, and even the ice on the ground to shudder.

Si Ma Xin trembled. He felt as if there was thunder roaring right beside his ears. The presence rising within him was cut off, and he staggered three steps back and blood flowed down the corner of his lips.

Su Ming was the same. His ears rang, and his face instantly grew pale. He staggered five steps back, and as blood flowed from his mouth, a light bell toll came from Han Mountain Bell hiding within his body.

"Si Ma Xin, Su Ming is your senior. He has full right to block your Seven Colored Mountain. You are the one at fault! You are punished to three months of isolation and you are not allowed to leave the first summit during that time. Now go!"

Si Ma Xin's expression changed and he eventually lowered his head to bow towards the fourth summit. Then with a dark look on his face, he put away the Seven Colored Mountain and looked at the girl who was still watching and gave her a nod before he flew

back towards the first summit.

"As for the rest of you, leave!"

The left preceptor's voice rang loud and the people gathered instantly bowed towards the fourth summit respectfully before they turned to Su Ming. Some of them even wrapped their fists in their palms and saluted him with smiles on their faces before they quickly left, allowing some semblance of normalcy to return to the place.

As for the girl who looked exactly like Bai Ling but was not Bai Ling, she hesitated for a moment before looking at Su Ming. There was still hostility in her eyes, but this was the first time she spoke to Su Ming.

"You asked for my name previously. This isn't some secret to begin with, you'll know eventually, since you're a disciple in Freezing Sky Clan. My name is Bai Su. I hope that you can return to big brother Si Ma what belongs to him. Taking what belongs to others will only make others despise you!"



## Chapter 241: Chen Xiang

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Su Ming was about to turn around and walk towards Hu Zi when he paused for a moment, but it was just for a moment. He did not even turn his head back before coming down to the ground towards the snoring Hu Zi.

When Bai Su saw Su Ming turn a deaf ear towards her, she frowned and came to despise him. She turned around and went in the direction Si Ma Xin had left. Her movements were elegant, and when she turned around and left, her body moved in the wind in a manner overflowing with wild beauty.

Even now, Su Ming did not turn his head back to look at Bai Su. This girl was no different from anyone else to him. The only thing special about her was her face that was incredibly similar to Bai Ling's, which caused the wave of emotions in him previously.

Yet now, that wave had returned to stillness.

There was still some uncertainty in his heart, but it was not about Bai Su—it was the attitude of the fourth summit's left preceptor. The words he uttered just now clearly held the implications of him somewhat siding with Su Ming.

‘I’m not close with the left preceptor, so why did he do that..?’

Su Ming's eyes sparkled and his Master, Tian Xie Zi, appeared in his mind.

Hu Zi was still snoring on the ground and there was quite a large amount of drool that had flowed out of his mouth. There was even a silly grin on his face, as if he was having the time of his life in his dream. Zi Che stood by his side respectfully, and once Su Ming got closer, he immediately wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed to him.

"Greetings, uncle master Su."

His respect did not seem faked but came from within his heart. Once he saw Su Ming's battle against Si Ma Xin, he felt fortunate that he had run into Su Ming's second senior when he went to try and attack him.

Zi Che had no confidence that he could win against Su Ming at all if he had fought against him and come face to face with all the mystical abilities he just saw.

'He could actually force Si Ma Xin to use the Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed... This Su Ming will definitely be an extraordinary presence in Freezing Sky Clan in the future!'

Zi Che was certain of this. When he remembered the killing intent he felt on Su Ming's body and the calm tone he used when he was in Hu Zi's cave abode, that respect turned into reverence.

Su Ming nodded his head. The moment his feet touched the ground, He Feng charged back from the sky, looking rather roughed up. When Si Ma Xin left, the soul of the ice wolf also left

with him. At that moment, as He Feng came back to Su Ming, his body was trembling slightly, but there was an even deeper reverence within his eyes compared to Zi Che's when he looked at Su Ming.

He could be said to have watched Su Ming arrive at this state since he was still weak. The person before him now was completely different from the Su Ming in the past. It was precisely because he had witnessed his growth that his respect towards Su Ming was much stronger and deeper compared to the others.

He knew that Su Ming was not a foolishly kind person. His actions could be vicious, and if anyone offended him, he would definitely take revenge.

"Master..." He Feng bowed deeply towards Su Ming with an ashamed look on his face. "Master, my power could not compare to the wolf spirit's, but don't worry, I'll definitely train hard and become your right hand in the future! I definitely won't let you down."

He Feng lifted his head and patted his chest as he made his promise.

"You should come back now."

Su Ming cast He Feng a look before lifting his right hand and clenching his fist towards the sky. Both Spirit Plunder and Han Mountain Bell charged back instantly and spun around Su Ming a few times before he put Spirit Plunder back into his storage bag

while Han Mountain Bell fused into his body and disappeared from sight.

He Feng too quickly disappeared. Only when they were all gone did Su Ming turn around and look towards the goal of his trip this time – the Artifact Storage Hall behind him.

At that moment, standing outside the Artifact Storage Hall was the man whom Hu Zi called a woman disguising herself as a man by pointing and practically shouting at him. When she saw Su Ming looking over, there was a great difference in her expression compared to when she looked at him before Si Ma Xin's return.

Her expression before had been filled with disgust and resignation, and if she could, she would have avoided them like the plague. Since she disliked Hu Zi, all those who came with him were also hated.

Yet now, there was respect on her face. When Su Ming's gaze fell on her, she immediately took a few steps forward and bowed deeply towards him with her fist wrapped in her palm.

"I am Chen Xiang. Greetings, uncle master Su."

Chen Xiang was actually very beautiful and looked as pretty as a picture. However, under careful disguise, Chen Xiang's skin was rather dark, which made it seem like a pearl that had its shine hidden away, causing others to be unable to tell whether Chen Xiang was a man or a woman at first glance.

She was also wearing a loose robe that hid the lines of her body. If Hu Zi had not mentioned that this person was actually a woman pretending to be a man, Su Ming would not have been able to find any clues about it. Yet when his gaze fell upon this person, he gradually saw some hints.

However, he did not stare for a long time. He averted his gaze very soon.

"I'd like to enter the Artifact Storage Hall and choose some papers. I hope you'll allow me to do so."

Su Ming did not put on the airs of an uncle master as he spoke unhurriedly towards the other person.

Chen Xiang quickly nodded and took a few steps back to open the path with a respectful look.

"Uncle master Su, this way, please. I usually manage the Artifact Storage Hall. Please wait inside for a moment. I'll bring the papers you need now."

Under Chen Xiang's guidance, Su Ming walked into the Artifact Storage Hall. As for Zi Che, he remained outside taking care of the snoring Hu Zi. Without Su Ming's permission, he did not dare follow behind him.

Perhaps before Su Ming fought against Si Ma Xin, Zi Che would have still done so, but it would not have been a matter of whether

he dared or dared not follow Su Ming. Yet now, when he witnessed the might of Su Ming's power, Zi Che had a sudden change of impression towards the ninth summit.

In his eyes, all the people in that summit were weird, but even if they were weird, everyone besides Hu Zi should be powerful Berserkers. That gentle man who loved flowers was so, Su Ming, whose killing intent was revealed just now, was also a powerful Berserker. There was also their eldest senior fellow disciple, the person who was in constant isolation. By Zi Che's assumptions, this person should be an even more powerful existence!

‘This is the true ninth summit. The other rumors are all fake... Only when you've entered the ninth summit will you be able to understand the terrors of the oddities staying there...’

Zi Che sucked in a deep breath. He had a feeling that perhaps entering the ninth summit this way might not actually be something bad for him. It might even be a sort of chance for him.

While he was immersed in his thoughts, Hu Zi's rhythmic snores fell into his ears. That sound might not seem loud in broad daylight, but in the quiet night, if anyone heard that sound in the forest, they would definitely think it was some big insect or a ferocious beast and their expressions would definitely change to that of fear.

Those snores were like roars that sounded like rumbles when it fell into a person's ears.

Zi Che turned his head around and cast Hu Zi a look, and curiosity gradually appeared in his eyes.

‘This person is most likely not someone mediocre as well...’

He remembered how this man had grabbed his hands when he was in his cave abode and forced him into deep slumber. The things that had happened in his dreams made his face gradually turn pale.

‘Entering Dreams... if he could bring any person into his dream anytime he wanted, then his power would be terrifying! They’re monsters! All the people in the ninth summit are monsters!’

The more Zi Che thought about it, the more shocked he was, yet similarly, the more shocked he was, the more tempted he became!

Su Ming sat in one of the chairs in the Artifact Storage Hall. There was an oil lamp on the table by his side. It might still be bright outside, but the light from the fire still let out a light that spread to its surroundings.

The Artifact Storage Hall was not very big, but it was not small either. There were rows upon rows of shelves stocked with all sorts of things. Some of them looked slightly broken and worn down, while others still looked new.

He could see Chen Xiang’s body occasionally flitting through the shelves. She was walking through them briskly and picking out

different types of papers from the shelves. After a moment, she brought the papers before Su Ming and placed them respectfully on the table, then took a few steps back and whispered with his head lowered, "Uncle master Su, the items in the Artifact Storage Hall are not complete. We only have these types of papers here. Please take a look to see which on you want, and I'll bring more of it for you."

"These papers are used by the disciples from the other summits for recording purposes. If you think it's not enough, we still have bamboo slips in store."

As Chen Xiang spoke, she started sizing up Su Ming from the corners of her eyes.

Su Ming nodded his head and looked at the papers on the table. Most of them were rough and dark brown in color. Some of them were even of a quality worse than beast skins.

When Chen Xiang saw a light crease appear between Su Ming's brows, she quickly said, "Um... uncle master Su, we only have these here. You could take a look around and see whether you can find anything to replace these papers."

Su Ming got up when he heard the words and walked towards the shelves. Before he walked too far away, he suddenly stopped and pointed towards an item at his side as he looked at Chen Xiang.

"How many of these do you have?"



Chen Xiang followed behind Su Ming and immediately turned towards where he was pointing. She saw a white wooden block about the length of an arm and the breadth of a palm on the shelf.

Its color was so white that it seemed spotlessly clean.

"This is Solid White Wood. This sort of wood doesn't exist around Freezing Sky Clan. It's rumored that it's only produced in a place hundreds of thousands of li to the east of Freezing Sky Clan. Since the color is nice, it's usually used to make chairs... I have some of this wood here."

While speaking, Chen Xiang quickly took a few steps forward and brought out several wooden blocks of the same type.

"Uncle master Su, these are the only ones we have."

"Thank you. That will be enough."

Su Ming smiled faintly and took the white pieces of wood. With a flick of his right wrist, these wooden blocks instantly disappeared and were put away into his storage bag.

"About the price for these wooden blocks..."

Su Ming looked at Chen Xiang and found himself not knowing what to say.

"Uncle master Su, you're being too distant. You just arrived in Freezing Sky Clan. These things aren't really expensive, so I can still make the decision on how to deal with them. You can just take them away."

Chen Xiang quickly waved the question away and smiled. In Su Ming's eyes, that smile now revealed hints that Chen Xiang was truly a woman pretending to be a man.

However, he believed that Hu Zi was not the first to see through this. Everyone had their own secrets and stories they did not want to tell others. There must be a reason as to why Chen Xiang always dressed up this way in Freezing Sky Clan.

"Thank you."

Su Ming did not reject the offer and nodded towards Chen Xiang.

"Oh, that's right. Uncle master Su, you must be thinking about making your own wooden slips from that Solid White Wood. If that's the case, you'll need some special string..."

As Chen Xiang spoke, she brought out a white reel of thread and gave it to Su Ming.

"When I was looking for the other Solid White Wood, I saw this. It has been lying around the hall for many years. I heard that it's the tendon from a ferocious beast and is very sturdy. It'll definitely be able to connect the wooden slips together."

Su Ming did not take it. Instead, he looked at Chen Xiang with the ghost of a smile on his lips. If this person had decided to give him the wooden blocks, he could still marginally think of it as Chen Xiang trying to express goodwill to him. Yet if she wanted to give him the beast's tendon, then this was definitely not something as simple as trying to get into his good graces. After all, Su Ming did not really fit into the description of an uncle master.

When Chen Xiang saw that expression on Su Ming's face, an awkward look appeared on her face. After a moment of hesitation, she gritted her teeth and bowed deeply towards Su Ming.

"Uncle master Su, please help me..."

## Chapter 242: Chen Xiang's Request...

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Su Ming did not speak immediately but stood in the hall and stared at Chen Xiang. There was a sharp glint in his eyes, and when Chen Xiang saw that glint, she felt as if she had been seen through and her darkest secrets were revealed.

Chen Xiang shuddered and lowered her head because she did not dare look into his eyes. She took a few steps back once again.

"Speak. I'll consider it," Su Ming said calmly, his words unhurried.

"If... if you're willing to help me, uncle master Su, then it'll definitely work..."

Chen Xiang bit her bottom lip. Her current look made her unconsciously reveal more of her feminine characteristics.

"Uncle master Su, please help me... make uncle master Sun Da Hu stop sneaking outside my room at midnight... to peak... I really can't get used to it..." Chen Xiang whispered, finally managing to speak of her request in a more tactful manner. Once she finished speaking, she bent her body and bowed towards Su Ming.

"Uncle master Su, please help me..."

Su Ming's expression instantly turned strange. He had thought of a lot of possibilities, but he absolutely did not expect Chen Xiang to

give him the wooden blocks and tendons for this.

From this alone, it could be seen just how much trauma Hu Zi had left in the hearts of the people.

When he recalled what had happened when Hu Zi brought him here from the ninth summit up to the point he fell asleep, Su Ming could not help but laugh wryly.

Su Ming hesitated for a moment before he spoke his thoughts, "I'll try my best to persuade him from it, but I can't promise you success."

He too would not like someone crouching around him at night watching his every move. When he remembered the strange smile on Hu Zi's face when he was peaking at his second senior brother, it was not difficult for Su Ming to think of that smile on Hu Zi's face while he was peaking at other people as well.

He cast a pitying glance at Chen Xiang. When she heard Su Ming's words, gratitude instantly appeared on her face. That gratitude was not a show but came from within the depths of her heart, which just went to show just how deeply affected she was by Hu Zi's harassment.

Removing uncle master Hu Zi, whose presence was really just like that of a nightmare at night to her, was the most important thing to Chen Xiang at the moment.

Amidst her gratitude and respect, Su Ming walked out of the Artifact Storage Hall. Chen Xiang followed behind him and gave a deep bow towards Su Ming. The eager look in her eyes made Su Ming instinctively look towards the snoring Hu Zi behind Zi Che, who were both located not too far away from him.

"I'll try my best."

Su Ming nodded at Chen Xiang and walked towards Hu Zi. Once he had him in his arms, he took a step into the air and turned into a long arc that charged back to the ninth summit.

Zi Che quickly followed behind him and looked at Su Ming's back before him. Resolution appeared in his eyes.

With Su Ming in front and Zi Che following behind him, the two of them soon arrived at the ninth summit from the buildings underneath Heaven Gate. On the way, Su Ming ran into some Freezing Sky Clan disciples. Once these people saw him, those who recognized him would immediately stop and wrap their fists in their palms to greet him. They only started moving again when Su Ming left.

The people who called him 'uncle master Su' were not many, but it was way different compared to how he had been treated previously.

If there were some who did not understand what was happening while they stood beside those who did, they would quickly ask in low whispers. Once they obtained the answer, disbelief would

appear on their faces, and their gazes that followed Su Ming would become different.

After a moment, when the ninth summit appeared before Su Ming's eyes, he and Zi Che quickly arrived to Hu Zi's cave abode. Su Ming landed outside and brought Hu Zi inside before placing him down on the spot he usually slept.

As he looked at the loudly snoring Hu Zi, a smile appeared on Su Ming's face. He grabbed a wine gourd by the side and placed it where Hu Zi could reach it before turning around and leaving.

Zi Che was standing respectfully outside the cave. When he saw Su Ming coming out, he immediately lowered his head, looking as if he was waiting for his orders.

"I originally wanted to turn you into medicinal liquid."

Su Ming's gaze fell upon Zi Che.

Zi Che was silent. There was an awkward look on his face, and he kept silent with his head lowered.

"But if you can get me two people who are nearly dead, then I'll get rid of that thought," Su Ming stated calmly.

He had already made his decision. The most important thing for him to do while he was in Freezing Sky Clan's ninth summit was to train.

He must make himself stronger. Only by doing so could he win against Si Ma Xin in the short run, and in the long run, walk out of Sky Mist Barrier and out of the Land of South Morning.

All of these required him to be powerful!

The battle with Si Ma Xin may have made them seem as if they were equals, but Su Ming knew that he had lost during that battle. If his Master had not intervened and given him enough time to copy the power of the world contained within the sword stroke, he would have definitely lost when that sword struck down.

Even with Tian Xie Zi's help, Su Ming still felt a strong sense of danger looming over his head when Si Ma Xin casted the Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed, and that danger was not something he could dissolve with his current power!

Even if he still had one treasure left, not having brought out the fire ice his eldest senior brother had given him, that thing was still considered an external object and did not come from within him.

All these made Su Ming clearly understand that his power was still very weak... In his current state, he would not even be able to leave Sky Mist Barrier, much less go back home. He would not even be able to have an easy time in Freezing Sky Clan.

These thoughts had been circulating in Su Ming's mind all the way back.



"Uncle master Su, it won't be difficult to obtain people who are nearly dead. I promise you, within three years, I'll definitely be able to obtain two living corpses with incredible power for you.

"The Shamans outside Sky Mist Barrier are the best choice," Zi Che quickly said with a respectful tone.

While Zi Che was speaking, Su Ming had already walked into the distance with his back towards him, as if he did not hear the other's voice. As he continued walking forward, it made Zi Che anxious and worried. When Su Ming was about to disappear from his sight, the man's slow voice reached his ears.

"I'm lacking a person guarding my cave abode at night. If you want to, then come with me."

Zi Che felt his spirits lift and immediately shouted loudly, "I want to!"

He was already moving when the words left his mouth and immediately followed behind Su Ming. They disappeared from Hu Zi's place.

Su Ming returned to his cave abode. The simple cave now looked different in his eyes. There was now a slight hint of warmth there, and even a feeling of home.

The platform outside the cave was covered with plants that could

grow in ice and snow. However, there was a small spot on the platform that was left empty. That was the spot Su Ming had asked his second senior brother to leave empty for him to meditate.

The green grass swayed in the freezing wind, as if struggling to survive in this biting cold environment. There was a resilient life force within it, and when he looked at it, Su Ming had a vague feeling that he was looking at his second senior brother.

He suddenly understood why his second senior brother planted so many plants in most of the areas in the ninth summit. It was because he treated the mountain as his home, and his presence was just like the plants in the mountain. As long as there was a spot where his plants grew, that place would be labeled as his protected area.

Take for example this place. There were no plants here before he came here, but once Su Ming built his cave abode, his second senior brother dropped by with his plants and covered the place with them.

A silent heartwarming feeling seeped into Su Ming's heart as the plants and flowers swayed in the wind. He crouched down and looked at them with a smile on his face. This was a warmth he rarely felt after he arrived in the Land of South Morning.

The smile on his face was a reflection of the warmth he felt when he was in Dark Mountain. It had always been kept hidden in Su Ming's heart, but now, it appeared once again on his lips.

Zi Che stood not too far respectfully as he kept an eye on Su Ming. When he saw that smile on his face, he was baffled. It was as if the person before him was no longer the person he respected, the one who had enough power to fight against Si Ma Xin, and the uncle master Su who was filled with a murderous aura, but instead a young man who had just reached adulthood and was still a little wet behind the ears.

Yet that bafflement only lasted for an instant. When Su Ming stood up, that smile was gone, and the feeling Zi Che had which might have been just his misconception immediately vanished.

The young man who had just become an adult was gone. In his place was the usual uncle master Su who had a murderous aura beneath his calm demeanor.

"Without my orders, do not enter the cave abode. Stay outside and wait for my orders."

Su Ming's cold voice fell into Zi Che's ears as he walked towards his cave abode, which was still lacking a door.

"Aye!"

Zi Che immediately obeyed respectfully. He took a few steps back and retreated to a spot that had no wind before sitting down. A look of uncertainty and confusion appeared in his eyes for a moment before it was quickly replaced by resolution.

‘Three years... Perhaps these three years won’t be a disaster for me, but a form of serendipity... Let’s hope that’s the case...’

Zi Che closed his eyes and sank into a meditative state. Nonetheless, his mind remained alert of his surroundings. Just like a guard, he performed his duties.

Su Ming was also sitting inside his cave abode. The sky was gradually darkening outside. He slowly brought out the pieces of Solid White Wood he had obtained from the Artifact Storage Hall and placed them in front of himself before also bringing out the beast tendon.

The tendon had extremely great ductility. Even if he held only a small section of the tendon in his hand, he could still make it stretch out to incredible lengths.

The pieces of Solid White Wood were not cut in the same length and size. Some of them were longer while some shorter. Some of them were about three fingers tall, and some at only the height of two fingers. Su Ming stared at those wooden pieces, and after remaining silent for a moment, he quickly lifted both of his hands and grabbed a piece of wood. With a flick of his wrist, many wooden scraps flew into the air. After a moment, he placed the piece of wood down and picked up another one.

After a long while, once Su Ming had trimmed all of the wooden pieces, nine wooden pieces lay before him. All of these blocks were about the length of his arm, the breadth of five fingers, and the height of two fingers. They all looked the same and were all white. With just one glance, it was difficult to determine whether they

were wood or white jade.

Once Su Ming placed the nine pieces of wood together, a big drawing board appeared before him. There may have been very fine cracks between the wooden pieces, but if he used force and pressed against them, he could cover them up.

Su Ming then brought out the beast tendon and green light shone at the center of his brows. The small sword flew towards the beast tendon and cut it up into several sections which he used to tie up the wooden pieces on his drawing board. Due to the ductility and flexibility of the tendon, the cracks on the drawing board disappeared, but if he used force to roll up this drawing board like he would do a piece of beast skin, then it would turn into a cylinder under that force.

## Chapter 243: The Strange Rod Insect

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Su Ming looked at the drawing board he had created, then lifted his right hand and gently stroked its surface. The drawing board was smooth, and he could not feel even a hint of roughness on it.

"You'll be helping me understand the laws of Creation in the world from now on..." Su Ming mumbled and slowly closed his eyes.

The world outside was already dark. As the chilling wind moaned in the air, it landed on the ninth summit and swept past the platform outside Su Ming's cave. Some of the wind even entered his cave and lifted his long hair.

Su Ming had his eyes closed. He was not trying to reach any sort of epiphany, neither was he immersing himself in his training. His mind was blank. However, a girl gradually appeared in his empty mind.

The girl had a beautiful laughter and her eyes twinkled, causing the others to be attracted by her charm when they saw her. As the girl's body gradually grew clearer, a wild beauty could be seen on her.

She was like a flower refusing to be restrained and obstinately growing in a forest while giving out a natural and incredibly attractive fragrance.

She was dressed in white robes, and she was looking at Su Ming

with a smile.

"Bai Ling... Bai Su..." he mumbled. With his eyes closed, he lifted his right hand and started drawing on the recently formed white drawing board with his finger as his brush.

With each stroke, an illusionary line would appear on the drawing board. That illusionary line would seem formless to others and they would not be able to see it, as if there was no line to begin with. Since there was no brush and his fingers were only sweeping by the board, it seemed as if there were no signs left behind.

Yet because Su Ming was using his heart to draw, he could see exactly what he was drawing every time his finger passed by the board. Perhaps more accurately speaking, he was drawing out what he saw in his mind. He was drawing out a feeling, an aura, and it was something that the naked eye could not see.

Time passed by gradually. The whistling sounds from the chilling wind became stronger during the night, but the cave remained silent. The only sound inside was of Su Ming sweeping his finger repeatedly on the drawing board. However, that sound was too weak in the face of the wind and could not be heard.

A night passed by. When the sun peaked out from the horizon, Su Ming's right hand stopped moving on the drawing board and he opened his eyes.

He looked at the drawing board. To others, this drawing board

would be no different from how it was before the previous night. It was still empty. Yet in Su Ming's eyes, there was a girl on the drawing board.

The girl was dressed in white and she had a beautiful smile on her face. She looked alive, but she had no eyes.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he lifted his right hand and drew a few strokes where the girl's eyes should be. Immediately, the girl on the drawing board had eyes. There was an attractive sparkle in those eyes, yet within that sparkle was disgust, causing her entire demeanor to change, making it seem as if she was questioning Su Ming.

"She... is Bai Su," Su Ming whispered to himself softly.

There was a serenity within his eyes that remained still and did not seem like it could be disturbed. He looked at the girl on the drawing board for a long time before he tapped the drawing board with his right hand.

The drawing board immediately started trembling, and a thin layer of wood powder broke off from the surface of the board and jumped up. It looked like a veil that was lifted up, and that veil was the white figure he had drawn on the board.

As the powder sprung up like a veil that was lifted, the cold wind from outside came into the cave and raised the powder. It blew past Su Ming's body and scattered away.



When the powder disappeared, the drawing board returned to a blank slate once again in Su Ming's eyes. There were no longer any hints of the girl.

It was just like Su Ming's heart. After a night of drawing with a calm mind, the slight shock brought by the similar face was gone like the wind. The shock would never be able to affect his heart.

It was bright outside by then. Sunlight shone into the cave through the entrance like it was trying to consume darkness. The light stopped three feet before Su Ming. He could see sunlight shining down and illuminating the outlines of the cave, making it seem like a ring in the area three feet away from him. Yet the spot where he sat was still in darkness.

In his silence, Su Ming placed the drawing board on the ground. A glint appeared in his eyes and he brought out Han Mountain Bell. Once the Bell appeared, banging sounds immediately came from within. It was clear that the rod like insect was still struggling inside and trying to break free.

Su Ming looked at the Bell and a chilling glare appeared in his eyes. When he fought against Si Ma Xin, besides understanding the power of the world from that one sword strike, he also obtained another thing – the insect within Han Mountain Bell.

To him, this creature looked like a strange type of insect, but Si Ma Xin had said that this was a snake. Su Ming did not have time to think about it at that time, but now that he was in a relaxed and calm state, he lifted his right hand and flicked the shrunken Han Mountain Bell before him.

The moment he flicked it, bell chimes echoed in the air, but these bell chimes did not spread out. They simply echoed within the bell and lasted for a long period of time. Faint, shrill shrieks could be heard from within the Bell, but as the bell continued ringing and shaking, the insect's struggles quickly grew weaker, though it still continued crashing against the Bell.

Su Ming waited for the time it takes to burn another incense stick. When the insect inside the Bell could no longer struggle and only let out incredibly weak and faint cries, Su Ming pointed at Han Mountain Bell with a finger. The Bell instantly started growing. Once it was about the size of ten feet, a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he made a strange sign with his right hand, albeit with jerky movements.

This was one of the few methods to control the Bell which appeared in his head after he took the Bell as his own. Once he made that strange sign, Su Ming swiftly pushed his right hand forward.

Han Mountain Bell immediately jolted. Gradually, ripples appeared on its surface, and the Bell became transparent, allowing Su Ming to clearly see the small rod like insect sealed inside. Its body was bent like a drawn out bow, as if it could explode with a shocking force at any moment it wanted.

There were no signs of it being injured on its body. There was also a ghastly, chilling glint in its eyes, as if it was waiting for a chance.

It would have been fine if that was all, but Su Ming saw with his own eyes the insect letting out weak cries from its mouth even though it was full of vigor and just waiting for a chance to attack while looking forth with a fierce glare in its eyes.

‘What a smart insect!’

Su Ming’s eyes sparkled. The intelligence possessed by the strange insect made him sneer coldly. He immediately flicked the Bell a few times with his right hand, causing the rumbling sounds to reverberate inside the Bell, forming a large amount of sound waves to spread.

The insect’s face immediately twisted, but it endured all the attacks. The rhythmic cries eventually turned silent. If someone used sounds to determine whether the insect was still alive or dead, then he or she would most probably think that the insect was almost a goner.

Yet Su Ming clearly saw that the insect was still bending its body in a stance, ready to attack at anytime, even though it was trembling lightly. The glare that showed its cruelty and bloodlust had not diminished one bit, but instead became even stronger in the midst of its pain.

This sight moved Su Ming.

"How in the world did Si Ma Xin make this creature submit to him?!" he mumbled. The ferociousness within the creature was a clear sign that it was a gargantuan task to try and subjugate it.

"I'd like to see just what are the limits of this insect!"

Su Ming's eyes turned cold. He lifted his right hand, but he did not flick the Bell this time. Instead, he slammed his palm against Han Mountain Bell.

The moment his palm struck, the rumbling sounds inside reached their maximum volume. The loud sounds may have sounded weak outside the Bell, but they were powerful and fierce inside, and those sounds turned into an insane force.

The insect immediately trembled viciously. Its bent body seemed to be unable to withstand the force and it gradually grew lax until it eventually completely unfurled, though it was still letting out shrill shrieks.

As it continued shrieking, cracks seemed to appear on its body, and a milky white liquid flowed out of its body like blood. Its expression immediately grew dejected and its wings too fell to its sides, but the vicious look in its eyes did not diminish even the slightest. The viciousness had grown even stronger until it even looked like madness.

The cruelty in its eyes became even stronger, and it looked like if it found a chance and escaped, it would rain down maddening vengeance on the person who made it suffer so much.

Su Ming's expression remained passive as he lifted his right hand and slammed it against Han Mountain Bell once again. The volume

of the rumbling sounds inside increased to a new height. Under these bell tolls, the insect's wings were instantly torn apart and broke into two pieces. The insect trembled and looked as if it was about to break down. Lots of blood flowed out and the creature lay within the Bell like a lump of mud. It did not have a hint of strength left, as if its life was about to end.

Yet Su Ming did not see a hint of surrender in its eyes, neither did he see despair. He only saw that burning ferociousness that almost swore that as long as life had not ended, it would never fade away!

Su Ming lifted his right hand for the third time. He knew that if he struck the Bell this time, the insect would immediately die! After all, the insect excelled in speed and that piercing ability that shocked Su Ming, not in this type of endurance.

After remaining silent for a moment, Su Ming slowly lowered his right hand. He looked at the small insect in Han Mountain Bell. Not only did he see ferociousness and tenaciousness within the insect's eyes, but he also saw its loyalty towards its master, Si Ma Xin.

The reason why he could see the loyalty hidden underneath that cruelty in the insect's eyes was because Su Ming had once seen the same look in his fire ape's, Xiao Hong's, eyes.

‘Xiao Hong...’

Su Ming could not help but remember the little monkey.

He closed his eyes and only opened them after a long while. Calmness returned once again to his eyes, and as he looked at Han Mountain Bell, he suddenly said something in the Bell's direction, "You're intelligent, so you must surely understand my words... Since you're so loyal to Si Ma Xin, why don't we conduct an experiment?"

"Let's see just how important you are to Si Ma Xin!"

When the insect heard Su Ming's words, it lifted its head in one swift motion, but it could not see Su Ming. It could only see the endless haziness that surrounded it.

"I'm curious what Si Ma Xin would do for you and what he would choose..." Su Ming stated in a dull tone. He lifted his right hand suddenly and tapped the center of his brows with a finger.

At the same time, a large amount of stone coins flew up on their own from Su Ming's storage bag and floated to midair. Once they surrounded Su Ming, the Branding Power erupted from within him!

## Chapter 244: Using Love as the Seed!

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The insect's unyielding spirit, cruelty, loyalty, and willingness to die made Su Ming understand that he could not turn that insect into his own pet unless he wasted a long amount of time, perhaps years or even longer. He would not be able to use Han Mountain Bell in that time, only keeping the creature trapped within it to break down its divine sense until he could eventually turn it into his own pet.

However, Su Ming did not have the time for this, neither could he waste so much effort for it.

Yet if he killed it just like that, Su Ming found it to be quite a waste. The insect's speed and piercing power left a deep impression on him. If he could make it his own, then without a doubt, it would become an incredibly powerful weapon in his hands.

Since he found it a waste and did not have time to slowly bring it to his side, there was only one last method for Su Ming to use. He would have to forcefully leave his Brand on its mind. He might end up destroying the insect's intelligence, but once it had his Brand, it could be used immediately.

Even if there was a possibility of the insect betraying him, it was still far better than killing it or not being able to use it.

However, Su Ming had only left a Brand on someone else's mind once, and that was on He Feng. Besides, He Feng was the one who

had taught him how to use this Art. In theory, he could use the Brand on the insect.

Nonetheless, in truth, Su Ming did not have much confidence in this. However, he had been practicing this Branding Art for quite some time. From what he understood, if the other party did not resist, then it would be easy for him to leave the Brand, but if the other party started resisting, then the chances of failure would increase exponentially. If he wanted to search for the chances to increase his success whilst the other party was resisting, then he would have to find its weakness, just like how he would if he was fighting against it!

Once he found its weakness, then Su Ming could use his Branding Art and enter its mind as it was weakened and leave his Brand deep within it.

It would be easier to find this weakness if the other party was a human, but with this strange insect that was about the size a finger's segment, things would not be so easy.

Fortunately, Su Ming had noticed the insect's loyalty to Si Ma Xin. That was why he said what he said—he wanted to create a weakness in the insect.

Once this weakness appeared, then Su Ming would immediately break in with his divine sense. If he was successful, then he could turn the insect into his own. If he failed, then even if he would feel that it was a waste, he would not show mercy.



During the very instant Su Ming's divine sense spread out, he gathered it on Han Mountain Bell and entered it before turning into a typhoon within that descended upon the strange, weakened insect.

Once Su Ming completely surrounded it within his divine sense, he immediately sensed the insect's divine sense resisting and struggling viciously. That was a spirit that screamed that it would rather die than be controlled, and it turned into an impact that made Su Ming's divine sense falter for a moment.

A thought struck Su Ming's mind. As the insect struggled, he gained a new understanding of divine senses and this Art.

‘By the looks of it, if my divine sense is strong enough, then I won't even need to find any weaknesses. I can just forcefully leave my Brand behind...’

Under his divine sense, a crack opened up quietly in Han Mountain Bell. The moment the crack appeared, a bit of the insect's presence instantly darted out through the crack.

‘Si Ma Xin, I'm waiting for you to create this weakness for me...’

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he gathered his divine sense around the struggling insect.

At that moment, on the first summit of the Great Frozen Plains of Freezing Sky Clan was an incredibly extravagant cave abode that

was located near the top of the mountain. From the outside, that cave abode looked like a towering hall, and Si Ma Xin was sitting cross-legged within with a sullen face as he meditated with his eyes closed.

He was forbidden to leave, and for the next few months, he could not escape the mountain. At that moment, he was remembering the battle with Su Ming in his head. That battle made him truly understand his opponent's power. To him, Su Ming was like a thorn stuck in his throat, and it was unbearable for him.

Ever since Si Ma Xin was born, everything had been easy for him. It had continued even after he entered Freezing Sky Clan. He was regarded highly by the older generation of the school and worshipped by those of the same generation. Besides, he was good at forming good relationships with other people. It could be said that he had an innumerable amount of friends within Freezing Sky Clan.

Many of the girls and women among them had been planted with the Berserker Seed of Love. The older generation of the school knew about this, but did not stop him. Their actions relieved him. When he was out traveling to practice the Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed, those who caught his eye would find it hard to escape from his grasp.

In truth, his next target was Bai Su. That girl had a huge background that many of the disciples did not know. They only knew that she was a common disciple in the seventh summit, but Si Ma Xin once accidentally learned that her father was one of the people in the seventh layer within the nine layers of Heaven Gate.

Si Ma Xin did not know the details. After all, Heaven Gate was also a sacred and mysterious place to him. That place was the true core and the gathering place of the most powerful forces within Freezing Sky Clan.

The disciples in Heaven Gate rarely came down and appeared before the disciples of the summits in the Great Frozen Plains. One of them was in the sky, and the other on earth. They lived separately as if they were in two completely different worlds.

Becoming a disciple of Heaven Gate was practically the dream of every single person staying in the summits of the Great Frozen Plains.

Yet only the Lords of the summits could enter Heaven Gate. If they were not these people, the disciples would need to go through Freezing Sky Cave and retrieve 1,000 Shaman heads before they could enter.

‘I must enter Heaven Gate!’

Si Ma Xin clenched his fists. He did not harbor any sort of feelings for Bai Su, but as he got in touch with her, he found that Bai Su loved him.

Of course, this sort of love was fostered slowly using various methods while he was traveling outside. His goal was not to plant the Berserker Seed of Love within her. After all, Si Ma Xin was still wary of Bai Su’s father in Heaven Gate.

Yet this did not prevent him from approaching her, even if he had no thought of planting the Berserker Seed of Love within her. He wanted to use her to help him obtain the right to enter Freezing Sky Cave. After all, Freezing Sky Cave could only be opened with 1,000 Shaman heads, and he was far from having enough heads.

After all, unless the Shamans invaded their land in a large force, he would need to venture out deep into the world outside Sky Mist Barrier to obtain 1,000 Shaman heads. This was a little difficult for him.

His plan was to enter Freezing Sky Cave first and increase his power in there. Once he was done, he would go out and retrieve the Shaman heads. He had more confidence with this plan.

This method, which was akin to cheating, was not allowed within Freezing Sky Clan. The others would not be able to understand why this was not allowed, but they could not do anything about it.

But Si Ma Xin did not want to go along with the rules. That was why he set his sights on Bai Su. As long as there was someone within Heaven Gate who opened Freezing Sky Cave for a disciple of the summits in the Great Frozen Plains, then he would be able to achieve his dreams.

Besides, he had the confidence of succeeding with his Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed, even if it was at the cost of sacrificing all the people. Once he succeeded, then his power would increase

exponentially. When that time came, he would not have to worry about not being able to find Berserker Children. It might require a lot of time, but he believed that it was worth it!

That was right until he met Su Ming! More accurately speaking, it was right until he fought against Su Ming. An avaricious thought appeared in his mind. He wanted to plant a Berserker Seed in Su Ming's body and turn him into his Berserker Son.

By doing so, his chances of success in clearing Freezing Sky Cave would not only increase by several fold, the power he would gain would also increase, and it would also be largely different from what he would gain with his previous plans.

There were a lot of benefits in this. There was even a high possibility that he would not need all of his Berserker Children to die. These benefits made Si Ma Xin's heart pound in excitement.

‘Bai Su already promised me that she would speak to her father about this and that she would do everything that she can to make her father agree... She even told me that her father has never refused any of her requests before. This matter is practically in the bag, I just don't know how long it'll take... But now, I won't have to hurry either...

‘Right now, the most important thing for me is to make Su Ming into my Berserker Son!’

Si Ma Xin closed his eyes and a myriad of thoughts swam through his head.

‘It’s a pity that I can’t leave the mountain. Even when the time is up and I can move about freely, it’ll be difficult for me to get in touch with Su Ming... Ha... If I knew this was the case, I should have given up on Han Mountain Bell and made friends with him, then planted the Berserker Seed within him!’

Si Ma Xin frowned with his eyes closed. As he was immersed in his thoughts, a thought suddenly struck his head.

‘Bai Su!’ Si Ma Xin opened his eyes and a sparkle appeared within them. ‘When Su Ming saw Bai Su, there was clearly something different about him, and he didn’t seem like he was faking it...’

A glint appeared within Si Ma Xin’s eyes and his lips gradually curled up in a smile.

"Use love as a hook, turn it into the Berserker Seed, and when it blooms, the love felt will turn into nothingness. During that instant, the Seed will absorb all the life from that person! If I can create the method of using love to train the Heartless Art, then I can make changes to it. I’ll use Bai Su as the hook and plant a Berserker Seed in Su Ming!" Si Ma Xin mumbled, and a heartless form of maliciousness was clear in his smile.

"Su Ming, once I’ve set my eyes on you, you... won’t be able to run!"

A glint appeared in Si Ma Xin’s eyes, yet at that moment, his expression suddenly changed and he lifted his head swiftly. He also

rushed out of his cave abode and looked at the ninth summit, which was located far in the distance!

"My snake!"

Si Ma Xin's pupils shrank and his expression instantly grew dark.

He could sense his treasured snake's presence. Ever since Su Ming captured his snake, its presence had vanished. With its sudden appearance now, it jerked at the faint connection tying Si Ma Xin's heart with it.

In truth, he had only managed to make the snake acknowledge him as its master because he accidentally obtained a blood picture sometime ago. That picture had existed for a long time, and he only discovered the use of the picture after a long amount of time spent on researching through many ancient scrolls. Its use was to allow him to form a connection with certain strange creatures and control them by making them acknowledge him as their master.

That blood picture belonged to the Shamans living outside Sky Mist Barrier. However, the picture Si Ma Xin obtained was already torn, and he could not use it for stronger creatures. That was why when he met the snake and witnessed its might along with realizing that the snake was still a baby, he used the blood picture without any hesitation.

Right now, he could clearly feel the connection formed by the blood picture being attacked. Although there was little sign of it being whittled down, after a moment, when the snake's presence

started fading away slowly, Si Ma Xin grew hesitant.



# Chapter 245: He Does Not Want You, but I Do!

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Si Ma Xin knew that the disappearance of the snake's presence was not due to it being subjugated by Su Ming. It got sealed within Han Mountain Bell, just like how it had been previously sealed. Yet even though he knew about it, he became hesitant, and soon, that hesitance turned into cold detachment.

‘Planting the Berserker Seed is the most important thing at the moment!’

‘The snake is in Su Ming's hands now. I might not have had much contact with him, but I can tell that he's a decisive person. He won't drag things out and hesitate to take action. If he can't subjugate the snake, then he'll definitely think of ways to kill it!’

‘If that's the case, since you're going to die either way... you might as well help me before you die. At least your death will be worthwhile then.’

Si Ma Xin suppressed the pain of losing the snake and a determined look appeared in his eyes.

‘It's a pity the snake still hasn't grown up... Forget it!’

Si Ma Xin lifted his right hand abruptly and slammed it against his chest.

The cloth covering his chest instantly turned into shreds and disappeared, revealing a round blood-red picture on his chest. That blood-red picture looked like the sun, but if anyone took a closer look, they would see that there was a faint shadow of the rod insect within.

‘It’s a pity about that snake, but there’s only a thin Barren Thread within it, it won’t be able to return to its roots and become a Barren. It’s just a strange creature created by many Barren Threads from another Barren Treasure. This is just my guess, but perhaps the Barren Threads don’t even exist.

‘If I give up on this creature, the chances of me planting a Berserker Seed within Su Ming will be higher. This... is worth it!’

Si Ma Xin’s eyes sparkled, and once his right hand patted his chest, he quickly trailed his finger in the outlines of the round blood-red picture.

As his finger trailed through the picture, cold air seeped out of his skin from the spots his finger passed by. Si Ma Xin’s expression remained passive and detached. Soon, once his finger reached the end and arrived at where he started, the blood red picture on his chest instantly started moving and eventually broke off from his skin.

That blood-red circle was like a layer of skin. As it was slowly falling off his chest, many sticky threads could be seen connecting Si Ma Xin’s skin to the picture. The sticky threads looked so repulsive that people would hurl just by looking at them, but Si Ma Xin’s expression still remained passive and did not change.

As the blood-red circle separated from his body, the threads were gradually cut off. When the circle eventually floated up before Si Ma Xin, all the threads had been cut off.

A strange light appeared within Si Ma Xin's eyes and he bit his tongue to cough out blood. It fell on the blood-red circle that looked like skin and was quickly absorbed into it.

‘Before Bai Su does what I want her to do, I must first create an emptiness within Su Ming's heart. Only by doing so will she have a higher chance of success!

‘That snake will become the emptiness in his heart that will form the connection between me and Su Ming!

‘The more you want to control the snake, the stronger that connection will be! Once he tries to control the snake and it dies, then he'll sink in deeper. The more he feels disappointed and regretful, the higher my chances will be to plant the hook!’

Si Ma Xin's lips twisted into a dark smile and he lifted his right hand once again to tap the center of his brows.

"Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed!"

There was an indescribably ghastly tone in his voice as his words left his lips. The skin-like red circle before him instantly started burning.

As it burned, the vague shadow of the rod insect in the red circle started trembling furiously and sounded as if it was letting out silent screams of pain.

At the same time, in Su Ming's cave abode located on the ninth summit, the dispirited rod insect's body suddenly twisted within Han Mountain Bell. The insect, which was lying at death's gate, let out shrill, pained cries. As it cried out, the cruelty and viciousness in its eyes wavered, and the loyalty hidden within the depths of that cruelty became a look of one who's lost.

White mist left the insect's body. There was no heat coming from that white mist, yet as it spread out, the rod insect's body started burning!

"So this is your Master..? Because he did not want you to be subjugated by me, he would rather kill you cruelly..."

Su Ming's voice echoed within Han Mountain Bell and seeped into the rod insect's soul.

That insect possessed a high amount of intelligence and could understand Su Ming's words. The cruel light in its eyes grew dim and the hidden loyalty also became tainted by a thick veil of bewilderment.

It was as if no matter how much intelligence it possessed, it just did not understand why its own Master would want it dead...

"He wants you dead because you were captured by me. I don't know how long you've been with Si Ma Xin, but this must be the first time you were captured by someone. Even if I release you and you're captured the second or the third time, and even if the person who captured you isn't me, there is only one ending for you!

"And here you are, so loyal to a Master like this. It's hilarious, but at the same time, I pity you!"

Every single one of Su Ming's words echoed within Han Mountain Bell like thunder and struck the rod insect's heart, making the cruelty in its eyes shatter completely, revealing the loyalty hidden underneath it. However, that loyalty was now tainted by bewilderment and also grief.

Su Ming was watching all of it with his expression of cool detachment. However, his heart was shaken. He did not think the insect's intelligence would be so high. By the looks of it, it could even be said that its intelligence did not lose to Xiao Hong.

However, since Xiao Hong was a fire ape, it was born with human-like intelligence. Yet the insect already possessed such a high amount of intelligence even though it was so tiny. It just went to show just how extraordinary this creature was.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. When the rod insect was clearly feeling shaken as its body was being burnt and its life force was quickly diminishing, Su Ming suddenly asked in a low growl, "Your former

Master wants to kill you. Are you still going to remain loyal to him?!"

His voice was like rumbling thunder. As it echoed in Han Mountain Bell, Su Ming's divine sense, which had surrounded the insect, immediately spotted a crack in the insect's mental defenses.

The moment the crack appeared, the stone coins gathered outside Su Ming's body all jolted simultaneously and shattered into dust. They scattered out, and a large amount of spiritual aura surged out from the shattered stones. It rushed into the opened path in Su Ming's body like a wave and once they circulated through the path once, they gathered in his head, allowing him to muster up an even stronger divine sense.

When his divine sense rushed into Han Mountain Bell and fell upon the insect, it charged into the crack in its soul with a force strong enough to split apart bamboo and stormed straight into its soul.

The instant he entered the insect's soul, Su Ming's divine sense noticed a gigantic, floating red picture of a circle inside the insect's clouded mental world.

That thing was like human skin, or perhaps more accurately, it was human skin with the picture of a circle drawn on it.

At that moment, it was floating in midair, burning. Su Ming could see the shadow of the rod snake within the red circle. It trembled, but did not resist. It stayed inside instead and simply

allowed the skin to burn and render it weaker.

In the span of a few breaths, most of the human skin turned into ashes and there was only a small segment left. By the looks of it, with just another few more breaths, it would completely disappear.

Once the human skin completely disappeared, the rod snake's shadow inside would also disappear, and the strange insect would die.

"Si Ma Xin, you truly are wicked..."

Su Ming might have predicted this, but when he saw it happening with his own eyes, he still found himself gaining new knowledge of Si Ma Xin's ruthlessness.

If he was Si Ma Xin and the rod insect was exchanged with Xiao Hong, he knew that he would not be able to do this.

Su Ming did not hesitate. He gathered up that powerful divine sense within the insect's soul and crashed it into the burning human skin. The moment it touched the human skin, Su Ming's heart suddenly trembled, and he felt that something was off.

At that moment, a dim light started blinking on his physical body's chest, which remained sitting in his cave abode. The source of the flickering dim light came from the mysterious black stone hanging on his neck.

As the light flickered, Su Ming's divine sense trembled within the insect's soul.

'Even if he has to kill his own pet, that Si Ma Xin is still plotting against me... Even though I don't know what he's planning, it's definitely nothing good.'

When Su Ming's divine sense faltered, another portion of the small segment left of the human skin burned away. By then, there was only a small part left.

The rod snake had become incredibly weak and looked like its soul was about to shatter and scatter at any moment. Yet it seemed like it had lost all will to fight. It simply lay within the skin and waited for its death.

There were only two paths lying before Su Ming right now. Either he would choose to save the rod insect and get caught in Si Ma Xin's trap, or he would give up on the insect.

He was plotting against Si Ma Xin, and Si Ma Xin was also plotting against him. The two of them did not know of the other person's goals and all the remaining moves they had. Yet they were using this rod insect as a medium and were fighting against each other in a form that was different from a true, physical brawl!

Su Ming only hesitated for a moment before he made his decision.



He did not bother about Si Ma Xin's unknown plot against him and covered what little remained of the human skin with his divine sense before breaking through the fire and into the shadow of the rod insect that seemed to have lost all will to fight and had given into despair.

"Even if Si Ma Xin wants to use your death and force me into a trap, this is my experiment. Even if you have to die, you cannot die in his hands!"

The moment Su Ming's divine sense rushed in, the rod insect shuddered.

"He doesn't want you, but I do!"

A mighty voice travelled out from within Su Ming's divine sense and rushed into the rod insect's soul. Its soul immediately started trembling, and the shadow in the human skin lifted its head. The dark light within its eyes seemed to have become different.

"He doesn't want you, but I do..."

That sentence echoed within the highly intelligent rod insect's soul and made that something within its eyes gradually replace the dull look.

With barely any form of resistance from the rod insect, Su Ming's divine sense left a deep Brand on its soul.

When he left the Brand on its soul, the human skin had already burned to ashes. Yet the very moment before it was completely burnt to ashes, the shadow within the skin vanished.

Right then, the human skin before the sitting Si Ma Xin on the first summit was also completely burnt to ashes. Yet his expression drastically changed and he stood up, as if he wanted to rush out of the first summit, but he stopped himself and clenched his fists. His expression turned incredibly dark, as if there was an anger within him strong enough to burn the heavens.

‘How could it not be dead?!’

He suddenly understood Su Ming’s plans. He wanted to use Si Ma Xin and subjugate the strange snake through him!

## Chapter 246: Do You Understand?

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Su Ming opened his eyes slowly on the ninth summit and fatigue could be seen in his eyes. The act of leaving a Brand in the insect's soul in itself was already tiring for his divine senses. Even with the help of the spiritual aura provided by the stone coins, due to that burning human skin blood picture of Si Ma Xin's, placing the Brand on the insect made Su Ming feel drained and tired.

Nonetheless, even though he was exhausted, there was still joy on his face. When he stretched out his right hand, there was a black little rod the size of a finger's segment lying on his palm silently.

If he took a closer look, he would find that it was the strange rod shaped insect snake hybrid.

The snake had its head lowered. If Su Ming did not look carefully, it would be difficult for him to see that the creature's eyes were also closed. There was an exhausted air coming from it that was similar to Su Ming's own exhaustion, and along with it was also a strong sense of feebleness.

It was clear that the things that had happened just now not only injured this highly intelligent snake physically, but mentally as well.

Yet Su Ming could clearly feel that the snake was different after it went through the process of changing owners. Its soul had just gone through a change, and there was an intense, malicious killing

intent that Su Ming felt as if he could touch spreading out faintly from its body.

"When you wake up from your sleep... then I will have another trump card by my side!" Su Ming mumbled and stroked the rod insect with his left hand.

The insect did not move. The struggles and resistance it once showed could no longer be found.

After being silent for a moment, Su Ming placed the insect into Han Mountain Bell once again. He might still be sealing up the creature, but the meaning behind his action was different this time. Previously, he had sealed it up to capture it, now, he was protecting it.

He would use Han Mountain Bell's might to protect the incredibly weakened snake and allow it ample time to recover until the moment it fully awakened!

Once he put away Han Mountain Bell, Su Ming took a deep breath. The world outside was darkening once again. Before long, darkness would completely fall upon the land. Su Ming stood up and walked out of his cave abode.

The moment he got out, a cold blast of wind blew against his face and lifted his hair and clothes. It made Su Ming feel some of his fatigue leave his body. He breathed in the chilling air and a cold sensation spread into his body until it filled him from head to toe.

Yet this chill only affected his body. Su Ming's heart remained warm because he was standing on the ninth summit, his home.

When Zi Che saw Su Ming walking closer to where he sat not too far away, he immediately stood up and bowed respectfully towards him.

"Greetings, uncle master Su."

Su Ming did not speak. He looked at the world in the distance and at the dim light in the horizon that seemed like a bonfire that was about to be extinguished. He looked at the light as it was gradually swallowed up by the darkness, and he continued watching until the world turned completely dark.

There was not a hint of impatience on Zi Che's face. Instead, he simply stood by the side respectfully and waited for Su Ming's command. He had already thought things through thoroughly. In these three years, he would make a place for himself in the ninth summit, because he had already understood how the ninth summit worked!

Time trickled by, and after a long while of Su Ming staring at the darkness in the distance, his voice came forth slowly from within the darkness, "Who is Bai Su?"

Su Ming hadn't asked about Bai Su previously even though that question had been lingering in his heart. Yet now, when he was fighting against Si Ma Xin with the rod insect acting as the medium, he sensed Si Ma Xin's plans and a vague speculation

formed in his mind.

Zi Che was silent for a moment before he spoke respectfully, "Uncle master Su, Bai Su is a disciple of Freezing Sky Clan's seventh summit. She rarely speaks and I don't know much about her. But from what I understand about Si Ma Xin, he wouldn't have gotten into contact with an ordinary disciple without reason. The girl only has mediocre potential. If Si Ma Xin got into contact with her, then there must be something unusual about her, perhaps it's her status,"

Su Ming thought for a few moments before he turned around and walked off the platform he was standing on. Zi Che quickly followed behind him, and the two of them walked through the ninth summit at midnight.

Besides the moaning sounds of the wind, there were no other sounds at this time. It was quiet all around them. Su Ming's footsteps were unhurried, but there seemed to be a rhythm every single time his foot landed. Zi Che followed behind him, and the more he looked, the more shocked he became.

'As I thought, all the people in the ninth summit are monsters. Su Ming's walk alone is strange. If I look at it for a long period of time, I'll start feeling as if my mind is being stepped on.'

Zi Che licked his lips and eagerness appeared in his eyes.

As the two of them continued walking, an attentive look suddenly appeared on Zi Che's face and he turned his head swiftly

towards a dark place not too far in the distance. Just now, he seemed to have seen a person floating by in the corner of his eye.

"That's my second senior brother."

Before Zi Che could make any sort of warning, Su Ming's calm voice had already traveled into his ears.

Zi Che was stunned, but before he could wrap his mind around it, he immediately narrowed his eyes. He just saw a strange figure floating by from that dark spot not too far away.

That figure suddenly stopped. Whoever it was, he or she lowered their body and looked around before lowering their head and grabbing a few plants. Then that person floated to another spot.

That figure was like a ghost, and all those who saw it would feel primal fear blossoming in their hearts.

Zi Che watched the figure's actions. It silently floated around, making Zi Che's skin crawl. It was night at the moment, and it was quiet all around them. The sudden appearance of such a strange person, and especially after learning about his identity, made Zi Che feel shaken.

Zi Che took a deep breath. His gaze fell on Su Ming, who was still walking forward slowly, not turning his head around. Zi Che quickly caught up to him, and after a moment of hesitation, he asked in a whisper, "He... Er... What is second uncle master

doing?"

"He's stealing his own plants," Su Ming stated calmly.

Very soon, he arrived at Hu Zi's cave abode. Su Ming had already promised Chen Xiang to help her persuade Hu Zi. Since he had received Chen Xiang's gifts, then there was no way he would forget about this task.

"Stealing his own plants..."

There was a strange look on Zi Che's face as he walked over to the cave, along with bafflement. The ninth summit was becoming even more difficult to figure out to him.

Su Ming did not hear his third senior brother's snores as he stood outside Hu Zi's cave. He went in and saw that the cave was empty. His third senior brother had gone somewhere.

Su Ming felt the beginnings of a headache blooming in his head. He could already imagine it. Whenever nighttime came and Hu Zi did not have anything else to do, he would definitely go out and 'explore' with that mysterious smile on his face.

Right now, he would have gone to some other summit and would be crouched in a corner with a grin as he peaked on other people.

Zi Che was standing behind Su Ming. When he saw that the cave abode was empty, he did not think too much into it, but when he



saw Su Ming frown, a thought suddenly struck his head and he remembered the rumors regarding Hu Zi circulating within Freezing Sky Clan.

When he remembered these rumors, a shudder ran through Zi Che's body and his expression became weirder.

Su Ming walked out of the cave with a frown, then lifted his head to look at the night sky. After a moment of silence, he walked into the distance. He did not speak throughout the way, and Zi Che too remained silent behind him. The two of them walked silently for about the time it takes for an incense stick to burn before Su Ming suddenly stopped.

At the same time, a soft giggle that made Zi Che's hair stand on end came from a place not too far away.

That giggle was like the shrieks of nocturnal birds, and in the quiet midnight, that sound was incredibly distinct.

That bone-chilling giggle was followed by a voice that seemed to be moved by something.

"As expected, I'm just the smartest person around. Second senior brother, o second senior brother, I won't tell you just who's stealing your flowers. Ah... it's not a good thing being too smart. Look at me, I'm too smart, that's why I'm lonely... too lonely..."

Zi Che's mind was blank. Naturally, he had recognized the voice

to be Hu Zi's, but he just could not tell how Hu Zi was smart...

In the midst of his confusion, Zi Che stole an instinctive look towards Su Ming.

Right before his eyes, he saw Su Ming's frown disappear, and he bent his tall and straight back, then with his back lowered, he moved softly forward.

Zi Che's mind was already in a mess. The Su Ming right before his eyes seemed to have changed from what he usually saw. That posture of his with his back bent made Zi Che gulp a few times, but he then imitated the actions and moved forward quietly with a crouched back.

Before long, a large stone appeared before them. Zi Che saw a man crouching behind the stone like a tiger with his head stretched out as he looked out from the edge of the stone.

Su Ming was already used to Hu Zi's actions. With his back arched, he approached the stone and crouched down beside Hu Zi. His senior brother turned around and cast a glance at Su Ming. He was just about to speak when he saw Su Ming lifting his right index finger and making a shushing sound with a bitter smile.

Hu Zi's eyes sparkled and an approving look appeared on his face before he whispered, "Not bad, youngest junior brother. Looks like you've adopted my good habit, and now I won't be lonely anymore. I'll take you around and let you see every corner of Freezing Sky Clan."

Zi Che was also crouching by the side. Curiosity was burning within him, and he could not help himself from lifting his head and looking out the edge of the stone. The moment he saw what was there, he blinked and found himself speechless.

There was a frozen river lying between the mountains behind the stone, and there was a sunken area in the middle of the ice. It was about 100 feet in breadth, and there was an ice block that was about a few dozen feet tall standing in it.

There was a dim light shining in the ice, and he could vaguely see a woman's figure on it. She seemed to be... bathing there.

As the woman bathed, she kept looking around her carefully.

Since only the woman's back was in sight, they could only see her long hair, not her face, and since the view was a little muddled, it would have been difficult for anyone to see her face anyway.

"What... What is this..?"

A baffled look appeared in Zi Che's eyes. He simply couldn't wrap his head around why this illusion would appear on the 100 feet tall ice.

He also instinctively looked around him and found the area to be in silence. It was clear that no one was around bathing.

"Heh heh, this is your Grandpa Hu's greatest invention. So what if the seventh summit has a tight defence? I don't even have to go there and I can still see what I want from here."

There was a proud look on Hu Zi's face, and he seemed delighted with himself.

Zi Che was stunned and the question slipped off his tongue before he even knew it.

"... Uncle master Hu, since you can see it here, then why don't you just go out and watch by the ice instead of crouching down here..?"

When Hu Zi heard his question, he immediately glared at him condescendingly.

"This is the only way you'll feel as if you're peeking, do you understand?!"

Zi Che laughed bitterly. For some reason, that woman's blurred out back was somewhat familiar, but he just could not place a finger on it. When he looked at it once again, the reflection of the woman on the ice turned around and the side view of her face, though still blurred out, was revealed.

The moment her face came into view, Zi Che's jaw fell slack and veins began popping on his face.

## Chapter 247: Big Sister...

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"Big sister..."

Veins popped out on Zi Che's face and he stood up swiftly. Then with one step, he instantly arrived beside the ice and threw a punch at it. A loud bang rang through the air, and the ice instantly shattered into pieces.

The shadow on the ice also disappeared as the ice shattered. Yet the moment it disappeared, the woman in it seemed to have noticed something and she turned her head as if she was looking at something.

Hu Zi was furious. He widened his eyes and glared at Zi Che, then rushed out like a tiger, roaring, "How dare you break the treasure your Grandpa Hu created after all the blood, sweat, and tears he poured out?! I'm going to teach you a lesson!"

Su Ming had a strange expression on his face. He respected Hu Zi's weird quirk. He was not entirely sure whether this was just his imagination, but when Zi Che broke the ice, he seemed to have heard two sighs traveling softly from around him.

"That's my sister! My sister!"

Zi Che was also furious and he shouted at Hu Zi, who was rushing towards him.

Hu Zi was originally livid, but when he heard Zi Che's words, he was momentarily stunned, then his anger faded away instantly. He also came to an abrupt halt even though he was charging forth at high speed previously. He scratched his head and an embarrassed look appeared on his face, but it quickly turned into nonchalance.

"Oh well, your Grandpa Hu has a big heart. So what if it's broken, I can just make another one."

Zi Che's breathing quickened and he glared at Hu Zi. More veins popped out on his face.

Hu Zi was feeling slightly guilty, which prompted him to quickly speak, "Ah... Alright, alright. I won't look at your sister anymore."

"Do you really mean it?!" Zi Che immediately asked.

"Of course, there're plenty of other people in Freezing Sky Clan. If I say I won't peek at her anymore, then I won't," Hu Zi hastily promised. "But don't tell your sister."

Zi Che's face was dark as he looked at Hu Zi's guilty expression, and he could not help but start laughing bitterly. However, cold sweat had already broken out on his body and he instinctively looked at Su Ming.

Su Ming had a strange look on his face. He did not bother about Zi Che and Hu Zi. Instead, once he got closer, he walked around the place as if he was looking for something.

His strange actions immediately attracted Hu Zi and Zi Che's attention. The two of them also started looking around the place.

An excited look appeared on Hu Zi's face and with light footsteps he quickly got closer to Su Ming, then whispered softly, "Youngest junior brother, what are you looking for?"

While asking, he started looking around the place.

Su Ming's footsteps faltered and his gaze fell on the frozen river before him. After a long while, he shook his head and looked at Hu Zi.

"Third senior brother, could you also... not look at Chen Xiang anymore?"

Once Hu Zi heard it, he immediately nodded, but soon, realization dawned on his face and he grinned mysteriously at Su Ming.

Su Ming was just about to speak when he saw that grin on Hu Zi's face.

"I know, I know... Hehe, youngest junior brother, you don't have to explain anything. There's nothing your third senior brother doesn't understand. Your third senior brother is the smartest person in the ninth summit."

Su Ming could only laugh bitterly. He knew that he could not explain himself out of this, and decided not to even try. Instead, he simply wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed towards Hu Zi.

"Why are you being so courteous? We're under the same Master! By the way, youngest junior brother, my Entering Dream was great, right? I chased Si Ma Xin away, didn't I? Heh heh, don't you worry, youngest junior brother. I haven't mastered Entering Dream yet. Once I master it, it'll be even more powerful."

As Hu Zi spoke, a proud look appeared on his face and he patted his chest.

He suddenly lifted his head and looked at the weather.

"Youngest junior brother, I won't be talking with you anymore. It's almost time now, so I have to hurry to the eighth summit. Do you want to come with me?"

Hu Zi looked towards Su Ming, and once he saw Su Ming shake his head, he flew up quickly and turned into a long arc that charged into the darkness in the distance. He soon disappeared, but no matter what, his departing figure still gave Su Ming the impression that he was running away.

When he saw Zi Che's controlled anger, he understood that his third senior brother was feeling embarrassed and guilty after being caught red-handed, which was why he chose to leave so hurriedly.



"Do not do this again. It doesn't matter whether he is right or wrong, if you do this again, remember that I still lack an ingredient to make my medicine."

Su Ming turned around and cast Zi Che a cold glance.

Zi Che trembled and felt a little upset, but when he saw the cold look in Su Ming's eyes, he lowered his head and obeyed.

"That ice was blurred out and you couldn't see anything. Besides, my senior brother has already said that he won't peek at your sister anymore, so let it be."

Su Ming walked away as he spoke.

Zi Che breathed out a sigh of relief. He was not an unreasonable person. Su Ming may have said those words, but he did not do anything to him due to his actions just now. He only gave him a warning to not do it again. This in itself was a form of respect towards Zi Che.

When Su Ming and Zi Che left, a person suddenly charged towards the place that was now filled with shattered ice. That person came to the place and looked at it carefully and sneakily before quickly crouching down and taking away all the ice shards.

With his back arched, the person quickly left the place. That tall and built figure was, of course, Hu Zi.

"I'm so unlucky. This is the first time I made this, and I was having fun watching, but who knew I'd meet up with her little brother? How could I forget about this..? Oh well, I'll just have to be more careful next time," Hu Zi mumbled and quickly left.

A short moment after Hu Zi left, the space above the frozen river where Su Ming was staring at previously suddenly distorted and a handsome man gradually walked out of the distortion.

There was also a hint of embarrassment on his face, but even so, he still looked as gentle as spring wind. This person was naturally Su Ming's second senior brother.

Once he appeared, he let out a few fake coughs.

"I was almost found out by youngest junior brother. It's all the third's fault. Why did he have to make something so nice.?" second senior brother mumbled under his breath and left the place hastily.

A moment after Su Ming's second senior brother left, distorted ripples appeared once again in the space in this area that was about a few hundred feet wide. An old man wearing a flowery robe walked out from within the distortion.

The old man walked out with one brisk step, then patted his robes in a relaxed manner before placing his hands behind his back and walking towards the top of the mountain calmly. While his expression might be passive, pride could be seen within his eyes.

"The third did a good job. He made something interesting... It's a pity it was broken... But with my third disciple's personality, he'll make another one in a few days, and it'll be even sturdier than the previous one so that no one can break it with just one punch.

"It's a pity... but the fourth has really sharp senses, he almost found out where the second was hiding... Heh heh, but they're still not good enough to find me," the old man mumbled under his breath as he walked away proudly. That old man... was Tian Xie Zi.

Tian Xie Zi, who was wearing a flowery long robe!

Time passed by gradually in this peace and quiet. Hu Zi continued creating things and peeking at other people and Su Ming's second senior brother continued planting flowers in the day and stealing them at night as well as occasionally running into Hu Zi looking at the ice he created. Of course, sometimes Tian Xie Zi would also appear during the night, dressed in a flowery robe.

Very soon, two months passed by.

During these two months, Su Ming and Si Ma Xin's battle had been spread throughout Freezing Sky Clan by those who had witnessed it that day. Gradually, almost all the disciples from the other eight summits knew that there was a person in the ninth summit that was strong enough to fight against Si Ma Xin.

They also learned that this person was a Divine General of Awakening.

His name quickly spread through Freezing Sky Clan, and slowly, due to his battle with Si Ma Xin, Su Ming's name appeared on Freezing Sky Clan's Great Frozen Plains' ranking boards.

He was ranked ninth on Great Frozen Plains' ranking boards, replacing Zi Che.

The reason why he was ranked ninth was because there was no outcome to Su Ming and Si Ma Xin's battle. The people might have some understanding towards Su Ming's power, but they did not know the details. When he fought against Si Ma Xin, they could also tell that Si Ma Xin was clearly stronger than Su Ming.

A lot of them felt that it was a pity that the two of them did not manage to execute their final attacks in the battle.

During these two months, besides Su Ming's name spreading through Freezing Sky Clan, the school was also preparing for something big hurriedly and in secret.

That event was the Sky Mist Shaman Hunt that only occurred once every decade. There was only less than ten months left until the start of the hunt. Sky Mist Shaman Hunt was a big event within Freezing Sky Clan that was already considered a common practice among the disciples.

The event occurred once every decade, and the disciples that took part in the event would differ in number from thousands to tens of thousands every single time. Similarly, Western Sea Clan, which belonged to the other big tribe in the Land of South Morning,

Western Sea, would also send out disciples and fight against the Shamans in the battle that occurred once every decade.

At that time, once Sky Mist Shaman Hunt began, the disciples of the two clans would frighten off the Shamans in Sky Mist Barrier and also gather a set number of people to venture out of Sky Mist Barrier and invade certain territories of the Shaman Tribe.

Each Sky Mist Shaman Hunt would last for a year.

That year would be a bloody and gruelling test as well as an ordeal for most of those who joined the battle. During that year, the people would know whether these swords, which were the disciples, would break or shine with a brilliant glint.

However, big scale battles did not happen for all Sky Mist Shaman Hunts. Since a long time ago till now, there were only a dozen Shaman Hunts which were incredibly devastating. The rest were actually rather mild battles.

However, the battle this year would be significantly different from all the previous battles. The Sky Mist Shaman Hunt ten months later would be a giant battle that only happened once every century!

The Sky Mist Shaman Hunts that only occurred once every decade were small battles, yet after ten of such battles came the battle that would only occur once every century, and the scale of that battle would be much greater than of a regular Shaman Hunt.

This was a rule set by the two big tribes in the Land of South Morning a long time ago. The reason as to why the battles were held so regularly with a large scale battle occurring once every century was because they wanted to know at all times just how quickly the Shaman Tribes outside Sky Mist were increasing their power.

They wanted to know whether there were any shockingly powerful people there, wanted to know whether they had any new Spells, wanted to know whether there were any new Shamans over there. All this information was the main purpose for the battles that occurred once every decade.

There were plenty of disciples who had joined the Sky Mist Shaman Hunt multiple times within Freezing Sky Clan, but there were also those who had never joined the battle. However, most of the disciples were familiar with this event. During the ten months, those who wanted to enter the battle would isolate themselves to train and make preparations.

In the two months of peace and quiet in the ninth summit, there were also certain things that happened, and these things were not considered peaceful. Zi Che's older sister had come to the mountain multiple times with her anger directed straight at Hu Zi.

At that moment, Su Ming was sitting on the platform outside his cave abode, under the clear sky. As he sat there, his right hand was drawing on the drawing board placed before him.

His actions were very slow, but there was also a feeling of age gradually seeping out from his fingers and appearing on the

drawing board as he drew each stroke.

He was copying Si Ma Xin's sword slash. During these two months, he had kept copying Si Ma Xin's sword slash so that he could find that feeling he had in the beginning.

Zi Che was by his side and totally absorbed in watching Su Ming's actions. It was as if he was trying to search for his own epiphany in those strokes.

Yet at that very moment!

"Sun Da Hu, get your \*ss down here!"

A woman's chilling voice sliced through the air from beyond the ninth summit.

"You witch! Why are you just targeting me?! Your little brother also saw you at that time, even my youngest junior brother Su Ming saw you!" Hu Zi's voice traveled forth, muffled, and with a hitch that suggested he was almost in tears. He sounded really upset.

Zi Che instantly looked as if he was caught in an awkward situation, and Su Ming lifted his head with a bitter smile on his lips.

## Chapter 248: I'll Draw for You

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"Zi Che, you little rascal, it's a complete waste for me to have fought for you when you were bullied last time! If you're still a man, then get Sun Da Hu here now!"

The woman's voice as she hissed out through her teeth clenched quickly came from beyond the ninth summit.

Two long arcs whistled through the air in the sky. One of them wore a yellow robe and had an oval shaped face. Although her face was twisted in anger, it simply gave her a different vibe of beauty.

There was a woman behind her. That woman was also beautiful, but there was a look on her face that suggested she was holding back her words. There was also a strange look in her eyes. That woman was Han Cang Zi.

Zi Che scratched his head and quickly got up, but he had no idea what he should be saying in this situation, so he really was just standing there awkwardly.

"Sis..."

"Don't call me sis, I don't have a brother like you!"

The woman glared at Zi Che and her gaze fell upon Su Ming.



"Oh, if it isn't uncle master Su," the woman said with a chilling laugh.

Su Ming could feel the beginnings of a headache blooming. The woman's name was Zi Yan, and she was Zi Che's sister. During these two months, she had been coming here often to search for Hu Zi.

He managed to dodge her a few times, but once she found him, something happened between them, and after that, Hu Zi started hiding himself deep in the mountain. They only knew that he was in the mountain, but it was difficult for them to know where he was hiding.

Only when he was forced into a corner would he start shouting, but his words floated in the air, making it hard for anyone to determine the source of his voice.

There was even one time where Hu Zi thought it was unfair that the woman only came looking for him to teach him a lesson when everyone else had also seen her, that was why he shouted out those words. After a few times, the woman's attention slowly spread out.

Su Ming could only feel resigned, laugh bitterly, and get a headache out of this.

The woman's personality was also hard to grasp. Once she diverted her attention towards them, she made an absurd request of Su Ming, and if he did not fulfill her request, she would continue pestering him.

Fortunately, Su Ming was not the instigator of this. Once he avoided her a few times, Zi Yan once again focused her attention on searching for the instigator of this entire incident, Sun Da Hu.

"Um... disciple niece Zi Yan..."

Su Ming looked at the raging Zi Yan and also saw Han Cang Zi standing behind her. He blinked instinctively.

Han Cang Zi pretended not to see him and turned her head in another direction.

"What is it that you want of me, uncle master Su? Are you still not satisfied by what you saw?"

Zi Yan let out a cold harrumph and walked towards the ninth summit elegantly. She stood on the platform outside Su Ming's cave, and as wind blew past her, her black hair was lifted up, which also brought a nice fragrance that wafted into Su Ming's nose.

"Um... About the thing you asked, it's not as if I can't do it, but you see, since your uncle master Hu is the instigator, if he can fulfill your request, then I'll naturally do so as well."

It was not as if Su Ming was not good at talking, it was just that he chose to remain quiet when he came to the Land of South Morning.

Right now, he had already found the warmth that gave him the feeling of home on the ninth summit, and his manner of speaking when he was in Dark Mountain started returning a little.

"You..." Zi Yan glared at him. Just as she was about to speak, Han Cang Zi let out a faint cough beside her. Zi Yan cast a deep look at Su Ming before she snorted and said, "I'll put this aside first for my junior sister Fang. Just you wait until I find that Sun Da Hu!"

When she said it, Zi Yan leapt up and started moving around the ninth summit.

The ninth summit was a strange place. There were no Runes that protected the mountain. Anyone could enter as they pleased, but only if they were allowed to do so. If the people in the ninth summit did not permit their entry, those who entered would end up like Zi Che.

However, it could be said that everyone in the ninth summit had wronged Zi Yan. Tian Xie Zi was sly and had gone into isolation to train a long time ago. Since this thing had nothing to do with Su Ming's eldest senior brother, he also enjoyed his peace and quiet.

His second senior brother had been hanging around the place often during these two months and was busy with tending to his plants. Every single time he saw Zi Yan, he would give a smile as gentle as the spring wind before giving her a nod.

Once Zi Yan left to search for Sun Da Hu, who had gone into

hiding in the ninth summit, Han Cang Zi descended from the sky and stood on the platform. Zi Che could tell that these two knew each other since a long time ago, and coupled with the things that were now circulating in Freezing Sky Clan's Great Frozen Plains regarding Su Ming, they made Zi Che lower his head and take a few steps back and leave the place.

White clouds covered the blue sky. The wind brought about a chill as it blew past the two people. As the wind lifted some locks of their hair, it also gave a sense of beauty to the serenity in the place.

"You seem to be avoiding me," Su Ming said, looking at Fang Cang Lan with a smile.

"I'm not."

Fang Cang Lan did not look at Su Ming. Instead, she stood on the platform and looked at the blue sky in the distance.

"You've come to this place with your senior sister Zi Yan many times during these two months, but this is the first time you chose to stay alone."

In Su Ming's eyes, Fang Cang Lan was like a serene snow lotus in the wind.

"I came here before," Fang Cang Lan whispered.

"Thank you."

Su Ming sat down and his gaze fell upon the white clouds in the sky.

"What for?"

The motion when Fang Can Lan turned her head to the side was very beautiful. Sunlight shone on her, and he could see some of the fine hair framing her face.

"Thank you for worrying about me when Zi Che came here, and thank you for warning me when I was fighting against Si Ma Xin."

Su Ming picked up the drawing board next to him and tapped it with his right hand.

A faint banging sound echoed in the air, and a thin layer of powder fell away from the drawing board.

"I know that you should have guessed Si Ma Xin's goal, that's why I didn't come to warn you again."

Fang Can Lan smiled faintly. There was a hint of something Su Ming understood but was still a little uncertain about in her smile.

"A Berserker Son, hmm?"

A chilling glare appeared briefly in Su Ming's eyes. If he could

still not figure out Si Ma Xin's goals, then he would not be the Su Ming who arrived alone in the Land of South Morning and made it to this point in life.

Fang Cang Lan hesitated for a moment before she said softly, "I don't know what else Si Ma Xin is planning to do, but from what I understand about him, once he makes up his mind about something, then he won't give up.

"You... have to be more careful."

Once she finished speaking, she lifted her right hand and smoothed down her hair, which had become messy due to the wind. She tucked some locks behind her ear and turned around to no longer look at Su Ming. It was just as Su Ming said, she was indeed avoiding him, because every single time she met his gaze, she would feel her heartbeat suddenly quicken.

"Don't move," Su Ming suddenly said.

Fang Cang Lan was stunned and looked at Su Ming curiously.

"Stay that way, let me draw your picture."

Su Ming picked up his drawing board and looked at Fang Cang Lan, then he drew a stroke on the drawing board with his right hand.

Red colored Fang Cang Lan's cheeks. She bit her bottom lip and

looked at Su Ming as she maintained her posture of tucking her hair behind her ear. Her dress fluttered in the wind, and the blue sky and white clouds behind her acted as her background.

Not only did the wind make her dress flutter, it also made her hair float diagonally. It was a beautiful picture.

It was as if time slowed down all of a sudden. A woman's face gradually appeared on the drawing board under Su Ming's fingers.

Fang Cang Lan's fluttering heart slowly calmed down. She kept her gaze on Su Ming and what entered her vision first was the scar underneath his eye.

When she saw the scar, Fang Cang Lan's heart clenched in pain.

The two of them did not speak. In this peace, one of them drew, and the other watched.

Admiration appeared on Zi Che's face as he stood in the distance. He might not have heard what Su Ming and Fang Cang Lan said to each other, but when he saw Su Ming drawing Fang Cang Lan, his admiration towards Su Ming grew to an incredibly high point.

‘As expected of uncle master Su, when he fought against Si Ma Xin, his killing intent was suffocating, and he had an intimidating presence... Now, he can draw so tenderly and make a woman so bashful... When will I ever be like that..?’

Zi Che sighed deeply. He shook his head and closed his eyes slightly as if he was thinking about something.

‘He has just fought Si Ma two months ago, Now he sits drawing for a woman. If the day comes that I can do this...

‘What should my next line be..?’

Zi Che frowned. During these two months, as he continued observing the odd eccentricities of the people in the ninth summit, he gained an epiphany and believed that perhaps these eccentricities were what made them so different from the others.

That was why he also tried looking for a weird quirk for himself, which led to something like this happening, where he would start making poetry when he was deeply moved...

While Zi Che was thinking about what his next line should be, while Su Ming was looking at Fang Cang Lan and drawing her, second senior brother, who had been tending to his flowers on the ninth summit, lifted his head and looked towards the direction of Su Ming’s cave. His eyes also sparkled brilliantly.

"Youngest junior brother, thank you," second senior brother suddenly uttered these abstruse words before quickly standing up and letting out a few fake coughs. Then he disappeared without a trace.

On another spot on the ninth summit, Su Ming’s second senior



brother suddenly appeared. He first smoothed out his robes and took a few deep breaths before placing his hands behind his back and lifting his head to look at the sky.

Yet he soon moved his body to the side and let the sunlight fall on his face as he looked up

Soon, he frowned again and waved his left hand by his side. Immediately, a light breeze blew past him and made his robes and long hair flutter in the air. With the wind constantly around him, the second senior brother looked at the sky and remained still.

Before long, Zi Yan appeared on the stairs not too far into the distance. She had already gone to a few places, but she simply could not find Sun Da Hu. She might be furious, but she could not do anything to vent her anger.

As she continued walking forward, a gentle voice suddenly reached her ears.

"Miss Zi Yan."

Zi Yan's footsteps faltered. When she turned around, she saw Su Ming's second senior brother standing nearby. The very instant she saw him, shock appeared on her face.

She saw Su Ming's second senior brother's hair dancing in the wind.

She also saw his long robes fluttering in the wind...

She even saw him positioning the side of his face towards her and with his hands behind his back look at the white clouds in the sky. When sunlight fell on his face, it made him seem different from how he usually was.

Zi Che felt her skin crawl. She did not know what had happened to this person, so she quickly took a few steps back and spoke softly.

"Er... Greetings, second uncle master of the ninth summit..."

## Chapter 249: Purple Robe?

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"Miss Zi Yan, I'm not that much older than you are. Let's talk as equals. You may call me senior brother Hua."

Zi Hua was momentarily taken aback, but then opened her mouth as if to speak.

"Miss Zi Yan!" Su Ming's second senior brother's face grew more stern. "I said that I would bear the responsibility for his wrongs. How about this, I'll follow you to the seventh summit and punish myself to protect you for three years. I'll use these three years to compensate for Hu Zi's mistake."

Once the second senior brother finished speaking, he sighed. If Hu Zi was by his side and saw the gentleness on his face along with the persistence in his words, perhaps... just perhaps, he would be very touched?

"Senior brother Hua... There's... no need for that."

Zi Yan felt that she could not handle him and took a few steps back.

"Are three years not enough? Alright then, ten years. I'll punish myself to go to the seventh summit and protect you for ten years."

Second senior brother was just about to take a step forward, but after a short moment of hesitation, he did not move, because the

sunlight in the spot one step away from where he was right then was not as bright as the spot where he stood right now.

"Ah... You really don't have to do that," Zi Yan said nervously. Su Ming's second senior brother's enthusiasm was beginning to scare her.

"Miss Zi Yan, in truth..." Second senior brother looked at Zi Yan and a grave expression appeared on his face. "In truth, I was also among the people who watched you. That's why, you must accept my apology."

When Zi Yan heard his words, she was stunned before a bitter smile appeared on her lips.

"Senior brother Hua, please don't joke around. I know that you weren't there. Ah... let's leave it as it is, I'll be leaving now."

While speaking, Zi Yan quickly moved back towards the stairs in an attempt to leave as quickly as possible.

This place was making her uncomfortable all over her body.

"Miss Zi Yan, I was really there!"

When he saw that Zi Yan was about to leave, second senior brother took a few steps forward quickly.

"Let's leave it at that. I'll be leaving now..."

Zi Yan did not even turn back and quickly ran down the mountain through the stairs feeling incredibly flustered. By the looks of it, if second senior brother chased after her, she would immediately jump into the air and fly away.

"No!" Ssecond senior brother took a leap and instantly appeared before the fleeing Zi Yan. "Miss Zi Yan, you have a heart of gold, but I am a person who repents with my actions. If you will not accept my apology, then you can request three things from me. You can come to me at anytime and ask me to fulfill your requests," second senior brother stated sternly.

"Alright, alright, I'll remember it. Senior brother Hua, I'm leaving first. You don't have to send me off, in fact, please don't send me off..."

Zi Yan quickly nodded her head and flew up just as hastily. She avoided Su Ming's second senior brother and charged out into the distance. In the blink of an eye, she disappeared without a trace.

Just as Zi Yan was scared off by Su Ming's second senior brother's enthusiasm and fled quickly in a flustered state without even bothering about Han Cang Zi, Su Ming's right hand made the last stroke on his drawing board where he sat outside his cave abode.

When he finished drawing, Su Ming held out the drawing board to Han Cang Zi. A baffled look appeared momentarily on her face

when she looked at it. After a long while, she placed the drawing board down, cast a glance at Su Ming, then spun around with a calm look on her face and turned into a long arc and left.

The drawing board was empty.

Those who could see it would certainly see it, but those who couldn't, no matter how they forced themselves to see it, they would still not be able to see anything.

Su Ming did not know whether Han Cang Zi saw the drawing. He looked at her leaving figure, then closed his eyes after a long while. When he opened them once again, they were as calm as water.

He picked up the drawing board silently and once again immersed himself in copying Si Ma Xin's sword slash. With every single copy, he would gain a slightly better understanding of it. These experiences gradually built up and slowly allowed him to sense the might of that one stroke he had made previously.

Three days later, Hu Zi came out of his hiding place silently. When he saw that Zi Yan seemed to no longer bother him, he became pleased with himself once again and spent his days in his cave abode drinking, and as he did so, he would also mumble under his breath and fiddle with some ice shards, grouping them together. He would even occasionally let out some weird giggles as he did so.

Second senior brother tended to his plants as he usually did, but he also gained a new hobby for himself. He would go to the spots

where the sun was the brightest and position himself so that sunlight would fall on the side of his face. It was as if he was extremely fond of this particular action.

Their Master, Tian Xie Zi, also walked out when Zi Yan no longer appeared on the ninth summit. Every morning, the people in the ninth summit would hear long lasting howls from the top of the mountain.

Those roars were like thunder and rumbled in the air. Tian Xie Zi would always rise up to roar and fly in different directions to do something, though no one knew exactly what he wanted to do, and he would usually only return by noon.

As time passed by, Su Ming learned that this was his Master's hobby.

At the same time, as another month went by, Su Ming noticed that his Master, Tian Xie Zi, had another unique quirk!

He only learned about this quirk through his second senior brother's words and his own observations.

"Look, Master is wearing white again today. He should be flying north."

Second senior brother sat beside Su Ming on his platform outside his cave abode. At that moment, second senior brother had his head lifted towards the sky, looking at the top of mountain. He

spoke as if he was deeply moved by his Master's actions.

A rumbling roar came from the top of the mountain, and Tian Xie Zi, who was dressed in white, flew towards the north.

"If Master is in a good mood in the morning, he'll do this. Youngest junior brother, you must get used to it."

"Master is wearing red today, he'll fly to the west."

Hu Zi was also sitting beside his second senior brother this time. There was a pot of wine in his hand. He mumbled under his breath, "Master is wearing black today, so he'll definitely fly to the south..." and did not even bother looking at the sky.

Then just as he said, Tian Xie Zi flew towards the south from the summit, dressed in black.

"Master is dressed in green today and is also wearing a green hat. Just you wait, his mood is bad today, so he'll fly east..." Second senior brother did not even bother lifting his head when he stated that softly, holding a green plant in his hands.

When Su Ming heard it as he was still drawing Si Ma Xin's sword slash, he instinctively lifted his head to look, and a stunned look appeared on his face.

Rumbling sounds came from the mountaintop, and then Tian Xie Zi appeared in the air dressed in green and a green hat, and... flew



north.

This scene immediately made Hu Zi, who was drinking, stunned, and he quickly rubbed his eyes.

"That's not right, why did Master fly north?"

Second senior brother also lifted his head and his expression suddenly became grave.

"Something happened to Master!"

When Zi Che heard this and saw the changes in expressions of second and third senior brothers while meditating not too far away, having gained a deeper understanding of the weirdness in the ninth summit over the past few days, his heart immediately started racing against his chest. He had a feeling that he was about to discover some sort of secret.

At that moment, the green robed Tian Xie Zi suddenly faltered in the sky, in the act of flying towards the north. He stopped for a moment in midair as if he was mumbling something under his breath before he turned around and flew east...

Hu Zi rolled his eyes and lifted his wine pot to continue drinking with a look as if he was displeased with Tian Xie Zi's actions.

Su Ming frowned and cast a glance at his second senior brother. He saw a hint of seriousness that was rarely seen in his second

senior brother's eyes.

"I remember that the last time Master made a mistake like this was fifteen years ago... Could it be... that his purple robed self is about to appear once again..?"

Second senior brother took a deep breath and looked at Su Ming and Hu Zi.

"Purple robe?" Su Ming also looked at his second senior brother.

## Chapter 250: He Feng's Change

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"Every single time Master appears before us in purple robes, there will be much bloodshed... That is something that is very difficult for me to forget..."

Second senior brother let out a long sigh before standing up and taking a light step forward. He let sunlight fall on the side of his face as he placed his hands behind his back and lifted his head to look at the sky with a nostalgic look on his face.

Hu Zi was looking at his second senior brother dumbly. He gulped and mumbled under his breath. He had no idea when this new weird quirk of liking to stand under the sun and facing others with the side of his face was acquired by second senior brother.

Zi Che became nervous as well, sitting not too far since he rarely saw his uncle master Hua make a face like this.

Su Ming cast a glance at his second senior brother and lowered his head to continue copying Si Ma Xin's sword slash on the drawing board before him.

"That memory is something that I will never forget. It was fifteen years ago, during a night where the moon did not shine and the winds were strong..."

Second senior brother lifted his head and a complicated look appeared on his face.

"At that time, eldest senior brother was still in isolation, training himself, and I was meditating in my cave abode when suddenly..."

Second senior brother's words faltered and he swept his gaze across Hu Zi and Zi Che before finally settling on Su Ming.

When he saw that Su Ming had also lifted his head, second senior brother's voice rang out in the air once again.

"Master was dressed in purple when he suddenly entered my cave abode... I will never forget the very first question Master asked me at that time.

"He asked me... whether I knew how to use Arts to fight... At that time, I answered yes, and in the end... Remember this, if either of you sees the purple robed Master in your cave abode and he asks you this question, remember to say that you don't!" T

Second senior brother cast a solemn glance at Su Ming and Hu Zi before he shook his head and walked into the distance. His footsteps were very strange, because even though he was walking away, he still managed to make sunlight fall on the side of his face.

Hu Zi blinked. He always thought that he was very intelligent, so when his second senior brother's words reached him, he was not convinced and thought that second senior brother was misleading them. If Master really wore purple robes and came to him, he would definitely not listen to his second senior brother and tell his Master that he knew.

"I'd like to see just what would happen if I said yes."

Hu Zi lifted his head as if pleased with himself and exchanged a few words with Su Ming before picking up his wine pot and leaving the place.

During the past few days, the three of them had regularly gathered together. One of them would drink and one would let sunlight shine on the side of his face as he planted more flowers on the already green covered ground.

As for the last one, he would be sitting by the side with his drawing board as he drew on it.

Su Ming had already lost count of how many strokes he had drawn. His drawing board may seem empty, but in truth, if anyone sensed it carefully, they could gradually tell that there was a suppressed presence within that was gradually growing stronger.

The day of Sky Mist Shaman Hunt was drawing closer. The disciples in Freezing Sky Clan started making detailed preparations during. There were also many private trades that occurred among them.

In fact, some of the disciples that had been away for many years returned, and their goal was to join the Sky Mist Shaman Hunt this time. Since this battle was a rather large scale battle that occurred only once a century, it was a very attractive thing to the disciples.

The Shamans were a mysterious group of people that were somewhat similar yet completely different to Berserkers. They lived in the area outside Sky Mist Barrier and prevented the Berserkers in the Land of South Morning from completely controlling the entire Land of South Morning. They also prevented countless people from leaving the place, forcing them to be unable to leave the Land of South Morning as well as meet other Berserkers in the other continents in this world, so keeping them from knowing whether they had any other comrades.

To the disciples of Freezing Sky Clan, the battle against the Shamans allowed them to see the Shamanic Spells that were obviously different from Berserker Arts. Perhaps they would even be able to obtain some form of serendipity. Besides, practically all the Beasts in the Shaman Tribe had a Beast Core within them, and this thing was a great tonic for Berserkers.

There was also another rule set by those guarding Sky Mist Barrier that a person would be rewarded based on the number of Shamans he or she killed. The more Shamans he or she killed, the greater the reward would be. Every single time Sky Mist Shaman Hunt was held, the two big tribes and schools, Freezing Sky and Western Sea, would bring out grand rewards for the disciples who killed their enemies.

The rewards offered for the battle this time would also top all the rewards of the past 100 years because the battle was a large scale battle that occurred only once every century.

The rewards were just one of the factors that attracted the people

to join the battle. There were also people who joined for the fame that would come from this battle. In Sky Mist City was a gigantic rock. That rock stood tall and towered into the sky. All the people of South Morning who wanted to join the battle would leave a handprint on that rock right at the moment they arrived in Sky Mist City so that their presences would be left behind.

After that, a rather detailed ranking board that would rank all the people based on how many Shamans they killed would appear on that rock! Once Sky Mist Shaman Hunt ended, the ranks would spread through all the Berserker Tribes in the Land of South Morning so that all people would know of it!

During the hunt, the ranking board would be observed by all the powerful Berserkers who came to the place. Those who were ranked higher on the board would receive more attention, and those within the top 100 would temporarily be given the name [Tian Lan](#).

If they could enter the top 10, then they would be given the title of Sky Mist Guard. If they entered the top three and maintained their position, then they would obtain the right for permanent residency in Sky Mist City. The person in the first place would obtain Sky Mist's sacred treasure. However, this treasure could only be given to the person in first place temporarily. Once he or she was no longer in the first place, then the treasure would automatically disappear and appear in the hand's of the new person who obtained first place.

When the battle ended, the treasure would disappear and reappear in Sky Mist City to be worshipped once again.

Yet even so, there were plenty of rumors regarding Sky Mist's sacred treasure. One among the many rumors had been proven true. The sacred treasure, which was only given to those ranked first temporarily during the battles that occurred only once a century, would increase the power of the person who continuously held onto it incessantly for those two short years!

Prestige, fame, rewards, all these things made the people who wanted to join the Sky Mist Shaman Hunt this time arrive and start an incredibly intense preparation stage.

There were less than ten months before the battle began!

Among the nine summits on the Great Frozen Plains of Freezing Sky Clan, besides the ninth summit, all the other eight summits were preparing for the battle. Only the people in the ninth summit still maintained their peaceful lives as they went on understanding their very own Clearing Mind Art.

Su Ming's life was very peaceful, and he treasured his current lifestyle. Ever since he came to the Land of South Morning, it was rare that he could experience moments like these, especially the feeling he found here, where he now treated the mountain as his home. His senior brothers were kind to him, and he experienced the type of warmth that he would only find if he belonged to a place over here.

Su Ming might not have shown any desire to join Sky Mist Shaman Hunt, but he had already made his decision in his heart



regarding the battle.

He wanted to go!

He wanted to join the fray. Only these sorts of battles would be able to make him improve quickly, because the only demand Su Ming had for himself was to increase his own power.

He had to make himself stronger!

‘My power is still far from enough for me to leave the Land of South Morning and return to the Alliance of the Western Region...’

Su Ming’s right hand slashed across the drawing board before him. He lifted his head and looked at the weather. The sky was already darkening, and even the few rays of evening sun that still remained somewhat visible in the distance had become much dimmer.

Su Ming stood up and walked towards his cave abode. Over the past few days, besides copying Si Ma Xin’s sword slash, he had also been doing something else. That thing was one of the things he was preparing for the Sky Mist Shaman Hunt this time.

His cave abode had become much bigger than how it was a few months back. Three more ice rooms had been opened up, and howls that no one could hear except Su Ming since he had divine senses would travel forth from one of the larger ice rooms in his cave.

Su Ming walked up to the ice room with a passive expression, entering it.

Right as he did so, a gust of cold wind blew against his face, and a blurred figure of a person closed in on him in an instant. Yet the very moment he got closer to Su Ming, that figure let out a shrill cry, tumbling a few dozen feet backward. His face was revealed then.

It was an existence that had the wings of the Wings of the Moon while possessing the body of a person. His eyes were bloodshot with raging violence, and as he retreated, he kept his glare fixed on Su Ming.

His body was caught in-between being an illusion and having physical substance, though he looked as if he was about to fade away at any moment. His entire body was red, and the space around him distorted in a manner that caused him to look as if he was enveloped by invisible fire and that he was burning.

He was naked, and on his skin were scale like objects overlapping each other. His hands turned into claws as he howled at Su Ming.

"He Feng, you were the one who asked to fuse with the souls of the Wings of the Moon within me. The process is still ongoing, are you saying that you can't hold on anymore?!" Su Ming asked coldly.

His voice reverberated through the ice room and fell into the

strange person's ears. His words made the person shudder and conflict appeared in his bloodshot, violent eyes.

That person... was actually He Feng!

After Su Ming fought against Si Ma Xin and cleared up his cave abode, He Feng told him after much careful thought that he wanted to fuse together with the souls of the creatures he did not know the names of residing in Su Ming's body.

He Feng was a cautious person. He did not want to become a Vessel Spirit, but if he did not want to become a Vessel Spirit, then he had to prove that he was not a burden. When he fought against Si Ma Xin's ice wolf spirit, he had struggled greatly, and that was why he made this decision, because his power was simply not enough.

Su Ming kept his silence about the matter for several days before he agreed to He Feng's request and opened up the ice room so that it could be the place for He Feng to fuse with the souls of the Wings of the Moon.

In the beginning, the fusion was successful, but gradually, something unforeseen happened. As He Feng continued fusing with the countless Wings of the Moon, he lost all form of reasoning, became the way he was now.

The moment the conflicted look appeared in He Feng's eyes, Su Ming took a step forward quickly and lifted his right hand, swiftly drawing a circle at the center of He Feng's brows with his right

index finger.

Once the circle was formed, blood-red light shone from within it. The circle looked like the blood moon when it appeared on the center of He Feng's brows.

When the blood moon appeared, He Feng closed his eyes and slowly sat down cross-legged, regaining his calm.

Once every few days, Su Ming would use this method to suppress this change that appeared when He Feng fused with the Wings of the Moon. Only by continuing with this process right up till the end would He Feng become truly strong.

Su Ming expected this process to last for several more months, perhaps even longer.

He stared at He Feng for a long while before turning around and leaving the ice room. He sat down outside and closed his eyes with the drawing board in hand, once again immersing himself in copying the slash.

If there were no interruptions, then he would have perhaps continued copying the slash until he needed to visit He Feng again.

But when morning came, the ninth summit welcomed a guest. That person... came for Su Ming.

Tian Lan - Sky Mist's pinyin, it's like a new name given to a person. If you were to remember Fang Cang Lan, and how she's

called Han Cang Zi? Han something Zi is a name given to the top students in Freezing Sky Clan, so you have Han Cang Zi. So Tian Lan something is the same. You have Tian Lan Meng, and I do believe that her name is one of these. "I take away your surname and your middle name and give you a titled name".

# Chapter 251: Tian Lan Meng's Invitation

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"I am Chen Chan Er, disciple of the seventh summit. I came on orders from my eldest senior sister to invite uncle master Su of the ninth summit to meet her," a melodious voice asked, traveling up the ninth summit on that morning.

That voice belonged to a girl in an emerald green robe. The girl looked to be either 17 or 18 years of age. She stood at the foot of the ninth summit with her back straight and a hint of curiosity on her face as she observed her surroundings, which happened to be a place that she had never been before.

It was a pity, however. Her lack of understanding towards the ninth summit guaranteed that once her voice traveled into the mountain, Hu Zi would continue drinking and snoring with a pleased smile on his face as he dreamed about something again.

Second senior brother would continue tending to his flowers as sunlight fell on his side profile.

Zi Che would continue sitting outside Su Ming's cave, grouping words together in his head and having the time of his life as he occasionally muttered the poems and songs he had created.

Eldest senior brother spoke even less and kept himself in isolation.

The way the ninth summit operated led to the girl receiving absolutely no answer even though her voice traveled through the

mountain for quite some time.

Su Ming heard her, but did not bother with it. He did not know the eldest senior sister from the seventh summit and did not want to meet with people he did not know.

The girl waited for a little while longer before frowning and dashing up the mountain stairs. She might not have come to the ninth summit before, but it was still clear that before she came to the place, she had learned the location of Su Ming's cave from someone and was now walking up as if she was very familiar with the place. After a moment, she arrived outside Su Ming's cave on the quiet ninth summit, but her path was blocked by Zi Che.

Zi Che sat outside with a cold and aloof look as he stared at the girl.

"Uncle master refuses to see anyone. Please go back."

"So it is senior brother Zi Che. I am Chen Chan Er. You should know who eldest senior sister of the seventh summit is. I came on orders by my eldest senior sister to ask uncle master Su to see her. Please relay my message to him."

The girl's expression was passive as her clear and melodious voice echoed in the air. It was as if she did not care about Zi Che's power at all.

Zi Che frowned. Naturally, he knew about the eldest senior sister

of the seventh summit, Tian Lan Meng. That woman was ranked first on the Great Frozen Plains ranking board. Just like Si Ma Xin, she was one of the people who were known to have the possibility of becoming the God of Berserkers.

He hesitated for a moment before he got up and walked into Su Ming's cave abode. After a short while, Zi Che came out and with a flat expression. He waved his hand dismissively and said, "He won't see her."

The girl frowned and cast a glance at Su Ming's cave, which was located not too far away from her, before she turned into a long arc and left.

After a moment, the long-haired woman sitting on the big rock that stood at the top of the seventh summit and had witnessed the fight between Su Ming and Si Ma Xin while also copying the power of that one stroke executed by Su Ming smiled faintly.

"He won't see me, hmm?"

"That's right. Eldest senior sister, that Su Ming is far too arrogant, he actually thinks he is our uncle master! I already said that I went there under your orders..."

The person who spoke was the girl who just came back, and her face was red with anger.

"It's fine. Take this with you and go there again."



The long-haired woman was breathtakingly beautiful. She pushed her black hair with her hand away and brought out a jade box, handing it to the girl.

The girl took the box, and while she was curious about what was hidden in there, she did not ask anything. She simply nodded and left.

After a moment, on the ninth summit, Zi Che stood inside Su Ming's cave and placed a jade box before him respectfully, then took a few steps back to wait for instructions.

Su Ming looked at the jade box quietly for a while before he opened it. The moment he did so, the entire cave abode lit up. Sitting inside the jade box was a golden stone coin!

The golden stone coin was diamond shaped and sparkled in a manner that gave a clouded, dreamlike feeling to others while also making people feel as if their souls were about to be sucked into the coin.

"A superior grade stone coin!"

Zi Che sucked in a sharp breath. The value of a golden stone coin, even if there was only one, was incredibly high. It was also extremely rare. One of these golden stone coins was enough to exchange for 100,000 normal stone coins.

However, this golden stone coin gave Su Ming a different feeling compared to Zi Che. There was a shocking amount of spiritual aura within it, and the density of it made Su Ming's divine senses feel as if they were being sucked in.

‘She brought out a spirit stone of this quality just to see me...’

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he closed the lid on the box with his right hand before pushing it back to Zi Che.

"I won't see her."

Zi Che licked his lips, picked up the box, and exited the cave.

A long arc flew towards the risen platform on the seventh summit. Soon, Chen Chan Er's angry voice rang on the summit.

"Eldest senior sister, that Su Ming is just too arrogant. He still refuses to see. Just who does he think he is? You already asked him to come twice, and he's still ignoring you."

Once the girl returned the box back to the woman and stood fuming by her side, she glared in the direction of where the ninth summit was located in the distance.

"It's fine. Send this box over."

The long-haired woman smiled gently and brought out another

box. It was as if she had long since expected this to happen and had prepared more than one box such as this.

Yet the girl did not seem to have noticed this in her anger. When she heard the woman's voice, she originally did not want to go, but in the end she still took the box obediently and flew away in a long arc.

‘Su Ming, I’d like to see just how many things you’ll make me bring out before you’re willing to come.’

The long-haired woman smiled in an unaffected manner before she closed her eyes.

In the ninth summit, Zi Che’s ragged breathing echoed within Su Ming’s cave as he stared at the beast skins folded on top of each other in the box lying before Su Ming. There were four words on the skins, and they were... God of Berserkers Transformation!

‘Only when the disciples are acknowledged by the school and have the possibility of becoming the God of Berserkers would they be given the divine ability of God of Berserkers Transformation... Tian Lan Meng actually sent this thing here?!’

Zi Che could manage to not pay too much attention towards the golden stone coin, but he could not afford to not care about these beast skins. His breathing became quicker. If he was Su Ming, then he would accept these things without hesitation.

‘It’s just meeting her...’

With much difficulty, Zi Che turned his gaze away from the beast skins and looked at Su Ming.

Su Ming’s expression remained calm. He simply cast a glance at the beast skins within the box before he closed his eyes. When he reopened them after a moment, he closed the box once again and pushed it towards Zi Che.

"I won't see her!"

Zi Che was stunned. He opened his mouth as if he was about to say something, but when he saw Su Ming’s expression, he quickly swallowed his words and picked up the box and walked out with begrudging reluctance, feeling that it was a great pity.

‘She must be aiming for something big by showing off all these valuable treasures to me... I’ve never seen this woman before, so it’s best that I don’t take her things!’

The melodious voice rang once again not long after the previous time on the seventh summit. This time, that voice was clearly more high-pitched, and the anger in the voice also became more apparent.

"I’m not going anymore, eldest senior sister! I won’t go! Just who does that Su Ming think he is?! He can’t even win against Si Ma Xin, and he’s acting so arrogantly! You invited him three times,

and that alone is already enough for him to see that you're showing him enough respect, but he still refused!"

The long haired woman continued smiling. However, that smile not only did not contain any hint of coldness, it instead held a hint of profoundness within that the girl did not understand. It was as if she was not offended by Su Ming's actions but grew to admire him because of it.

"It seems like I've viewed him too superficially. Give him this thing."

The long-haired woman was silent for a moment before she grabbed at the air and another box appeared once again in her hands. This box was clearly different from the previous ones and was about seven feet long.

"If he still sends this back, then give him this wooden slip."

The woman passed the long box to the girl and then brought out a wooden slip about the size of two fingers from her bosom before placing it in the girl's hands.

"Alright, sister Chan Er, this is the last time. If he still returns them, then we'll forget about this," the long haired woman said gently.

There was a tone in her voice that made Chen Chan Er unable to refuse her request. She could only dip her head down and nod

obediently.

"This is the last time?"

"Yes, it's the last time."

The long haired woman smiled, and it was a breathtaking smile. She patted the girl's hair.

Only then did Chen Chan Er turn into a long arc and go to the ninth summit.

Peace was bound to be robbed away from the ninth summit that day. Zi Che's breathing had become much more rapid in Su Ming's cave compared to the time he saw the beast skins that recorded the skill for the God of Berserkers Transformation.

"Freezing Sky Sword! The Freezing Sky Sword that will only be forged once every 500 years within Freezing Sky Clan! Only the disciples who have contributed to the school will be given this sword by Heaven Gate... Tian Lan Meng actually brought this out? This... This is..."

Zi Che was shaken when he saw what lay in the opened box before Su Ming. He simply could not fathom why the woman would do so.

Su Ming looked at the sword inside the box calmly. That sword was an ice sword and was completely transparent. It was letting off

a chilling air that made his hair stand on end.

This was a great piece of treasure!

"There are only 14 Freezing Sky Swords given out inside Freezing Sky Clan. There is an Art embedded within each of these swords. Apparently, it'll also be much easier if you enter Freezing Sky Cave with them..."

A great look of longing appeared on Zi Che's face.

Su Ming was silent as he looked at the sword. Yet even though his eyes were trained on the sword, his heart was not on it. Instead, he was immersed in his own thoughts.

'First it's the golden stone coin, then it's the God of Berserkers Transformation, now it's this Freezing Sky Sword... The eldest senior sister of the seventh summit, Tian Lan Meng who is ranked first in the Great Frozen Plains ranking boards... just what are your goals?!'

Su Ming frowned.

Zi Che hesitated for a moment before he spoke in a low voice to try and persuade Su Ming, "Uncle master, this sword... you should take this sword!"

"She's leading me into something..."

Su Ming lifted his head and gave Zi Che a look before he closed the lid on the box before him with his right hand and pushed it away once again.

"I won't see her!"

Zi Che felt his jaw fall slack and only let out a breath after a moment. He hesitated for a moment before sighing eventually and taking the box, then he left the cave with great reluctance.

Yet after a moment, he returned. This time, there was an odd expression on his face. When Su Ming looked over, he held out a wooden slip to him respectfully.

"They said that this is the last item they will offer," Zi Che whispered.

Su Ming took the wooden slip and cast a glance at it, and the very moment he did so, his expression changed. Even when he saw the golden stone coin, the God of Berserkers Transformation, and Freezing Sky Sword, such a drastic change of expression had never appeared.

Zi Che was momentarily stunned. He had stolen a glance at that wooden slip before and found that it was empty. There was absolutely nothing carved on it, so when he saw Su Ming's expression, he could not understand what caused him to have this reaction.



Su Ming stared at the wooden slip in his hands blankly and only closed his eyes after a long moment. When he opened his eyes once again, he stood up.

"Zi Che, I'm going to go out for a while. You don't have to follow me."

# Chapter 252: What Exactly Is Spirit?

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## What Exactly Is Spirit?

Zi Che might have been confused by Su Ming's words, but he still obeyed. He watched with bewilderment appeared in his eyes how Su Ming walked out of his cave and turned into a long arc before flying off the mountain.

'The wooden slip looked ordinary and there was nothing special about it, so why did uncle master Su change his mind so quickly after he saw it? Could it be that the small wooden slip had something even more valuable than the golden stone coin, the God of Berserkers Transformation, and even Freezing Sky Sword?'

Zi Che simply could not understand it.

This was the first time Su Ming left the ninth summit ever since he battled against Si Ma Xin. To him, neither Freezing Sky Clan nor the Great Frozen Plains Sect were his home in the Land of South Morning. The only place he called home was the ninth summit.

Su Ming was walking forward in the air, and the seventh summit lay at the end of what his eyes could see.

Tian Lan Meng had invited him multiple times and had offered him gifts from the golden stone coin, to the God of Berserkers Transformation, and later to Freezing Sky Sword before eventually changing it to the wooden slip. There was a process hidden in her

actions. It could be said to have been a test, but could also be said to have been a gradual change of heart.

If she had not given the wooden slip, Su Ming would not have ventured out of the ninth summit, neither would he have went to meet the person who was ranked first on the Great Frozen Plains ranking board, Tian Lan Meng.

Su Ming's expression was passive even as he held the wooden slip in his hands. As he moved forward, another long arc was struggling to keep up behind him. The person in that long arc was in fact the Chen Chan Er who had come forth to invite Su Ming all those multiple times.

Su Ming did not turn his head back. With the wooden slip in hand, he arrived in the sky above the seventh summit before long. The seventh summit seemed a little fuzzy in his eyes, as if there was a layer of mist around that mountain, yet if he took a closer look, he would find that there was actually no mist there.

He immediately discovered that the mountain was giving him this strange sensation due to the Rune that was naturally activated once all the halls within the mountain were in operation.

This was completely different from the ninth summit.

Su Ming gave it a brief glance before he averted his gaze and turned to look at the wooden slip in his hands. A glint appeared in his eyes, and his grip around the wooden slip tightened.

He stood in the air calmly without a hint of impatience or lethargy on his face. Chen Chan Er, who was behind him, only managed to catch up to him after a moment. It might have been because she was rushing over now, having been moving back and forth between the mountains multiple times that day, but her forehead was covered in sweat. She gave Su Ming a glare and flew past him without even a word.

Su Ming did not bother about the girl's actions. He followed behind Chen Chan Er calmly and the two of them turned into long arcs as they flew towards the top of the mountain.

The moment they got closer to the mountain, the barely discernible mist before Chen Chan Er suddenly disappeared and the mountain return to normal, allowing Chen Chan Er to enter smoothly. Su Ming followed behind.

It was as if he had walked through a membrane, but it also felt that he had just passed through a layer of water. When he stepped into the seventh summit, the wind that blew against him was no longer cold but held a hint of warmth, and as he breathed in, there was a sweet fragrance to it.

That fragrance did not come from flowers or plants, but was a unique scent that was formed because there were a lot of female disciples in this mountain.

Playful giggles reached his ears, and in each place Su Ming's eyes swept through, he saw women and girls. The female disciples on the summit were either playing around in groups or walking up the mountain stairs leisurely. They were so great in number that it

was dazzling just looking at them.

Compared to the quiet ninth summit, the seventh summit was simply far too lively.

This liveliness that all came from women made Su Ming uncomfortable.

Almost at the very instant he arrived on the seventh summit, quite a number of female disciples also noticed his presence. His green robes, handsome figure, and the scar under his eyes made a lot of people able to identify him with just one glance.

"He's..."

"I remember him. He's Su Ming, the one who fought against fellow brother Si Ma. He's from the ninth summit."

"I remember too. He once told fellow brother Si Ma that he is his uncle master... Why is he here in the seventh summit?"

"That's right. Men seldom come to the seventh summit. Who did he come for?"

Chirruping sound reached his ears, forcing Su Ming to take a deep breath to calm himself down. This was the first time he was in a situation like this. He could not adapt to this quickly and could only walk forward swiftly to avoid all the gazes focused on him.

Zi Yan was walking down the mountain stairs, her back straight. Her lazy demeanor gave her a unique, charming air. She placed a hand on her mouth and yawned, and when she lifted her head, she also saw Su Ming, who was walking to the top of the mountain with Chen Chan Er.

"Hm?"

Zi Yan blinked. When she saw Chen Chan Er guiding Su Ming forward, a confused look appeared on her face. She fell silent for a moment before she immediately moved towards where Han Cang Zi was.

There was another girl who saw Su Ming's arrival on the seventh summit. The girl wore a purple robe and stood on a mountain rock. With the wind in her face, she looked into the distance, and her gaze was trained on the first summit.

The girl was incredibly beautiful and had a hint of wildness surrounding her. Her eyes were half-lidded and she was frowning, as if she was hesitating because of something.

When she saw Su Ming flying through the sky, towards the top of the mountain, disdain and contempt appeared within her eyes. However, that expression was quickly hidden away. She took a deep breath and cast a profound gaze towards the first summit before gritting her teeth.

Resolution appeared in her eyes.

"Bai Su, there's definitely someone who looks incredibly similar to you which he met before in his life. That's why if you go and approach him, he won't refuse to see you.

"But I can't let you do this. Even it's for the reason so that I can plant a Berserker Seed inside him which would definitely make me succeed in challenging Freezing Sky Cave, and even if I don't and the cave is dangerous for me.

"Still, even if it's risky, I want to try it!"

That girl was naturally Bai Su.

At the moment that determined look appeared in her eyes, she remembered Si Ma Xin's gentle words to her two months ago.

"Big brother Si Ma, I won't let anything happen to you in Freezing Sky Cave..." Bai Su mumbled and turned around. The wind picked up a few locks of her hair and, as they floated in the wind, Bai Su left, similarly charging towards the top of the mountain.

Su Ming floated down on the top of the seventh summit. This was the first time he met Tian Lan Meng.

She was a woman with long hair and was dressed in red robes, and she was sitting at the edge of a huge rock which stood at the top of the mountain. The woman was looking at Su Ming and her

face was as beautiful as a picture. Her smile was warm, and it did not give others even the slightest feeling that she was a stranger. In fact, her smile gave others the impression that they were looking at an old friend.

"Sister Chan Er, you can go back first," the long haired woman said softly, and when the girl by her side heard her words, she nodded her head obediently and left the place.

However, when she passed by Su Ming, she did not forget to glare at him. Clearly, her multiple trips to the ninth summit had angered her due to Su Ming's multiple refusals.

Once the girl left, the long haired woman smiled at him gently and spoke to Su Ming softly. "Chan Er is still young, brother Su, please don't mind her."

There was a gentle air around her. This temperament, along with her natural grace and gentleness, gave her a noble air.

Su Ming's gaze swept across the woman. She was beautiful, but even though she was gentle, he still felt that there was a layer of mist before her, which caused others to have the feeling as if they were looking at her through the mist and could not see her clearly.

Su Ming walked forward silently, then with a lift of his robes, he sat down on the same rock right opposite the woman.

Once Su Ming sat down, he looked at the woman before her



calmly and said languidly, "It's fine. In fact, I was fortunate to have been invited so many times."

Su Ming could not gauge the woman's level of cultivation.

"Congratulations, brother Su. You have improved once again. As expected, the people of the ninth summit are all extraordinary... I have overlooked this previously," Tian Lan Meng said with a smile. She trained her eyes on Su Ming, and their gazes met each other.

Su Ming did not speak. He simply met Tian Lan Meng's gaze squarely. After the span of a few breaths, wind blew past them and lifted a few locks of Tian Lan Meng's hair. These locks of hair broke their gazes.

After a long while, Tian Lan Meng broke the silence and asked softly, "Brother Su, how was the one copy I did?"

"You copied the spirit, and the form was also present. Both spirit and form are there... but there are still some details missing," Su Ming answered calmly.

"What exactly is spirit?" Tian Lan Meng suddenly asked.

"Spirit is the mind, it is your thoughts, your imagination. Spirit is when you remember as you dream in your heart. This is what we call thought, and it is also spirit."

Su Ming cast Tian Lan Meng a look before his gaze fell on the sky

behind her.

"Brother Su, your understanding towards the word is different from mine."

Tian Lan Meng's gaze towards Su Ming changed slightly.

"Pray tell."

Su Ming averted his gaze from the sky and trained his eyes on the long-haired woman's face.

"Spirit is Dao," Tian Lan Meng stated calmly.

"It is not thought, because thought in itself is narrow, but Dao is endless. Dao is a realm that those from other realms seek. Every person has a different Dao. The great Dao is boundless, and those who obtain Dao will see through the world, and in turn, we can say that we have found and become the truth.

"I have to thank you, brother Su, your fight with Si Ma Xin has allowed me to reach an epiphany and understand the meaning behind a sentence.

"I read this sentence from an ancient scroll before. It is a sentence that is spoken in the other worlds... If you stay on your Dao but have no method of solving a particular problem now, that method will eventually come to you. If you have the skills and power, but have strayed from your Dao, then you cannot use your skills, and

your power will forever stay stagnant!"

Tian Lan Meng's voice gradually started drifting and echoed around them.

"Due to my epiphany, while I still might not know the true meaning behind the words, I can view my epiphany as my Dao. Because I have a Dao, I could draw that copy of the slash you did after just one glance.

"That is why the spirit is Dao, and not the thought, heart, and imagination you speak of. Brother Su, do you understand my words?"

Tian Lan Meng smiled softly.

Su Ming looked at the smile on her face. There was no hint of ridicule or scorn within her smile, only logic and persistence, and she seemed to be waiting for his answer.

"All things in the world differ in sizes. My understanding towards the word is narrow and small to you, and the Dao you speak is a huge thing that seeks to reach a state where you understand the world.

"It is like two spots, like two different directions, and like two different extremes."

Su Ming closed his eyes and continued, unhurried, "To me, the

heart is aspiration, and the spirit is a realm. You are walking on the Dao of the heavens, and I'm walking through the narrow gate on the earth, but once I walk past that gate, what I'm searching for is just to merely open my eyes. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

The last sentence written in the beast skin scrolls suddenly surfaced in Su Ming's mind.

"You cannot see... the world that I see."

## Chapter 253: That State!

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Tian Lan Meng frowned. Su Ming's words threw her off slightly, but even if she pondered over them, she still found her understanding of his words to be slightly unclear; she did not quite understand what he had said.

Tian Lan Meng fell silent for a moment before she asked softly, "What do you mean by opening your eyes?"

Su Ming looked at the woman before him and lifted his right hand suddenly. With a wave, the air from his fingertips swept past the mountain rock lying by his side, and as ice shards flew into the air, a blooming flower appeared on the iced river underneath the rock.

Anyone who saw that flower could feel the overflowing vigor coming from it. In fact, they would find themselves hard-pressed to discern whether it was carved on the iced river, or whether the flower had been growing on the ice since the beginning.

"Copy it," Su Ming said calmly lowering his hand.

A sparkle appeared in Tian Lan Meng's eyes. She turned her gaze towards the flower on the iced river and pointed a finger at it. She drew a few strokes through the air, and another ice flower appeared on the ice river.

The two flowers looked completely the same and it was difficult to find any difference between them, whether it was their spirit or

form.

"Do you understand now?"

Su Ming looked towards Tian Lan Meng.

The long haired woman frowned, and after a moment, she shook her head.

Su Ming lifted his right hand once again. This time he did something simple. He pointed towards the mountain rock by his side and jabbed a small hole in that mountain rock. Several cracks appeared on the edges of the hole, spreading outwards.

"Copy it."

Su Ming's voice still remained calm.

Tian Lan Meng looked at the small hole on the mountain rock that appeared once Su Ming lifted his finger and fell silent for a long time. When she eventually lifted her head to look at Su Ming, a complicated expression appeared in her eyes.

"You are always copying," Su Ming said slowly, lifting his head, "because you think that the spirit is Dao. You search for something abstruse, that's why you can copy many things, because you think that as you search for it, you will find your Dao eventually."

"I don't know what is the Dao you speak... but from what you said just now, I can understand that while the Dao is an abstruse concept, it exists. It exists within the world, perhaps all the plants, trees, flowers, and stones have a Dao within them.

"What I seek isn't a Dao, but to have my mind acting as my aspiration, to have my spirit as my realm, and when I open my eyes, I will draw out my heart's desires... This is the reason why I can draw, but you can only copy."

Tian Lan Meng remained silent. After a long while, she looked at Su Ming with an even more complicated gaze.

"If all the people in the world are drunk and you are the only one sober, then it means that all the people in the world are awake, and you are asleep..." Tian Lan Meng mumbled. She suddenly understood why the people in the ninth summit had all those weird eccentricities that normal people would not understand.

"Similarly, I drew out what existed in my heart with this one stroke, and that is my own stroke. You, however, only copied it. There are some things you can copy, and there are some that you cannot."

Su Ming stood up and flipped over the wooden slip he held in his hands, revealing its back.

"I came here and answered your questions because I wanted to ask something. But now, it seems that I don't have to ask you. You... don't understand."

Su Ming sighed softly and turned around to leave.

"Su Ming!"

At the same time he turned around, a vast and mighty presence suddenly rose behind him. Tian Lan Meng slowly stood up and a tenacious look appeared within her eyes as she looked at Su Ming.

"I cannot see the picture behind the wooden slip, but I can feel it. If you want to know where the wooden slip came from, I can tell you, but I want to know what exactly you mean by the things I cannot copy!"

"Do you truly want to know?"

Su Ming's footsteps faltered. He did not turn his head back but asked calmly.

"If you can help me answer my question, then I'll give you the golden stone coin, the God of Berserkers Transformation, and Freezing Sky Sword!"

As Tian Lan Meng spoke, she lifted her right hand and waved it towards him. The three boxes instantly charged towards Su Ming and fell by his side.

Tian Lan Meng's expression returned to state of passiveness



before she spoke flatly, "If you can only say it but cannot do it, then I won't trouble you. You can take the wooden slip and leave, but in return, you have to promise me something, and you cannot refuse it."

Su Ming fell silent for a moment before he turned around and waved his hand. The three boxes were instantly taken, and as he looked at Tian Lan Meng, he lifted his right hand and slashed at the mountain rock by his side abruptly with one finger.

The mountain rock trembled, and a faint mark appeared on it. That mark looked like a line and a slash, a sorrowful feeling spreading out from within it.

Tian Lan Meng did not speak. She only gave it a look before lifting her hand and pointing towards it. A copied stroke that was the same in spirit and form as Su Ming's slash appeared on the mountain rock.

Su Ming moved his right hand once again. This time, he drew out ten strokes continuously. Each stroke seemed the same but were in truth completely different from each other. As they fell on the mountain rock, the rock rumbled.

Tian Lan Meng's expression was calm. Almost at the same moment Su Ming made those slashes, she copied him, and when his ten strokes fell on the rock, ten copied strikes that were the exact same as his own appeared beside them.

Su Ming pushed off the ground with his right foot and rose into

the air. In midair, he closed his eyes and lifted his right hand before starting to draw on the seventh summit.

10, 100, 1,000... As Su Ming's right hand drew, the entire seventh summit started trembling, and long marks appeared on the surface of the mountain. Those long marks were all caused by Su Ming.

All of them seemed the same but were in reality entirely different from each other.

Tian Lan Meng too rose into the air and lifted her right hand by Su Ming's side. She started copying all of them, and even though each stroke was different, she still achieved the same results as she copied them.

As one of them drew and the other copied, the entire seventh summit trembled. The rumbling sounds made all the disciples within the mountain feel their hearts shake and they lifted their heads to look upwards.

At that moment, an old woman dressed in white robes looked at Su Ming and Tian Lan Meng with sparkling eyes from the seventh summit.

Su Ming did not stop even after he finished drawing those 1,000 strokes. He simply continued on drawing calmly. This was nothing difficult for him. The number of strokes he made on a regular basis far surpassed the number he had now. He was simply drawing as he pleased and was using the mountain as his drawing board as he drew 1,000, 3,000, 5,000, 7,000 strokes...

All those strokes contained a different presence, and gradually, it made Tian Lan Meng's speed in copying them slow down. She began to slowly show signs that she could not catch up to Su Ming, because she was copying, and Su Ming was creating on his own.

One of them was drawing what he thought in his heart, and the other was merely copying it.

Time passed by, but even as Su Ming continued to close in on his 10,000th stroke, he still had not stopped. It was as if he was completely immersed in creating a picture, and it seemed like he was drawing out the world on the seventh summit with each stroke.

The many female disciples on the seventh summit began to experience a change in their expressions as the mountain trembled and as they watched the strange competition between Su Ming and Tian Lan Meng in the sky.

Bai Su stood at the top of the mountain and looked at Su Ming standing in the air before sucking in a deep breath. She suddenly realized that this Su Ming seemed to be slightly different from the abhorrent man in her memories.

When Su Ming was somewhere around his 13,000th stroke, Tian Lan Meng could no longer catch up. Sweat had started forming on her forehead. Her speed had started to slow down because those 10,000 something strokes that were completely different from each other had already become very difficult for her to copy for they

had different feelings coming from within them.

Yet she still gritted her teeth and persevered in copying all those strokes, though her speed was also becoming increasingly slower. When she copied out the 15,000th stroke, Su Ming had already drawn his 20,000th stroke by her side.

The 20,000 different strokes made Tian Lan Meng turn pale. Her actions gradually slowed down until she eventually came to a halt. When she looked at Su Ming, she bit her bottom lip.

Su Ming still had his eyes closed and continued drawing. At the instant he made his 23,000th stroke, he opened his eyes and drew that last line across the sky.

The very instant he made that slash, the sky roared and a large crack appeared in the air for a brief moment. It might have only been for a brief moment, but it was precisely because it only appeared briefly, that once it appeared, it immediately disappeared without a trace!

"Can you copy that?"

Su Ming stood in midair and looked at Tian Lan Meng.

Tian Lan Meng trembled. As she looked at the final stroke, she found herself rendered speechless.

After a long while, Tian Lan Meng said in a hoarse voice, "This

isn't Si Ma Xin's slash!"

"It isn't. This is mine," Su Ming said softly, then turned around and walked away.

He disappeared into the distance and just his voice floated through the air and landed into Tian Lan Meng's ears. "Your request is definitely for us to work together during Sky Mist Shaman Hunt. If it is something related to the things you gave me, then I will work with you."

The old woman in white on the seventh summit watched Su Ming leave, then lifted her head to look at the sky. A brilliant light appeared in her eyes.

"Picture Creation..." she mumbled, then looked towards the ninth summit.

"It was not long since this child entered the ninth summit, and yet he has already reached this level of understanding... However, is the word Creation truly the underlying meaning lying within the Berserker Tribe... Uncle master Tian Xie Zi, due to his epiphany, your eldest disciple is forced into isolation and cannot leave.

"Due to his epiphany, your second disciple split into two different personalities...

"Due to his epiphany, your third disciple has two different realities: his dreams and what is in the real world..."

"These three people have succeeded, but have also failed... perhaps they will once again succeed someday, but it is only a mere possibility... Right now, your fourth disciple is about to arrive at that state. What sort of change will happen to him..?"

"You went through four changes of heart and could not go through the fifth... but even if you eventually make it through, there will be more waiting for you. If you are already caught in this state, then can your disciples do it? Creation is difficult..."

The old woman shook her head and a complicated look appeared on her face.

"Meng Er is the most powerful among all those within the same generation in the Great Frozen Plains. For the training of her state of mind, I let her understand the Daos of the other worlds. This method is stable, but it is unrelated to the Berserkers..."

As the old woman mumbled with mixed feelings in her heart, Tian Xie Zi was sitting in his cave at the top of the ninth summit. At that moment, his face was twisted with mixed expressions that showed pain and struggle. His robes would sometimes be white, sometimes black, occasionally red, and at times green, but most of the time, they would stay purple.

## Chapter 254: Omen

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On his way back to the ninth summit, Su Ming stopped twice.

The first time he stopped because he saw Han Fei Zi. This was the first time he met this woman ever since she entered Freezing Sky Clan. They met each other's gazes for a brief time in midair when they ran into each other.

Han Fei Zi was not alone. There was a man and woman following behind her. Su Ming was familiar with them. They were Chen Yu Bing and Xu Ru Yue. Right now, they were moving several steps behind Han Fei Zi. Judging by their respectful looks, it was clear that they had become her followers.

Han Fei Zi still looked as cold as ever. Her cold demeanor may seem alluring, but the cold attitude coming from within her spirit itself was not something that everyone could accept.

She wore a green dress and her hair fell around her shoulders. Her expression was indifferent, and nothing much changed within her when she saw Su Ming.

"Greetings, uncle master Su."

"Greetings, uncle master Su."

Behind Han Fei Zi, Chen Yu Bing and Xu Ru Yue's expressions immediately became complicated when they saw Su Ming. Yet it

quickly turned into respect. They were clearly aware of the difference between themselves and Su Ming, and were shocked by how quickly Su Ming had risen up the ranks of Freezing Sky Clan during the past six months since he joined the school.

It could be said that Su Ming's battle against Si Ma Xin made his name sweep through the Great Frozen Plains like a typhoon. While his name might not have run through the entire land like thunder, it was close enough.

He nodded towards Chen Yu Bing and Xu Ru Yue before casting Han Fei Zi a glance. When he saw that the woman did not seem like she was in the mood to talk, he left.

Yet at the very moment Su Ming moved, Han Fei Zi's cold voice appeared languidly. When her words fell into his ears, he had the feeling that his entire body was covered in ice. Her voice held no hint of emotion, and it was so cold that perhaps it could even make a sweltering hot day cool down in an instant.

The tone of her voice was enough to tell just how cold the woman's heart, body, and spirit were.

"Am I like a scorpion that you would avoid me as such?"

Su Ming turned back and cast a profound gaze towards Han Fei Zi. Not only did the woman's power increase, her presence had also become drastically different from when she was still in Han Mountain City.



"Senior brother Chen, senior sister Xu."

Han Fei Zi did not bother about Su Ming's gaze but instead turned to look at the two people of the same discipleship and the same summit following behind her. Chen Yu Bing and Xu Ru Yue lowered their heads. It was clear that they had not just become Han Fei Zi's followers since they clearly knew the meaning behind Han Fei Zi's words, even though she had not even finished her sentence. They quickly moved back until they were 1,000 feet away before they stopped and waited at the spot.

"We are acquaintances, there's no need for you to speak like this," Su Ming said calmly as he looked at Han Fei Zi.

His initial meeting with this woman was when he entered the inn the first time he went to Han Mountain City and had just initially arrived in the Land of South Morning. At that time, she had seemed like she was shrouded by fog and Su Ming could only look at her silence. Her power and status were not things that he could compare himself to at that time.

Even their subsequent meetings had been as such, including the first time they battled against each other. Su Ming had been extremely careful at that time.

"When I went to the fourth summit and met my Master, I isolated myself. Sometimes, I would come out, but I never left the mountain..." Han Fei Zi turned her head around and looked at the mountain ranges in the distance as she spoke coldly.

Her voice may have been cold, but her words spoke of an intention to try and explain oneself.

Su Ming was silent and did not speak.

"I saw your battle against Si Ma Xin." Han Fei Zi's gaze fell upon Su Ming's body. "After that, I went into isolation once again so that the distance between us would not widen!"

Su Ming still remained silent.

Han Fei Zi's words faltered and she no longer spoke. The two of them remained silent for a while longer before Su Ming turned around and walked into the distance.

Han Fei Zi looked at Su Ming's back and when she spoke once again, her voice still did not contain any hint of emotion, it was still cold and indifferent. "Do you remember the matter we discussed when we were in Han Mountain's hidden grounds?"

"I remember." Su Ming did not turn back as he answered calmly.

"Starting from tomorrow, I will continue training in the skills my Master gave me in isolation. I will come out of isolation before the start of Sky Mist Shaman Hunt... During it, I would like you to come with me to a place."

Su Ming mulled over it for a moment and did not refuse her.

"Alright."

"You will be interested in the place. That place is related to the other worlds..."

Han Fei Zi spoke softly, and as she spoke, her gaze was trained on Su Ming's retreating back, but she could not see a hint of change in that back. He was still walking away calmly and gradually disappeared from her sight.

On his way back to the ninth summit, Su Ming stopped for the second time was small distance away from the ninth summit. Just as he was about to enter the mountain, his footsteps faltered.

"Just how long are you going to follow me?"

"This place doesn't belong to the ninth summit alone! What right do you have to say that I'm following you?!" a girl's voice came from behind Su Ming.

That voice was unlike Fang Cang Lan's gentleness, not alike to Tian Lan Meng's gracefulness, and neither was it like Han Fei Zi's coldness, but there was a melodious lilt and provocative tone within that voice that the other three lacked.

Su Ming frowned, turned around, and saw a girl in purple standing a few hundred feet away from him. That girl was incredibly beautiful and filled with a wild and untamed air,

especially her eyes, which were trained on Su Ming at the moment. There was wariness and scorn within her eyes.

This person had a petite face that always appeared in Su Ming's memories. She also had a face that caused him to act on an impulse he did not want to suppress several months ago.

This person... was Bai Su.

Su Ming looked at her and at the face that had appeared multiple times in his memories. At this moment, he did not want to see her.

Su Ming turned around and moved his sight away from the girl. After pausing for a brief moment, he landed on the ninth summit. When he started walking on the mountain stairs, he could not help but frown once again.

He did not stop anymore though and charged back towards his cave abode instead. Zi Che was outside his cave abode. When he saw Su Ming closing in, he quickly stood up and bowed towards him respectfully. He was about to speak when his expression suddenly changed and he turned his gaze towards the direction behind Su Ming. Over there, he gradually saw a hint of purple appearing.

At the very instant he saw that dash of purple, a stunned expression appeared on his face.

Su Ming was frowning when he walked past Zi Che. Before he

walked into his cave abode, he turned his head around and looked towards Bai Su coming towards them from afar.

Her purple robes, stubbornness, and the provocative look within her eyes made her wild beauty become even more distinct.

"This is the ninth summit," Su Ming stated calmly.

"I know," Bai Su lifted her chin and answered.

"Chase her out!"

A chilling look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. As he sent his command to Zi Che, he turned around and walked into his cave.

"You don't dare to see me because there's a girl in your memories that look exactly the same as me! If you don't dare to see me, then there will forever be an area in your heart that will hurt. If you don't get rid of that pain, then you will never be able to keep your mind calm. Even if you pretend to be, that is still fake!" Bai Su suddenly shouted out.

The moment her words left her mouth, Su Ming, who had already walked into his cave, sat down within and closed his eyes, as if he did not hear anything.

"Junior sister Bai, please don't make this hard for me."

Zi Che took a step forward and blocked Bai Su, who wanted to trespass into Su Ming's cave. He spoke with a cold and indifferent tone.

"You still don't dare to see me! I'm the seed planted in your heart, and even if you don't want to see me, I'll still be there! You won't even attack me, why else would you ask someone else to chase me out of the mountain?!"

"You can do it yourself! Your power is enough for you to fight against big brother Si Ma! I've only just Awakened, with your power, you can chase me away with just a wave of your hand! Why can't you do it?!" Bai Su shouted loudly and her gaze fell on Su Ming's cave abode located nearby. She did not even look at Zi Che standing by her side.

"And even if you chase me out of the ninth summit, so what?! I'll still come again, I'll come every day!"

Zi Che frowned. He moved the Qi within him slightly and a wave of force was instantly formed. It pushed against Bai Su and forced her to move back. When he saw the stubbornness on Bai Su's face, as if she was going to continue pestering them, he waved his hand and a large gust of wind lifted Bai Su's body instantly, sending her straight out of the ninth summit.

Su Ming closed his eyes in the cave abode, as if he hadn't heard anything that had happened outside. However, for some reason, a hint of anxiety appeared within his heart.

After a long while, he opened his eyes and looked at the blue sky outside his cave.

"So, Si Ma Xin, will you be using her to engage in another battle with me..?" Su Ming mumbled.

Accurately speaking, he had already fought against Si Ma Xin three times. The first time was in Han Mountain City. Si Ma Xin then took over Fang Mu's body with his spirit and fought against Su Ming. He won, but also lost at the same time.

It could be said that the battle ended with a draw.

The second battle was within Freezing Sky Clan, and it was the fight that shocked the sky and earth. It might have seemed like they tied in the end, but in truth, Su Ming had lost, though at the same time, he had also won.

This battle could also be said to have ended with a draw.

The third battle was the one where they used the rod snake's life as the hook, and the two of them had engaged in a battle of wits that while had neither changed the weather nor shook the earth was still incredibly dangerous.

This battle did not end in a draw. Su Ming had won hands down!

Right now, Bai Su's arrival made Su Ming understand that this girl was the stage for the fourth battle between Si Ma Xin and

himself. If the prodigious Si Ma Xin made this hand, then it was clear that he had already made thorough preparations for this.

‘Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed... This Art is incredibly mysterious. By linking all your actions together, your goal has been revealed to me clearly like an open book...

‘You want to plant a Berserker Seed within me...’

Su Ming looked at the sky beyond his cave and his eyes sparkled.

‘If I don’t fight, then I will lose... unless I can forget her... If I fight, then I will fall into your plans and will find myself unable to escape...’

Su Ming closed his eyes. He lifted his right hand and started drawing slowly on the drawing board before him.

Gradually, a picture that only he could see clearly appeared. When Su Ming’s final stroke was made and he opened his eyes, he saw that he had drawn out the faint figure of a person on the drawing board.

That person had his head lowered and was looking at the grass underneath his feet, but when he lifted his right foot, grass entangled that appendage of his...

That grass was very fragile and would shatter the moment he continued lifting his foot, but that person simply lowered his head



and looked at it for a long, long time.

As Su Ming looked at the picture in his cave, Tian Xie Zi opened his eyes in his cave at the top of the mountain and looked in the direction of Su Ming.

"You're... about to experience your first change of heart..."

Worry appeared on Tian Xie Zi's face.

# Chapter 255: Do You Know how to Fight with Arts?

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Su Ming looked at the picture for a long time before he picked up the drawing board and turned it over to keep the picture with him.

Before the person in the picture lifted his foot and shattered the grass, Su Ming would no longer draw on the face of the drawing board but on its back.

He still did not have clear thoughts on how he would fight against Si Ma Xin in this battle, or how he would dissolve the threat, and how... he would win! This battle might perhaps be the final battle between him and Si Ma Xin in Freezing Sky Clan before he joined Sky Mist Shaman Hunt!

The quiet night went by slowly just like that. This night Su Ming did not draw. He sat within his cave with his eyes closed slightly. As he breathed, the person in the snow from his memories would appear in his head.

Gradually, Su Ming gained a vague form of understanding in his heart. He had a feeling that the battle with Si Ma Xin this time was not what was important here. The key lay within the girl called Bai Su, and the main point was that she had Bai Ling's wildness and her exact same face.

What was important was that if Su Ming did not prepare himself, then many a times he would mistake her for Bai Ling for a brief instant...

The main point was that his heart seemed to be about ready to experience a transformation. This transformation did not come suddenly. It would seem that it had been lying dormant since the beginning within him and was just building up, and now that it had accumulated enough power, that transformation needed to break through.

The morning sun scattered into the cave through the entrance and covered the area before Su Ming. Along with the sunlight was a girl's voice that traveled in from outside the cave.

"Even if you chase me away today, I'll still come, I'll come every day!"

Once the voice reached the cave, it quickly fell silent. Su Ming knew that Zi Che had once again chased her out of the ninth summit.

Yet it did not last long before Bai Su's voice appeared once again.

"Su Ming, if you don't dare face me, then there will be something that will be forever lacking in your heart!"

The entire day passed by slowly with incidents like this happening again and again, and it continued right up till the evening. When Bai Su was once again chased away by Zi Che, she found that she could barely withstand the attacks any longer and coughed out a mouthful of blood.

Zi Che hesitated.

He never expected that there would be someone who would be so persistent. Throughout the day, Bai Su had come up the mountain 17 times!

Only when she coughed up blood and was injured was she forced to leave... Zi Che looked at the blood on the ice, then turned his gaze towards Su Ming's cave.

The cave was quiet, no sound coming from within. Zi Che remained silent for a moment and then sat down nearby.

The next day, Bai Su came once again.

On this day, she came up the mountain 19 times before she eventually coughed up blood and with a pale face found herself no longer be able to come up the mountain.

This continued right up to the evening of the third day. When Bai Su came to Su Ming's cave the 20th time and stood before Zi Che, he lifted his right hand, but found himself unable to wave it.

The girl before his eyes was incredibly pale and her body swayed, but the persistence in her eyes and the tenacity in her bones made Zi Che hesitate.

Although they stood on different sides, Zi Che had grown to respect the Bai Su standing before him. During these three days, she had come up the mountain more than 50 times and was chased out more than 50 times, but she still persisted.

The more she was chased away, the stronger the persistence in her eyes became. Zi Che did not doubt for even a moment that if he chased her away again and, while she might find herself to possess no more strength to climb up the mountain again on this day, she would still come on the next day even though she was injured.

If this continued for a long period of time, no matter how good this girl's body was, she would not be able to last. Besides, she was only at the Awakening Realm. By the looks of it, the girl had not even managed to draw her Awakened Berserker Mark yet.

Zi Che looked at Bai Su and asked with a bitter laugh, "Why..?"

"You can continue chasing me away, but I will persevere!"

Bai Su's voice was very weak when she spoke. She turned her head around and glanced towards the direction where the first summit lay.

"The more times you go there, the more anxious he will be, and the more injured you are, the more hurt he will feel... He cannot become merciless and forget, of this, I am certain!

"But Bai Su, I don't want you to do this, because my heart will

hurt even more..."

Si Ma Xin's gentle voice echoed within Bai Su's heart.

The determination and tenacity within her eyes became stronger.

Zi Che let out a long sigh and lifted his right hand. He was Su Ming's mountain guard and he had to obey Su Ming's orders, he... did not dare disobey his words.

He was just about to chase this stubborn girl away again when a calm voice came from within the cave.

"What is the purpose of you coming up the mountain so many times? Let us hear it."

Once Su Ming's words reached them, Zi Che let out a sigh of relief. He pitied this girl slightly. He might not know much, but he still knew that this girl must have come here because of Si Ma Xin.

Bai Su looked at the cave where Su Ming was and stated firmly, "I want to learn how to draw.

"If you don't teach me, then I will come here every day. Either I will die, or you will agree to it someday!"

Bai Su's voice may have been weak, but the determination in it did not leave room for doubt. She would do what she just said.

The cave was silent for a long time before Su Ming's voice came in a manner as if he was speaking while sighing. "Is it worth it..? This has nothing to do with you."

Bai Su did not speak, but the determination in her eyes did not decrease even one bit.

"There is indeed a girl in my memories that looks incredibly like you... You appear time and again and tear apart the wounds in my memories. Is this what you are doing to help Si Ma Xin..?" Su Ming's murmurs floated out of the cave.

Bai Su fell silent. The determined look within her eyes was tainted slightly by hesitance, but soon, that hesitation disappeared.

"You were the one who snatched big brother Si Ma's treasure away first..."

Bai Su gritted her teeth, but before she finished speaking, a huge gust of wind gushed out of the cave and swept her away from the mountain.

Su Ming stared at the drawing board before him in his cave and lowered his right hand calmly.

The sky outside gradually darkened until night came. During this night, the ninth summit was enveloped in silence. Perhaps Su Ming's second senior brother was walking around the mountain

like a ghost and looking for the person he thought was stealing his plants.

Perhaps his third senior brother was hiding in a corner with a mysterious grin as he peaked at something and thought of himself as the smartest person around.

Perhaps his eldest senior brother was still within the ice river, unable to tell whether it was day or night. In this quiet, he would silently meditate in isolation.

Su Ming closed his eyes and brought out the broken xun made of bone from the storage bag he kept in his bosom. This xun was very difficult to repair and could no longer form any sound. It was placed beside Su Ming's mouth and he quietly blew into it.

Silence.

Yet in his own ears, Su Ming could still hear that moaning melody. The sound surrounded his body and enveloped his heart, and lingered there for a long time.

He did not know how much time passed by. The moon beyond the cave shone with a gentle light, illuminating the ice mountain, and the mountain shone with a multitude of colors due to the refraction of light. In this quiet night, Su Ming blew into the soundless xun and silently let himself experience the peace that was different from drawing.



When he finished playing a song, an old voice reached his ears.

"Not bad."

The moment he heard the voice, Su Ming opened his eyes quickly and his heart instantly started racing against his chest. A person had entered his cave at some unknown point of time, and he had no knowledge about this!

This person wore a long purple robe and stood with his back facing Su Ming. Some rays of moonlight shone on him and seemed to be causing the purplish color on his robes to evaporate. It formed a strange sort of pressure that not only shrouded the entire cave, but also dyed Su Ming's pupils with that color.

Purple long robes, purple hair, a purple figure, but with a familiar voice!

"Greetings, Master."

Su Ming immediately stood up and bowed towards the person who still had his back turned towards him.

Su Ming may have acted like how he usually would and nothing unusual could be seen from his actions, but there was already a raging storm within his heart. That storm was not due to Tian Xie Zi's sudden arrival, neither was it because Su Ming had not noticed him sooner.

Instead, it was because Tian Xie Zi was wearing purple robes!

Su Ming had never seen Tian Xie Zi in this state before. The words his second senior brother had said that day appeared in his head as if Su Ming was listening to him talk about Master in purple robes once again. He also remembered the grave expression on his second senior brother's face that day.

This was not the only thing that shocked Su Ming. There was also the matter of the xun. It was originally soundless, and that sound only existed within his memories, yet Tian Xie Zi's words from before came right at the instant the melody within Su Ming's heart and memories disappeared.

Was this a coincidence, or was it...

Su Ming looked at the back of his purple robed Master and instinctively took one step backwards.

"Are you afraid?"

The purple robed Tian Xie Zi still had not turned around. His voice sounded old, but at the same time, it held a bloody quality to it. Su Ming could instantly sense it clearly.

This bloodiness was that of a feeling of blood that had coagulated on the robes since a long time ago, but also... of blood that had just stained his robes!

There was a bloody stench coming from a spot at the hem of his Master's purple robes. This bloody stench was not a feeling. Su Ming could smell it from the start!

This was not Tian Xie Zi's blood. It was clear that before Tian Xie Zi came here, he... spilled someone's blood!

Su Ming was silent for a moment before he answered honestly, "Master, I've never seen you wear long purple robes before. I'm just a little unused to it..."

"Do not be afraid, you'll get used to it."

The bloodiness in Tian Xie Zi's voice became stronger abruptly. He turned around slowly and with eyes that looked like burning torches, he looked at Su Ming.

At the moment he turned around, Su Ming immediately saw clearly that Tian Xie Zi's originally kindly face now looked like ice. His expression was chilling and his face somber, but there was no ill will in his eyes.

Su Ming thought he saw an illusionary sea of blood behind his Master. Within that sea of blood was a stone statue. That stone statue had its arms wrapped around its chest. Its eyes were opened, and it was similarly looking at Su Ming without ill will.

"My fourth disciple, do you know how to fight against others with Arts?" Tian Xie Zi asked in a hoarse voice, looking at Su Ming.

As he spoke, a hint of brutality appeared on the corners of his lips.

That brutality was not aimed towards Su Ming. It was as if that sentence affected Tian Xie Zi's heart and caused his emotions to fluctuate.

## Chapter 256: Crack...

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I do. I do not.

These two phrases had two completely different meanings. They were like two extremes, like the sky and the earth, and they made Su Ming feel as if his thoughts froze up in that instant. It was not as if he had not been prepared for this, even now, his second senior brother's words and advice were still ringing in his ears.

"You must say... you don't know!"

This was what his second senior brother had said with a grave expression.

Su Ming was silent. The two different answers were like two different doors standing before him. He did not know what lay behind those doors, and neither did he know which door he should choose to open to see the world that lay behind it.

Tian Xie Zi did not press him for an answer. He simply looked at him and waited for his decision.

Su Ming had a feeling that he should listen to his second senior brother's advice. After all, the grave expression on his face when he recounted that he had given the wrong answer was an expression that was rarely seen on his face.

However...

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he lifted his head to look at the purple robed Tian Xie Zi, who was watching him, and slowly said, "Master, I'd like to witness a battle of Arts."

This was Su Ming's answer. He went around the question of whether he knew or did not know and stepped out of that circle by voicing out his own thoughts. He did not bother about what would happen if he chose to answer yes or no. Instead, he spoke words that were clearly different from what his second senior brother had told him.

The very instant Tian Xie Zi heard those words, a brilliant glare appeared within his eyes. That glare instantly illuminated the entire cave and caused Su Ming to be unable to meet his gaze. There was also a sharp stab of pain in his eyes, and he took a few steps back instinctively.

"Looks like my fourth disciple... is quite ambitious!"

Tian Xie Zi's voice was hoarse and filled with a hint of ghastliness. As his voice echoed in the cave, a hint of brutality could be felt from within it.

"Your eldest senior brother answered with a 'no', and your second senior brother answered with a 'yes'. As for your third senior brother, he did not give me an answer, he simply pretended to be asleep.

"You're the only one who did not answer the question as it is and

gave me another answer... I will fulfill your desire and let you see exactly what is called a battle of Arts!"

Tian Xie Zi waved his arm and a layer of purple fog instantly appeared out of nowhere. It charged towards Su Ming, and in the blink of an eye it enveloped him, and with an abrupt shrinking, the fog stuck to Su Ming's robes and body, turning his clothes purple. At the same time, all of his hair turned purple as well.

With that, the Master and disciple within the cave were dressed completely in purple!

That purple tint exuded a feeling of bloodiness that seemed to have gathered and sunk into the body. It was a feeling that made Su Ming's heart race and his body explode with an urge to kill that was difficult to suppress.

There was already a murderous aura within him to begin with. That murderous aura came from the blood moon from his Berserker Mark. Right then, under the impact of the purple tint, that murderous aura exploded forth with a much stronger intensity and filled the entire cave.

A surprised glint appeared in Tian Xie Zi eyes before he laughed boisterously and closed his right hand around the air in the direction towards Su Ming. Instantly, Su Ming was taken away and they disappeared from the cave.

Although the murderous aura coming from within them was shocking, Zi Che, who was sitting outside, did not notice anything.

In fact, even Hu Zi and Su Ming's second senior brother did not notice anything.

Only Su Ming's eldest senior brother who had isolated himself under the ice river opened his eyes to small slits, but he soon closed them once again.

The air in the sky above the Land of South Morning distorted, and Tian Xie Zi and Su Ming appeared from within. Su Ming's right wrist was in Tian Xie Zi's hand and he was forcefully being dragged.

His entire body was in severe pain. Su Ming's face was slightly pale. When he appeared, he instantly turned his head around, and he saw that there was nothing behind him. The land seemed endless. It might be night, but he could still somewhat see that the land was covered in green grass. This place... was not Freezing Sky Clan!

Su Ming widened his eyes and shock could be seen within them.

"The Relocation Rune may be good, but before there were any Relocation Runes within the Berserker Tribe, how exactly did the powerful Berserkers move around..? Only those who respect those from the other realms will imitate, learn, and research foreign objects.

"It is an act where they discard their roots and place their attention on something not essential to them!"



Tian Xie Zi let out a cold snort.

"If a Berserker reaches the peak of the Berserker Soul Realm, then with just one step, they can relocate anywhere they want and travel through the world. As long as their bodies are not destroyed, they will never breathe their last!"

Su Ming felt shaken. He looked at Tian Xie Zi and found himself incapable of saying anything even after a long while.

"I cannot do it either, but with the Creation Arts, as long as the distance is not too far, I can travel to all the places I went to before if I take an item from the place!

"However, I must be dressed in purple to use this Art."

Tian Xie Zi spoke hoarsely and let go of his grip on Su Ming's wrist. A fierce and cruel look appeared within his eyes and he looked towards the land.

"Seventh junior brother, do you know how to battle with Arts?!"

With Tian Xie Zi's sudden words, Su Ming lowered his head and cast his gaze towards where Tian Xie Zi was looking.

That place was a grassy plains. There was wind blowing through it at the moment, causing rustling sounds to rise from the grass. Apart from that sound, everything else was silent.

After a long while, a sigh came from the depths of the land.

"You're early... fourth senior brother..."

The moment the sigh came, Su Ming saw the grass in the plains wither away and scatter into the wind in the form of dust. The land trembled, and with a boom, a giant crack opened up in the land as if it was ripped open by two invisible hands. The crack was deep, its end nowhere to be seen. It was dark within, but a brilliant gaze appeared within the crack and it looked towards the sky. That gaze fell on Tian Xie Zi and Su Ming.

When that gaze landed on him, Su Ming's entire body instantly fell cold, but soon, a bloody-red light shone from his right eye, and it fused together with the purple robes covering his body, turning into a murderous aura that seemed to be facing off with the gaze.

"Fourth senior brother, is that your new disciple..?" an ancient voice asked from the crack on the ground.

The moment his murderous aura met the gaze, a bang went off in Su Ming's head. His murderous aura seemed to be unable to withstand the pressure. However, that gaze did not harbor any ill will. It only swept through his body once before turning away. Su Ming's breathing immediately quickened and he wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing to the land.

"I am Su Ming. Greetings, seventh uncle master."

Tian Xie Zi let out a cold harrumph before he took a step forward and, in the blink of an eye, he appeared right outside the crack on the ground. He stomped there.

Immediately, an illusionary sea of blood appeared behind Tian Xie Zi. A brilliant glare formed in the eyes of the stone statue within the sea of blood. It slowly unfolded its arms, which had been wrapped around its chest.

At the same time, Su Ming saw the gaze within the crack on the ground disappearing. In its place, a frail looking person walked out of the crack. His footsteps were not quick, but with each step he took, Su Ming's vision would distort.

The man took five steps and arrived right under Tian Xie Zi's foot. He suddenly lifted his right hand, clenched his fist, and rammed it against Tian Xie Zi's right foot.

At the same time, a gigantic illusion appeared behind the man. Within that illusion were a countless number of people: men and women, the old and the young, and they were all kneeling on the ground worshipping this person.

"The Ghosts of the Land's power is not what we Berserkers practice. Seventh junior brother, you're still practicing the Arts of the other worlds. This is not Creation!"

The moment Tian Xie Zi's hoarse voice appeared, his right foot crashed into that frail person's fist with a bang.

As the bang reverberated in the air and shook the skies, Tian Xie Zi shuddered and staggered back a hundred something feet. However, the frail person within the crack staggered back a few hundred feet before he managed to stop.

"You were also chased out by our Master. The Creation you seek... has already left the ways of the Berserker Tribe. You are... the same as me!"

"What do you mean by the same?!"

Tian Xie Zi did not act again, but his eyes were filled with a piercing light.

"I practiced the skills from the other worlds and used them to create my own path. This is my Creation. What you practice is something that appeared after combining the skills from the Shaman Tribe, what difference is there between us?!"

"Our minds are different, our spirits are different, our realms are different, everything of us from inside out is different. We are completely different! Fifteen years ago, you could fight me to a draw while I was in my purple robed self. Now, fifteen years later, you can no longer win against the me in this state!

"Since we cannot differentiate clearly who is right or wrong, and what constitutes as Creation and what is not through words, then we will just see... who is stronger!"

"You... are wrong!"

Tian Xie Zi swung his arm out and turned to walk towards Su Ming.

Su Ming was breathing rapidly. This was the first time he saw Tian Xie Zi attack. The power from that one stomp just now gave him an indescribable feeling. It was as if the mysteriousness within that stomp had exceeded the limits of his understanding. He wanted to remember it, but the memory of the stomp in his head and when the frail person hurled his fist forward was slowly disappearing, and he could not control it.

When Tian Xie Zi went over to Su Ming's side and brought him away from the place, he was still caught in a daze.

When Tian Xie Zi and Su Ming left, peace returned to the plains, and the frail looking man lowered his head. He slowly floated back into the crack and sat down within its depths.

"Fourth senior brother... when you were excommunicated, Master once said that... you were wrong."

That ancient voice turned into a sigh and the crack gradually closed up. Once the earth returned to its original state, an endless sea of grass covered the entire plains again within an instant and began rustling in the wind.

Dark clouds covered the entire sky and rain fell as thunder rumbled. The sky twisted and Su Ming and Tian Xie Zi's bodies gradually appeared.

The instant the two of them appeared, lightning cracked in the sky viciously and thunder roared.

Tian Xie Zi had his back turned towards Su Ming and he looked at a fenced up tribe before him through the rain as he asked Su Ming languidly, "Do you understand now?"

Su Ming was silent and his expression baffled. He seemed to have understood it somewhat, but there was still a great cloud of confusion within him.

"Let's go."

Tian Xie Zi walked forward and then landed on the ground. He stepped on the puddles of water on the ground. With the rain falling on his body, he walked towards the quiet fenced up village in the rain.

Su Ming followed behind him silently. At that moment, the figure of Tian Xie Zi stomping on the ground had become very faint in his mind. He couldn't remember it, and neither could he retain it.

As they got closer to the village, Su Ming heard a faint sound.

"Crack..."

"Crack... Crack..."

It was as a sound that seemed to be made from bones rubbing against each other. That sound traveled forth through the rain and thunder from the ordinary village.

# Chapter 257: The Song Ended, And They Left

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Tian Xie Zi's expression was still dark. When he got closer to the gate in the village, he did not slow down. Right when he stepped next to it, Su Ming's pupils shrank as he continued walking behind him. He saw the village gate distorting, as if they had just been moved to another place in an instant without any warning. Tian Xie Zi walked in slowly.

Su Ming followed behind and walked into the village as well. When the two of them went in, Su Ming turned his head back and found that the village gate had returned to its original state.

It was clear that this was not the first time Tian Xie Zi had come to this place. At this time, most of the people in the tribe had fallen into deep sleep. Since it was raining, there were no bonfires around them. Besides the pattering rain and occasional rumble of thunder in this silence, the only other sound was that cracking sound that rang repeatedly.

It was as if that sound was guiding Tian Xie Zi's path as he walked through the village and stepped on the puddles of water. Once they gradually moved past the houses, Su Ming saw light shining through an ordinary beast skin tent before him.

This was a small tribe, a tribe that was almost similar in size to Su Ming's Dark Mountain Tribe. Small tribes like these numbered to too many in the Land of South Morning.

He looked around him, and when Su Ming's gaze fell upon the



tent with light shining within, he could hear the cracking sounds that seemed like bones being rubbed against each other.

Tian Xie Zi walked up to the tent and lifted a flap before walking in. Su Ming followed behind him and also entered the tent. When he did so, the first thing that entered his gaze was the many bones that lay within the small tent.

Besides the bones, there were also some stones in the tent, and most of these items had been turned into xuns!

This was the first time Su Ming had seen so many xuns. It was also the first time he saw a xun in the Land of South Morning!

A shiver ran down his spine. Once he swept his gaze past those xuns, it fell on the old man in the tent.

The old man's hair was flecked with white and he was dressed in beast skins, though he did not cover the upper half of his body. Right now, he was sitting inside the tent with a beast bone in his hand and was rubbing it against a stone slab.

It seemed like the shape of this beast bone did not match with the bone xun he wanted to make, that was why he had to rub away the unnecessary parts.

With a dark expression, Tian Xie Zi looked at the old man and walked until he was right in front of him and sat down. His gaze shifted to the beast bone in the old man's hands, which he was still

rubbing against the stone slab.

The old man looked calm. It was as if all his attention was trained on the bone in his hands and he did not notice Tian Xie Zi's arrival, nor did he notice Su Ming's presence.

He sat there calmly and continued rubbing the bone against the stone slab. Cracking sounds echoed within the tent. Some of the sounds even floated out and lingered in the air for a long time.

Time trickled by. Su Ming's eyes never left the bone in the old man's hands, and he saw that a corner of that bone gradually became round under that continuous rubbing.

Tian Xie Zi never spoke. He was also looking at the old man, and changes started to show on his face. Sometimes, he would appear sullen, at other times, he would look as if he understood something, and occasionally, there would be a complicated expression on his face.

Rain poured even harder outside the tent. Thunder would occasionally rumble in the sky, and sometimes, the sky would brighten up for a brief moment and leave the shadows of the three people on the skin of the tent, but they would flicker and quickly vanish.

The old man's concentration made Su Ming arrive at some form of understanding. He did not know at what point of time he eventually chose not to stand but sit by the side and watch the bone being rubbed against the stone slab while listening to the

cracking sounds. At that moment, the calmness that had never appeared ever since Bai Su had come to the ninth summit overtook him.

At that moment, Su Ming sank into a state that felt as if he had forgotten about his self due to his calm gaze towards the bone. In his eyes, he could only see the bone that was being rubbed against the stone slab. He did not see that the clothes on Tian Xie Zi's body seemed to be changing as he sat right before the old man.

That change only happened for an instant before returning to its original state. If no one paid close attention to it, they would not be able to see it clearly.

Time trickled by. They had no idea how much time passed, but the old man eventually stopped in his act of rubbing the bone against the stone. When he stopped, Su Ming felt his mind jolting back and came back to his senses. He saw the old man looking at the beast stone and lifting it up as if he was inspecting it.

After a long while, he changed the beast bone's position and continued rubbing it against the stone slab.

The complicated look on Tian Xie Zi's face grew deeper. After a long while, he let out a long sigh and stood up.

The moment he stood, the old man stopped. When he lifted the bone in his hands once again, that bone had already turned into a xun. There were several small holes in it. Once he gave it a look, he lifted his head, but he did not look at Tian Xie Zi. Instead, he

trained his gaze on Su Ming.

It was a gaze that was as tranquil as water. Those were a pair of eyes that seemed to contain endless knowledge, had seen through the truth behind life and death, understood all that lies within the world, and could contain everything within them.

Inside were kindness, peace, tranquility, and a light that made Su Ming fall into a state of serenity once he met his gaze.

The old man lifted his right hand and handed the bone xun to Su Ming.

Su Ming quietly stood up and took the ordinary looking bone xun in his hands respectfully. At the instant the old man handed the xun to Su Ming, he suddenly understood the meaning behind the old man's gaze towards him. He wanted him to play it.

Su Ming held the bone xun and wordlessly took a few steps back before he sat on the ground and stared at the xun in his hands blankly. The sound of rain falling outside became stronger and thunder started rumbling nonstop in the sky.

Su Ming closed his eyes and positioned the bone xun by his mouth before blowing into it gently.

He originally did not know how to play any songs on the xun, but over the years, the broken bone xun that could no longer make any sound had kept him company during the nights when he was alone

and missing his home...

There were many nights where he would blow into the voiceless xun quietly alone and the melody of the songs in his ears would play inside his mind

Moaning sounds that held a hint of desolation traveled out from the bone xun by Su Ming's mouth and echoed around the tent before floating out and scattering into the air.

At that moment, it was as if the thunder outside also fell silent and the rain started falling more gently. They fused together with the moaning song of the xun and played out a song of yearning.

Su Ming was bringing out this particular xun's voice, but was also playing out the song in his memories. The one that was making the sounds was the breath from his mouth, moving within the xun, but similarly, his heart also moved.

That feeling was a form of remembrance of the things that moved through the passages of time.

That moaning sound did not seem to ever change. There was only one simple note, yet its rise and fall had a hint of desolation and age in it. In that quiet night, in the falling rain, and in this unfamiliar land, that sound was brought into existence.

It sounded like a lover crying softly, like tribe members calling out to someone as they wiped away the tears from their eyes, like a

childhood friend roaring out in anger as he clenched his fists...

Tian Xie Zi closed his eyes and listened to the sound of the xun quietly. As he listened to the moaning sounds, the dark expression on his face faded away.

The old man also closed his eyes. His expression was calm.

This was a very long song. It might have had a name, but Su Ming did not know it. This song had been played multiple times in his memories, but this time, he truly played it out with a xun.

However... this was not his xun. The song played by this xun contained his soul and his memories, but it lacked a feeling – the feeling of home.

The song ended...

Su Ming opened his eyes and looked at the bone xun in his hands. Understanding appeared in his eyes and he stood up so that he could return the xun back to the old man respectfully.

A smile appeared on the old man's face. He looked at Su Ming kindly and nodded his head.

Tian Xie Zi also opened his eyes. He did not look at the old man but chose to stand and walk out.

Right up till the end, no words were exchanged between him and the old man, but Su Ming knew that the two of them had in truth spoken a thousand words to each other through Su Ming's song.

When Tian Xie Zi walked out, Su Ming hesitated for a moment before he followed after him. The two of them left the tent. Rain was pouring heavily from the sky, and it fell on their bodies and on the puddles of water that were formed from the holes on the ground.

When they were a dozen feet away from the tent, Su Ming's footsteps faltered. His gaze was no longer hesitant but filled with determination.

When he stopped, Tian Xie Zi also stopped with him, but he did not turn back to look at Su Ming.

Su Ming bowed towards Tian Xie Zi and went back towards the tent he had just left. He lifted the flap and went in.

When Su Ming walked into the tent, the old man sitting inside looked over calmly.

"Sir... can you repair this..?"

Su Ming brought out his bone xun from his bosom. This was the xun that held the feeling of home. It had many cracks and could no longer make any sound. Su Ming placed it before the old man.

The old man's gaze fell on the xun and he picked it up. Once he gave it closer inspection, he nodded.

Su Ming bowed towards him respectfully before turning around and leaving the tent. Then he left the village with Tian Xie Zi.

"Do you understand now..?" Tian Xie Zi asked calmly outside the village in the rain. At that moment, though he might still have been dressed in purple, his expression was no longer dark.

"The first battle was a confirmation with the Ways of your own cultivation, and the second..." Su Ming looked at Tian Xie Zi and fell silent for a moment before speaking up again, "It's a battle of hearts!"

"The first person who battled against me is my seventh fellow brother. The person who we saw in the second scene... I don't know his name, but I met him by pure coincidence many years ago and saw him creating a xun once..."

"After that, every single time I experience a change in my heart, I will look for him and battle against him using my heart... and my Realm..."

"You reached an epiphany regarding Picture Creation and used it to calm your mind. You do not train your physical body but only train your mind... Perhaps there are other people I do not know of who are walking down this road, but among the people I know, you and I, along with your fellow brothers, are the only ones doing so."



"I've come quite far, and your fellow brothers have also taken a few steps down the road. Right now, you are about to experience your first change of heart... The change in your heart is akin to another you appearing," Tian Xie Zi explained softly.

"There is no way for me to tell you how to do it. I can only tell you about my experiences regarding my changes of heart... Let's go, I'll bring you to kill Shamans in the Shaman Tribe... Once I'm dressed in purple, this state will not disappear until I've gathered 1,000 drops of blood from the heart."

Tian Xie Zi took a step into the air. Su Ming sucked in a deep breath and mumbled the words 'change of heart' softly under his breath before a glint appeared in his eyes and he followed behind Tian Xie Zi.

As the Master and disciple disappeared into the sky, Tian Xie Zi murmured to Su Ming faintly, "He is blind. Did you manage to see it..?"

"Blind..?" Su Ming was stunned.

...and they left.

# Chapter 258: The Land of Shamans

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There was a wall built on a mountain range shaped like a dragon's spine. It resembled a ring and split the Land of South Morning into two parts - the outer and inner parts.

That mountain range was known as Sky Mist Barrier.

Sky Mist City acted as the center of Sky Mist Barrier. The wall was divided into several equal sections and each section had a guard that would be stationed there all year long. No matter the four seasons, no matter how cold or hot the weather was, and no matter how harshly the rain fell, they would not step out of the area which they protected.

All the Shamans who wished to pass through the section of Sky Mist Barrier they protected to break into Sky Mist would have to walk over the corpses of these guards.

Uncle master Bai was one of the guards. He would always sit on the section of the wall he protected and look in the direction of where the Shaman Tribes were located. Sometimes, he would seem melancholic, and at other times, there would be a complicated look on his face.

The sky was starting to brighten up, but the land was still shrouded in darkness and fog. He could not see too far into the distance. Uncle master Bai lowered his head and closed his eyes, hiding away the emotions in his eyes.

Yet at the moment his eyelids fully closed down, he opened his eyes once again swiftly and a brilliant glint appeared briefly within them.

At the same time, the sky behind him twisted and two purple clad people walked out from within the distortion. These two people were naturally Tian Xie Zi and Su Ming.

Uncle master Bai frowned, but he did not turn his head back. Instead, he closed his eyes once again and let the purple robed Tian Xie Zi approach him, then walk past him and out of Sky Mist Barrier.

Su Ming followed behind Tian Xie Zi and met his uncle master Bai once again on the wall. He did not know why, but he felt relieved when he saw the man. He still remembered that he had spoken to this uncle master Bai at this place, and this man, who gained his respect and gave him a sense of closeness, had later fought against a woman of the Shaman Tribe.

The two people had stirred up a vast and mighty presence as they fought, causing the Su Ming at that time to be unable to remain close. He had always been somewhat worried about the man. Now that he saw him again, when Su Ming walked past his uncle master Bai, he turned his head around and smiled at him.

When he did so, the man opened his eyes and cast a glance at him.

"You must be able to protect yourself if you follow that crazy old

man."

As he spoke, he seized the air with his right hand. A white scale the size of a fingernail instantly appeared out of thin air and he pushed it towards Su Ming.

"Take this. It contains the power of an attack of mine. Use it to defend yourself."

Once uncle master Bai finished speaking, he closed his eyes.

When Su Ming held the white scale in his hands, it started gushing with life force and lifted his spirits. He wrapped his fist in his palm towards uncle master Bai. He might have only met the person before him twice, but that sense of cordiality he felt towards the man did not fade due to them not meeting up often. It became even stronger instead.

The moment Su Ming walked out of Sky Mist Barrier, he took a deep breath. The bloodiness and desolate feeling he had had when he first stood on Sky Mist Barrier and looked out appeared once again in his heart.

This land was an unfamiliar place to him. It contained the hatred between two different races that could not be wiped away. This hate had lingered in this place for a long time, and had eventually turned into a depressing and heavy feeling that pressed against all the hearts of the Berserkers who just walked into the land.

That depressing feeling would make their breathing quicken to the point they would feel as if they could not breathe and would suffocate at any moment. As Su Ming and Tian Xie Zi charged forward in an insolent manner, that feeling became stronger.

The further they got, the stronger the feeling became, until eventually Su Ming could even hear his heart racing and pounding against his chest.

The wind that was blowing against him from the distance seemed to contain a force that rejected all those unfamiliar to the land. It was as if it also contained the same hate from the land towards the two unwelcomed guests. It was a force that spoke of killing and slaughter until one side eventually died once the Berserkers met with the Shamans.

Compared to the depressing and oppressive feeling Su Ming had, the brutality on Tian Xie Zi's face became stronger. His ruthless smile, the blood-red glint in his eyes, and the hint of merciless aloofness that was deeply seated in his eyes turned Tian Xie Zi into a man that was incredibly unfamiliar to Su Ming.

As Su Ming continued watching him, Tian Xie Zi suddenly came to a halt and froze floating in midair. The sky was bleak and was starting to darken as if dark clouds were starting to gather together.

"Fourth!" Tian Xie Zi had his back turned towards Su Ming and was looking into the distance when he spoke in a ghastly tone. "Watch by the side and draw for me!"

Su Ming nodded quietly and took a few steps back. He looked at his surroundings and observed this strange and unfamiliar piece of land. His understanding of the hate between the Shamans and Berserkers was limited, and it was difficult for him to put himself in the shoes of the Berserkers in this land. It was also difficult for him to comprehend the frenzied slaughter between the Berserkers of the Land of South Morning and the Shamans.

He did not understand.

Tian Xie Zi had his hands behind his back and his purple robes fluttered in the wind. His long purple hair also danced along. From the distance, he looked like a purple ball of flames that was burning brilliantly in the land of the Shamans.

A piercing howl abruptly came from Tian Xie Zi's mouth, and at the moment he lifted his head and roared, Su Ming became visibly moved!

At that moment, Tian Xie Zi overflowed with an unbridled arrogance and a domineering air that seemed to ignore the might of the heavens. He stood in the sky and howled in a manner to make himself known. His voice traveled in all directions and rumbled as it spread even further into the distance.

A twisted ripple appeared in the air as if the sky itself was trembling. The fear within the trembles seeped into the ripples and spread outwards.

Su Ming took a deep breath. He knew that while this place might not be located deep within the land of Shamans and was in fact located just at the border near Sky Mist Barrier, this was still the territory of the Shamans. Almost all the tribes that existed within this place were Shaman!

If a person was alone, that person would have snuck into the Shaman Tribes and would have taken the 1,000 drops of blood from the heart in secret. That person would definitely not roar so arrogantly like his Master and tell the Shamans that he, Tian Xie Zi, was here.

Yet Tian Xie Zi did it!

With his body that looked like a ball of purple flames from the distance and with an incredibly arrogant manner, he announced his arrival to all the Shamans within the area!

Su Ming suddenly understood what uncle master Bai had meant when he called his Master a crazy old man. He also understood why he gave him the white scale...

It was clear that this was not the first time Tian Xie Zi did such a thing, neither was it his second time. There was a high possibility that this thing happened regularly once in a while!

‘If a race or even a tribe has been attacked like this multiple times over the years in a manner that while their mortal enemy considers it arrogant, but to them is a form of humiliation...

‘Then it would definitely attract a certain amount of attention. Once their attention is drawn, they would make thorough preparations towards their mortal enemy’s actions...

‘Master has come to this place multiple times, which could only mean that he must have experienced the Shamans’ prepared attack, but he still chose to do it... and he even told the Shamans that... he’s here...’

As Su Ming was thinking, something caught his attention. He immediately lifted his head and looked into the distance, and at the moment he saw it, his pupils shrank.

In the distance, he saw clouds rolling forth in the sky, and black spots were charging towards them rapidly. In the blink of an eye, those black spots became clear, and they were all ferocious beasts that mostly looked dissimilar to each other.

These creatures were not entirely big. They were only about a dozen feet in size, and all of them had a pair of wings which they used to charge towards them. Su Ming also saw people standing on those beasts, and their faces were covered not in Berserker Marks, but totems that were carved onto their skins.

"Pay full attention to your drawing!"

The ruthlessness in the smile at the corner of Tian Xie Zi’s lips reached its peak and a murderous aura that shook the skies erupted from his body. Right at the moment he finished speaking, Tian Xie Zi took a step forward.



Behind him, the sea of blood that originally looked like a mere illusion now seemed as if it was real. Light appeared within the eyes of the stone statue in the sea of blood, and it shone with an excited lust for slaughter.

With that lust for slaughter in Tian Xie Zi's eyes, Su Ming saw him storm straight towards the incoming mass of black spots. Waves rose in the sea of blood behind him and charged towards the black spots.

Roaring sounds reverberated in the air and Su Ming saw the same brutality and madness on the Shamans' faces who were standing on the ferocious beasts. They did not fear death and all of them bit their tongues to cough out blood. That blood turned into an innumerable amount of blood-red bugs that charged straight towards Tian Xie Zi.

Some brought out skulls. As they stroked them, black mist shot out and turned into hideous malicious ghosts. Some sat down, and as the beasts underneath them let out shrill cries of pain, their blood and flesh were ripped apart from their bones. That large mass of torn flesh grouped together to form large blood-red giants, and they howled as they charged towards Tian Xie Zi.

The creatures that lost their flesh and blood only had eerily white skeletal frames left. However, there was a ghostly fire within their eye sockets that burned with an indescribable ghastliness and coldness.

There were even dozens of Shamans who stomped on the ferocious beasts underneath them and bounded into the air. Their bodies instantly swelled up and a shocking power erupted from their bodies, turning their physical bodies into their strongest enchanted Vessels. They too charged towards Tian Xie Zi.

Su Ming looked at the sight. All these divine abilities were skills he had never seen before, especially the spell that created the giants formed from flesh and blood while still allowing the creatures to continue living even though they lost their bodies, only their skeletons remaining. It made Su Ming suck in a deep breath.

"You actually used the Spirit Medium of the Shaman Tribe. Looks like you've made even better preparations for my arrival today... You must have waited for many years. Today, I have finally come, and you... don't have to wait anymore!"

Tian Xie Zi's ghastly laughter rang in the skies.

Roaring sounds shook the sky. Multiple sights appeared at once within Su Ming's vision, and in them, Tian Xie Zi was slaughtering those Shamans arrogantly and without restraint!

The blood bugs that were formed from the coughed out blood stuck themselves on Tian Xie Zi's body, but they instantly turned purple and exploded.

Right at the moment the hideous malicious ghosts that came from the skulls closed in on Tian Xie Zi, the stone statue within the

sea of blood opened its mouth wide, sucked in a deep breath, and the malicious ghosts tumbled into its mouth. Once the stone statue swallowed them all, the brutality and excitement in its eyes grew thicker.

# Chapter 259: That Spoken Sentence...

## Golden Roc!

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As the giants formed from the flesh and blood of the ferocious beasts charged towards Tian Xie Zi, he was also closing in on them with a savage look on his face. They crashed into each other with a bang, and those giants shattered, but Tian Xie Zi merely continued onward while laughing madly.

All the Shamans that stood in the area he passed by would find a bloody hole appearing on their chests, and there was emptiness inside the hole. Their hearts were gone.

Their hearts were dug out by Tian Xie Zi. Once he crushed them, the blood from their hearts fused into the air and appeared inside his sea of blood.

When he saw this sight, Su Ming sucked in a sharp breath. He looked towards the sea of blood behind Tian Xie Zi. That sea of blood...

"Could it have been created due to Master's slaughter..?" he mumbled.

The dozen Shamans who had swelled up, treating their physical bodies as their strongest weapon, with totems tattooed on their faces, hurled their fists forward with a force that made the air distort. Right at the moment these people attacked Tian Xie Zi together, he waved his arm and the purple long robe on his body instantly grew bigger. In the blink of an eye, the purple robe

covered the entire area, including the dozen Shamans.

This scene only lasted for an instant. When Tian Xie Zi's purple robe reverted to its original size, bloody holes appeared on the chests of those men, and their hearts were all gone.

"The Spirit Medium of the Shamans, the Spirit Medium who only pities the dead but is cold towards the living... I killed one of you before, and I love fighting against people like you the most. Today, let me slaughter to my heart's content!"

When Tian Xie Zi let out an eerie bark of laughter, the sea of blood behind him turned into a giant mouth and opened it wide to swallow the Shamans.

The moment it swallowed the Shamans, many of these Shamans trembled, and as they did so, a fist appeared on their chests and started squirming there. Pain appeared on their faces and their chests exploded. Their hearts flew out of their chests and were crushed, then the blood from their hearts spilled out and was absorbed into the mouth formed from the sea of blood.

At that moment, a soft, cold snort appeared under the sky in the land belonging to the Shamans. Su Ming immediately turned his gaze over and saw an old man in a black and white long robe walking on the land. He had no idea when he had appeared.

The old man's hair was flecked in white, but his face was covered in a variety of colors and filled with tattoos. Su Ming looked at it and found himself unable to differentiate the totems on his face.

The man stood there and did not even look at Su Ming. His gaze was focused on Tian Xie Zi and he lifted his right hand to seize the sky.

The moment he did so, the entire sky turned murky, as if the sky had just turned into mud. An oppressive feeling gathered on Su Ming and made his breathing instantly quicken.

At the same time, Su Ming saw shadows appearing in the now turned murky sky. Those shadows all had pious expressions on their faces, and from their faces, Su Ming could tell that they were all the Shamans whom Tian Xie Zi had just killed by ripping out their hearts.

These hundreds of souls covered the murky sky, and as the Spirit Medium seized the air, they charged towards his right hand like rolling smoke. In an instant, as they gathered on the Spirit Medium's right hand, a transparent drop of water appeared!

That drop of water was crystal clear, yet the moment it appeared, a shocking chill spread in all directions.

Tian Xie Zi laughed coldly and turned around, stopping in his slaughter. The Shamans who were fortunate enough to not have died in this massacre quickly retreated and began surrounding the area until they sealed it up. Su Ming was also sealed within the area.

"I've waited for you here for 15 years."

The Spirit Medium spoke with a hoarse voice. He grabbed the transparent drop of water floating before him and swallowed it. Once he did so, his body started trembling viciously and pain appeared on his face.

"All you who died in sorrow... I, the Spirit Medium, have felt your resentment and sorrow. I am willing to use my body to shoulder your hate and anger. You died in this person's hands, now that you have died, come to my body..."

The moment the old man finished speaking, he started trembling even more viciously. As he started closing his eyes slowly, respect and fear appeared on the Shamans who surrounded Su Ming and Tian Xie Zi.

"Interesting, a Spirit Medium who can fuse souls actually came here..."

Tian Xie Zi licked his lips and ruthlessness appeared in his eyes.

Su Ming stood where he belonged. This slaughter had nothing to do with him, he did not need to take any action. With Tian Xie Zi over there, no one would pay attention to him.

After all, compared to Tian Xie Zi, Su Ming was so weak he would not attract any attention to himself.

At that moment, the Spirit Medium opened his eyes. His irises

were grey, and at the very instant he opened his eyes, a roar that sounded like an innumerable amount of howls overlapping each other spilled out of his mouth.

"Give me back my heart!"

As he roared, countless bumps immediately rose up on the old man's body. These bumps were all faces. These faces were howling and screeching on his skin, causing the old man to become a terrifying sight to behold.

He stomped on the ground, and as it trembled, he flew up and charged towards Tian Xie Zi. At the moment he got closer to Tian Xie Zi. The old man lifted his arms, then pointed towards the sky with one arm while the other pointed towards the ground. He lifted his head to the sky and roared once again.

"Give me back my heart!"

The weather changed. At the edge of the murky sky, a gigantic hand of bone appeared out of thin air. It charged towards Tian Xie Zi with an air of decay.

At the same time, another bone hand broke out of the earth, and the ground trembled. It too charged towards Tian Xie Zi along with the bone hand from the sky.

The ruthless glare in Tian Xie Zi's eyes shone, and as the sea of blood behind him enveloped his body, the stone statue that had its



arms folded around its chest within the sea of blood spread out its arms in a fashion that seemed slow but managed to clash into the two bone hands that were charging from the sky and earth with one palm facing upward and the other downward.

A deafening roar instantly shook the entire world. The bone hand from the sky crumbled and shattered into millions of pieces that disappeared into the air.

The bone hand from the ground also shuddered as if it could not withstand the palm strike from the stone statue. It shattered and fell like droplets of rain that scattered onto the ground.

With a glint in his eyes, the Spirit Medium spread out his arms at the same moment the bone hands shattered and let out a piercing howl towards the sky.

As he roared and his body trembled, the faces of the ghosts on his skin roared with him, and they charged out of the old man's body.

As those ghosts charged out, the old man shuddered and his physical body rapidly withered away. In the span of a few breaths, he turned into mere skin and bones and fell face down to the ground. The final soul within his body also charged out at that moment.

The sky was filled with the roars of these ghosts as they stormed towards Tian Xie Zi.

Tian Xie Zi let out a cold snort and was about to counter when two soft sighs came faintly from the sky in the distance.

The sighs were very gentle as if they held no rage within them and were so tender that they sounded like a lover blowing a puff of air on your cheek and into your ear.

When it sounded, Su Ming turned his gaze in its direction and saw two men walking forth from the sky in the distance.

Those were two men who were so beautiful that women would sigh because they could not compare to their beauty. They wore long white robes, and all men and women who looked at them would be attracted by their beautiful looks.

Even more shocking was that the two of them came together with breathtaking smiles on their lips while holding hands, and they were walking forward with an air of intimacy as if they were lovers.

"Split Dawn!" For the first time, besides ruthlessness and excitement, seriousness appeared in Tian Xie Zi's eyes. "Even the rarely seen Split Dawn appeared here. Interesting... Choosing a pair of Split Dawns is not an easy thing..."

The two beautiful men in white came forth with their hands still held together as if they were lovers. They looked at Tian Xie Zi with eyes that shone with a beauty that did not seem to belong to this world.

One of them spoke up softly, "I suppose there is a person without a heart around you, one that is formed by the spirits of those who were wronged."

As his words traveled forth, the many ghosts charging towards Tian Xie Zi suddenly spread out when they were about to close in. Then with Tian Xie Zi serving as its chest, they turned into a gigantic figure.

That figure was created entirely from the ghosts. They howled continuously, their voices echoing through the sky.

"I suppose you can no longer move, no longer can cast any Arts. You have become this person's heart, and then... you will shatter..." The other beautiful man smiled and spoke softly.

Su Ming widened his eyes and his pupils shrank once again. It could be said that this was the first time he encountered Shamans. Here, he encountered the Spirit Medium who pitied the dead, but was cold towards the living.

Right now, he saw the Split Dawn, who seemed to be in control of an unimaginable power! He even saw his Master, Tian Xie Zi, coming to a complete halt at that instant, just like what the Split Dawn said. The sea of blood around him started disappearing.

A murderous look flashed through Su Ming's eyes and bell chimes reverberated within his body. The white scale appeared in his hands, and the green mark of the sword glowed at the center of his brows. His Berserker Mark appeared faintly on his body.

Because not only did he see his Master's body freeze, he also saw the figure formed by the ghosts that had surrounded Tian Xie Zi gain the form of a person, and his Master stood at the location where its heart should be. By the looks of it, it seemed like it wanted to bury Tian Xie Zi within it.

However, Su Ming also had his doubts. From what he understood about his Master, if Tian Xie Zi dared to make such a blatant show of his arrival, then he would definitely not act recklessly, but Su Ming just could not figure out what else his Master could do.

Su Ming was just about to take action during this crisis when a sound rang out. That sound made the expressions of the two beautiful Split Dawns drastically change, it made the old Spirit Medium who was lying on the ground in only skin and bones let out a cry of surprise, and made the Shamans who had surrounded Su Ming and Tian Xie Zi sink into disbelief. That sound came from Tian Xie Zi.

"My Shaman Beast... I summon you with my voice..."

As Tian Xie Zi's voice echoed in the air, a low growl that shook the sky came from the land in the distance. A huge gust of wind swept through the land, and in the land far away... a gigantic golden roc appeared... By the looks of it, its size was about 10,000 feet!

"This... This is our sacred beast, the Golden Roc! You... Who are you?! Why do you know the sacred Skill of the Shamans?!" The old

Spirit Medium lying on the ground let slip a cry of surprise with an expression filled with horrified surprise.

# Chapter 260: Three Days!

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The old Spirit Medium let out a cry of surprise, and in the blink of an eye, that horrified surprise on his face changed to one of shock.

He never expected that the person the big Shaman tribes told him to kill with an army to... possess a sacred beast of the Shamans!

The shock that came from witnessing a Berserker summoning their sacred beast, the sacred beasts that rarely appeared even when the Shamans themselves summoned them, was like that of lightning crashing onto him. The shock made his head roar, and besides surprise, his mind was completely blank.

Besides the old Spirit Medium, the beautiful Split Dawns were also shocked. Their expressions instantly changed and disbelief colored their faces. This expression was incredibly rare on these two men.

The two of them were sent to this place 15 years ago along with the old Spirit Medium, and their goal was to wait for the person who would appear in this area once every few years and bring about genocide.

Everything was going smoothly when they ran into Tian Xie Zi this day, but at the critical moment that one sentence from Tian Xie Zi changed everything in a manner as if the world had been turned upside down.

"The sacred beast, Golden Roc... No wonder we never managed to gain its acknowledgement and could never summon it even though we've sent our tribe members to its resting place multiple times in the past. So the Golden Roc... already has an owner!

"But how... How is this possible?! He's from the Berserker Tribe and doesn't practice the Ways of the Shamans. How did he get the approval of the Golden Roc?!"

In the time the Split Dawns sucked in a sharp breath, the Golden Roc arrived from where it was in the distance. Along with its arrival came a huge gust of wind that made people feel as if an innumerable amount of invisible mountains were crashing into them.

The remaining Shamans, who had surrounded Su Ming and Tian Xie Zi, lost all will to fight when the Golden Roc appeared. Terror appeared in the midst of their confusion, and they did not dare attack.

"The Golden Roc!"

"Oh heavens... It's the Golden Roc!"

Uproars broke out at the sacred beast's appearance. The Shamans held a level of respect akin to meeting the might of heaven itself in the face of their sacred beasts. This creature was like the totems within the Shaman Tribe. There was in no way they could fight against it.

At that moment, as the Golden Roc swept past the land and brought with it a huge gust of wind, these people were like floating leaves in the sky and were thrown back. As booming sounds reverberated in the air, the wall of people crumbled down instantly.

Su Ming sucked in a breath when he saw the Golden Roc closing in. Its gigantic body that exceeded 10,000 feet formed an intimidating pressure that made morning sky turn dark in an instant. It was covered by the Golden Roc's body as if it had just covered the sun.

Compared to it, the people around him who were swept away by the huge gust of wind and Su Ming himself were so tiny that they could practically be disregarded. The Golden Roc forced its way into all their sights in an incredibly arrogant fashion.

The moment it closed in, the extraordinarily mighty Golden Roc shone with a golden light that made it look like a golden eagle. It made the people be unable to look at it, especially into its eyes. There was an aloof look within its eyes, and as it swept its gaze across the land, cracking sounds would appear in the air as if the air itself could not withstand that pressure.

The intelligence it had made Su Ming believe without a doubt that it had far surpassed the intellect of all the ferocious beasts he had ever seen. Even the rod snake could not compare with it in this.



However, the rod snake was still an infant, so it was only natural that it would have a hard time competing against the Golden Roc, which was a sacred beast that was famous within the Shaman Tribes.

When the Golden Roc's eyes fell on Su Ming as its gaze swept through the land, it paused for a moment to look at him, and at the moment it did so, the golden light within its eyes instantly became stronger. It made Su Ming shudder, as if everything about him had just been seen through.

Any other ordinary Berserker would have lost all ability to think, but Su Ming did not just practice in the Ways of the Berserkers. He also trained in the Skills of Aura Refinement and turned it into his divine senses. The strength of his divine senses might perhaps be nothing to those in the other realms, but among his peers in the Berserker Tribe, he was second to none.

At that moment, while the divine sense in his mind still could not withstand the Golden Roc's gaze, Su Ming could at least still tell the reason behind the Golden Roc's interest in him.

Su Ming had a feeling that the Golden Roc was not looking at him, but at the Han Mountain Bell residing within his body!

More accurately speaking, there was something within Han Mountain Bell that the Golden Roc sensed, and it wanted to take a closer look!

Almost at the same instant the Golden Roc trained its gaze on Su

Ming, the rod shaped insect snake hybrid that was recovering slowly in the Han Mountain Bell within Su Ming suddenly curled up from its sleeping, relaxed position within the Bell. It lifted its head instantly and its dull eyes immediately regained their cruel glare.

The glare seemed like the last rays of sunlight before the sky turned dark. It seemed strong, but was in reality rather scattered, and hidden within the depths of the glare was the rod snake's pride.

It was as if that pride existed within the blood and soul of the rod snake itself. That pride was passed down through generations and existed even now; it had never disappeared.

That pride that was hidden within its cruelty made it seem that if they took away the difference between their power, then the rod snake and Golden Roc did not even belong in the same category of creatures, because within the rod snake's pride was an air of dominance and supremacy!

Su Ming noticed that aura. He was shaken by this, and the light in the Golden Roc's eyes wavered for a brief moment, and Su Ming felt as if he saw hesitation within him, and he even saw the hint of fear lying underneath that hesitation.

At that moment, Su Ming had a sudden feeling that the rod snake was like a tiger cub. Although it was small and injured, even if the tiger cub ran into lone wolves, it would still lift up its head and show off its unique aura.

That feeling only appeared for an instant. As the Golden Roc turned its gaze away, that feeling also disappeared without a trace. No one around him noticed it, not even Tian Xie Zi.

After all, the Golden Roc's gaze only stayed on Su Ming for a moment. In Su Ming's eyes, it had happened slowly, but in reality, it only lasted for a moment.

When the Golden Roc's gaze swept through the entire land, a huge gust of wind swept through the land. The Golden Roc lifted its head and with its mouth wide-open, it let out a shriek towards the sky.

While the shriek might not have been deafening, it still reached its peak in an instant and turned into an indescribable sound wave that traveled in all directions.

When the Shamans who were swept away by the wind heard the shriek, they let out shrill cries of pain and blood gushed out of their eyes, mouth, nose, nose; they exploded and their flesh and blood scattered into the air.

The ferocious beasts under their feet had long since frozen, ever since the Golden Roc arrived. They were shivering in midair and did not dare move.

The sound wave contained a power that made booming sounds echo in Su Ming's head, and his mind instantly turned blank. When he regained his senses, he saw the old Spirit Medium's head

exploding as he cried out in pain. His entire body was dyed in black blood as he fell to the side.

Besides the devastating deaths of the Shamans around him, Su Ming also saw the two beautiful Split Dawns bleeding from their eyes, noses, ears, and mouths. They looked pathetic as they ran away with their faces tainted with endless terror.

Yet as they ran, one of them could not endure the Golden Roc's voice and coughed out blood, trembling. As he ran, his body started shattering inch by inch, and before he could make it to 100 feet, he crumbled into a mass of blood and flesh, then disappeared. Only his right arm, which still held onto his lover's hand, remained.

The remaining man looked at the arm in his hand and let out a cry of despair, but he did not turn back. He charged forward in a mad dash instead, and a large amount of blood mist seeped out of his body and surrounded him. As the blood mist spread out, his beautiful face started decaying, and in an instant, his beauty turned into horrifying ugliness. However, he still managed to escape and disappear from Su Ming's sight.

At the same time, the body of the person that was formed from the ghosts which had Tian Xie Zi buried within crumbled and exploded under the Golden Roc's voice. It turned into the faces that were full of hate once again before they disappeared into thin air.

Tian Xie Zi opened his eyes.

He took in a breath of the bloody stench around him and asked calmly. "My fourth disciple, have you killed before?"

This was the first time Su Ming saw such a large scale massacre, the first time he saw Tian Xie Zi act, and the first time he saw the might of the Golden Roc.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he nodded his head. "I have..."

"Chase him down. I'll wait for you here."

Tian Xie Zi cast him a glance and walked onto the Golden Roc's back calmly. The Golden Roc closed its eyes and allowed Tian Xie Zi to climb onto its back to sit down cross-legged.

"The power of those two Split Dawns is equivalent to the Berserkers in the Berserker Soul Realm. One of them has died now, and there's only one left. He's also injured, so his power is now only around the Bone Sacrifice Realm.

"Split Dawns are rare among the Shamans. Finding a pair like this isn't easy, but he should be very quick, you also stayed around for too long. If you want to chase him down, then you will have to enter into the deep parts of the Shaman Tribe.

"Do you dare do it, my fourth disciple?" Tian Xie Zi asked languidly.

Su Ming lowered his head and a light flashed in his eyes. He did not speak, simply turned around and charged towards the direction of the only person who escaped in a long arc.

"I will wait for you for three days. If you don't come back three days later, then you won't be able to come back."

Tian Xie Zi's voice floated through the air and spread out, falling into Su Ming's ears. However, he did not falter for even a moment. In the blink of an eye, he disappeared into the distance.

Tian Xie Zi closed his eyes slowly and sat down on the Golden Roc to wait.

A bleak air covered the entire land of the Shamans. The moaning from the wind sounded like mournful human cries. As the sound traveled through the land and the wind blew past the sky, it brought about an unfamiliarity and a depressing feeling that pressed heavily against one's chest.

Su Ming charged through the sky belonging to the Shaman Tribe, yet after he flew for an hour, he frowned and lowered his head to look at the land beneath him. The land was covered in an endless sea of forest.

A glint appeared in his eyes and Su Ming flew towards the ground. After a moment, he stepped on the muddy floor in the forest and closed his eyes to spread out his divine senses. After a moment, he opened his eyes and disappeared from the spot. His

body floated like smoke, and after a moment, he appeared by an old tree. Su Ming crouched down and touched the wet ground. There was a drop of blood there.

"He is afraid of being chased down, that's why he didn't fly in the air. Instead, he chose to use the forest as his cover and hide in familiar lands so that he can buy time to recover..." Su Ming mumbled and a smile appeared on his lips.

Forests were his home!

## Chapter 261: Shaman Hunt!

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‘Master could have killed him himself... but he wanted me to do it...’ Su Ming stood up and once he looked around, a light flashed through his eyes and he sped forward like a ghost.

‘It’s because he saw that I wanted to join Sky Mist Shaman Hunt. That’s why instead of having me experience the terrors of the Shamans only at that time and fight against them without prior knowledge, he would rather give me this chance!

‘He’s allowing me to begin my very first... Shaman hunt!’

The light in Su Ming’s eyes flickered. As he traveled through the forest, he would occasionally stop and observe the place before he continued onward. Sometimes, he would change his direction and continue the chase down another path.

As time passed by, Su Ming started speeding up. The number of times he stopped also became fewer. He had already determined the location where his target was running, and even when he closed his eyes while he continued running, he could somewhat feel the now hideous man escaping in the direction before him with a dark expression, his white robes stained with blood.

When a day passed by, Su Ming could feel that the distance between him and the other was rapidly closing up. Su Ming knew that this was the land of the Shamans. There might be other Shaman Tribes within the forest, that was why he had to catch up to this man as soon as possible, and he had to kill him quickly as



well. Dragging the fight out was something to be avoided at all costs.

Else, not only would he be in danger, he might also face the risk of not being able to go back like his Master had said if he went back too late and three days had gone by.

Tian Xie Zi mentioned that he had three days, and hence Su Ming believed that he had three days and only three days. Perhaps the three days did not mean that Tian Xie Zi was not willing to wait, but instead meant that if three days went by, then someone who Tian Xie Zi might not be able to fight would appear!

That was why he told Su Ming that he would only wait three days! Even right up till the end, Tian Xie Zi never said anything about wanting Su Ming to retrieve the man's head. He only told Su Ming to chase him down.

Su Ming understood all of these. The meaning behind his Master's words was clear as day. He only wanted Su Ming to experience the process of hunting a Shaman. He did not ask him to be successful in it.

His only demand for Su Ming was that final sentence – three days!

Within three days, he must go back!

When half of the second day went past, Su Ming had already

entered the deep parts of the forest. It might have been noon by then, but it was difficult for sunlight to break through the layers of leaves in the forest. The ground was filled with mud and it was letting out a rotten stench.

Su Ming continued moving before he came to a sudden halt. In the forest before him, he saw a small hill. That hill was not tall and was filled with plants, and Su Ming saw a person at the top of the hill.

That person was crouching down on the mountain, his hideous face filled dreariness. He was staring at Su Ming.

Their gazes met and clashed with each other. Su Ming felt his mind go blank, but his divine senses were instantly activated and he regained his senses. As for the man on the small hill, a grave expression appeared in his tired eyes and his body swayed. With the momentum provided by that sway, he rushed down the back of the hill.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he charged towards the small hill. When he stood at the top of the mountain, the first thing that entered his vision was the man lifting his hands and pressing them against his chest at the hillside. He coughed out a large mouthful of black blood, and that black blood churned as it floated in midair before turning into black arrows that sliced through the air towards him.

Su Ming could tell that this person had already spent all of his strength, and he had also noticed him as Su Ming was chasing him down, that was why he could not heal his injuries. Now that he

chose to attack, he was revealing the extent of his injuries.

With a cold snort, Su Ming took a step forward and did not even bother to dodge the arrows coming his way. With his speed, he could simply ignore them.

As he moved forward, green light flashed at the center of his brows. The sword mark flickered and the sword was about to fly out, but at that moment Su Ming's expression suddenly changed.

His legs were moving down the hill, but the moment he started moving down, he immediately noticed...

There was something off about the slope!

The man lifted his head swiftly and a tinge of cruelty appeared on his lips. He charged towards Su Ming with a single leap, and he moved so quickly that Su Ming could barely keep track of him with his naked eye. If the man had been preparing for this burst of shocking speed since a long time ago, then Su Ming would have definitely not been able to catch up!

Just as the man's speed suddenly increased, Su Ming also felt that his tempo as he went down the mountain suddenly decreased in a manner that completely went against all that he understood.

It was as if he had just exchanged places with this man and that he was going up the hill while the other person was going down. That was why this difference in speed appeared, even though this

was clearly not the case.

All of this only lasted for an instant. The man's arrows closed in on Su Ming. Although he avoided them, the moment he did so, the man closed in on him with that shocking speed of his.

A sense of life-threatening danger immediately rose within Su Ming's body like a tidal wave. The hairs on his body rose. His body felt as if it was stuck on the mountain. Even if he wanted to fly, his greatly reduced speed and the man's shocking speed would not let him avoid the man's clearly prepared killing move.

It had been a long time since Su Ming last felt as if his life was being threatened. Now that it happened once again, it allowed the emotions in his eyes to quiet down in an instant and a calm that was akin to still water in an ancient spread through him.

His first act was to let his entire body be surrounded by black fog. A black armor that seethed with a murderous aura appeared on his descending body. It was his Divine General Armor!

The instant the armor appeared, Su Ming's second act was not to bring out Han Mountain Bell to defend himself. Instead, he activated the power of his divine sense. His body might have slowed down, but with his divine sense, he could still see the trajectory of his incoming opponent's line of attack.

He saw the man lifting his right hand as he was quickly closing in on him and his fingernails turning into sharp claws that were surrounded by black mist. They went straight for his chest and

would arrive in an instant.

When he saw all of this clearly, Su Ming moved to the side slightly.

A loud bang rang through the air and he jolted. Unable to withstand the attack, his Divine General Armor started shattering. Yet even though it was shattering, it recovered within an instant, and this continued multiple times until the armor completely cancelled out the man's attack. However, sharp pain that came from the jolts shot through Su Ming's entire body because his Divine General Armor was just an illusion and did not have physical form.

Su Ming had not yet gone to the Great Yu Dynasty to retrieve his true armor.

That was why while the armor could resist the power of the five fingered claw, it could not withstand the shell knife that was formed after the five fingernails gathered together once the man brought all five of his fingers together!

That was a black shell that was about the size of a knife. If anyone took a closer look, they would see that it was tortoise shell, but if that shell was taken apart, it could be stored within the man's fingers. They looked like fingernails, but if they were gathered together, then its real form would appear!

That shell knife pierced through Su Ming's Divine General Armor and stabbed right into his chest!

The knife's target was originally Su Ming's heart, but due to Su Ming moving his body slightly once he activated his divine sense, the knife missed his heart. It might hurt immensely, but at least he was not heavily wounded.

All this happened in an instant. Once the shell knife in the man's hand pierced through Su Ming's right side of the chest, a stunned expression appeared on his face. Clearly, he did not expect that Su Ming could still avoid the attack when his speed had decreased while the man's speed increased! He was also shocked by the fact that Su Ming was one of the Divine Generals in the Berserker Tribe, and his desire to kill him grew stronger.

His shock quickly turned into a cold sneer. Just as the man was about to pull out his shell knife, he saw Su Ming lift his head and a monstrous killing aura appear within his eyes. That was not all. He also saw a brilliant red hue in Su Ming's right eye that made it clearly different from his left eye!

That enchanting brilliant red made his eye seem like a moon that was dyed in blood. When the man saw it at such close proximity, for some unknown reason, he was horrified!

"This knife is pretty good. I'll be taking it!" Su Ming spoke in a hoarse voice and grabbed the shell knife that had stabbed into his chest with his left hand with such a tight grip that the man could not pull it out.

At the same time, a bell chime spread out from within Su Ming's

body. That bell chime boomed and reverberated in the air, causing layers of ripples to form around Su Ming and the man.

The bell chimes were filled with a sense of graveness, but when they fell into the man's ears, they sounded like the heavens themselves were howling in anger, and those howls turned into thunderous roars. It caused his body to shudder, and even if he had used the mysterious power residing within the hill to increase his own speed, he could not help but flinch.

The moment he flinched, with the shocking murderous aura spilling out from the red in his right eye, Su Ming crashed his head against the man's head before him.

A bang rang in the air, and it was followed by the man's shrill and pained screams. He wanted to move away, but Su Ming's right hand had already flown up to grab the man's shoulder. He lifted his head, took a step forward, and pushed the man's body before he crashed his head against the man's again.

He was forced back a dozen steps and his head suffered a similar amount of pain. The man's face was covered in blood and horror appeared in his eyes. He was already running on empty, and the amount of power he could use was only about the level of a Berserker in the middle stage of the Awakening Realm. If he had calmed and used the unique divine abilities of the Shaman Tribe, then he might have had a chance to escape.

However, he was first intimidated by Tian Xie Zi, then witnessed his lover killed before his eyes. As Split Dawns, once their other half died, then it would be very difficult for them to be of any

threat to their enemies. The Split Dawns may be powerful, but their weaknesses were similarly great!

He originally wanted to kill Su Ming to take revenge while mid-escape, but he did not expect him to be so vicious. That blood-red light in his right eye especially made terror flood the man's heart.

In the midst of his terror, he saw green light flash at the center of Su Ming's brows, and since they were so close to each other, the small virescent sword swept through the man's neck with just one slight move.

Blood gushed out and his head fell to the ground.

Due to the strangeness of the hill, the gushing blood and blood on the ground did not flow down the hill, but flowed up...

As Su Ming let go of the man's hand, his corpse fell to the ground and Su Ming caught the man's head by its hair. Su Ming's face was pale and his breathing rapid. The shell knife remained buried deep in the right side of his chest.

Su Ming took a deep breath and was just about to leave the hill when he suddenly turned his head to look at the forest not too far away from him.

He saw a boy there. He was dressed in beast skins and his face was deathly pale as he stared at Su Ming with a stunned expression. There was a crude looking bow in his hands.



Su Ming saw... the Tattoos that belonged to the Shamans on his face!

This was a child of the Shaman Tribe!

Su Ming cast a glance at the boy in silence, then pressed a hand against his chest, turned around, and quickly walked down the hill...

## Chapter 262: Boy

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The sky in the land of the Shamans was vast. At a place not too far from Sky Mist Barrier that could be considered to be at the borders of the land of the Shamans was a bloody stench that filled the entire land. Even if wind swept past the land, it still could not get rid of the bloody stench from the land.

A golden bird that was about 10,000 feet in size floated in the sky. There were hundreds of ferocious beasts prostrating themselves before it, unmoving, as if they were waiting for the Golden Roc's orders.

The Golden Roc had its eyes closed. There was an old man who also had his eyes closed sitting on its back. His purple robes looked like dried up blood as they swayed in the wind.

Tian Xie Zi had already sat in the spot for one and a half days. He would wait for another one and a half days for his fourth disciple, for Su Ming to return.

This was a test. It was also his first ever test to Su Ming.

"No matter whether you succeed in going through your first change in heart, you will still be my disciple. As long as you are alive, then you will still have chances to go through other changes in heart.

"But... Sky Mist Shaman Hunt usually ends with a person going in alive and coming out dead..." Tian Xie Zi mumbled and opened

his eyes.

"I won't worry about your change in heart. I might not know what sort of past you have, but I am confident that you will succeed in going through your first change in heart... you should have found peace in your heart once you saw him creating xun.

"What I'm worried is that... while you are vicious, you don't have any sense of belonging to the Land of South Morning and don't have enough understanding of our hate towards the Shamans, and because of that, you will... have a moment of weakness."

There was no longer any brutality within Tian Xie Zi's eyes, only calm.

He looked at the distance silently.

If anyone followed Tian Xie Zi's gaze that seemed to be looking forward endlessly, they would find a small hill in a forest that seemed to span endlessly in a place that could only be reached if they traveled for a day and a half.

Su Ming stood on the small hill and did not turn his head back to look at the boy standing not too far from the foot of the mountain. The kid looked like someone who could fit right into his tribe, and if he was there, his power would be around the second or third level of the Blood Solidification Realm. He might be from the Shaman Tribe, but Su Ming could not bring himself to kill him.

Sharp pain spread out from Su Ming's chest as he continued remaining in silence. Blood flowed out from his wound. The shell knife had still brought harm to him.

If he had not avoided the attack, that knife would have stabbed his heart.

He pulled out the shell knife, and at the same time Su Ming left the small hill, he lifted his left hand and pointed towards the pale boy who had just snapped out of his terror and had turned around to run back quickly.

A gust of wind sliced through the air and closed in on the running boy in an instant. The moment it fell on him, the gust of wind suddenly split into two parts. One crashed into the big tree by the boy's side, and a green, poisonous snake that had charged out without the boy's knowledge fell to the ground once its head exploded.

The other gust of wind crashed into the boy. He shuddered and fell to the ground unconscious.

Only those who had mastered Awakening fine control could make the wind formed from the fingers split into two, and Su Ming's fine control had already arrived at an incredibly precise state.

"I won't kill you, but only if you don't go back and reveal my whereabouts."

Su Ming left the small hill and went back by the same path he'd taken forward.

He had already used more than a day's time for this chase. Now that it had ended, he did not stop to rest, but instead used the quickest speed to run so that he could get back within the three days, in the time limit his Master had given him.

Su Ming was extremely careful as he traveled through this unfamiliar land that belonged to the Shamans and was filled with all sorts of dangers. He knew that he should have killed the boy, but he... just chose to make him unconscious.

After the time it takes to burn half an incense stick after Su Ming left, the boy's body suddenly jolted. A mysterious energy had appeared out of nowhere and made the boy wake up beforehand!

The boy opened his eyes and first examined his body. Once he learned that he was uninjured, he saw the poisonous snake that had lost its head by his side, and he was momentarily stunned.

Yet it only lasted for a brief moment before it disappeared quickly. There was no longer any hint of shock on the boy's young face when he looked at the small hill. All traces of it were replaced by ruthlessness and hatred.

He got up and ran back to where his tribe was at full speed. He did not stop as he ran, and as he did so, he bit his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood, then closed his eyes. When he reopened them soon after, that blood of his had turned into a small

blood-red bird.

The bird flapped its wings and charged into the distance at shocking speed before disappearing without a trace.

In a place that was not too far away, a village could be found on a spot where the forest was cleared. The mud on the ground was filled with sand so that it was firm. There was also a large plot of land in the distance that was planted with vegetables.

Laughter could be heard from the village. Men belonging to the Shaman Tribe with Tattoo filled faces could be seen occasionally roaming the village with wary expressions on their faces. Yet when an hour later they saw the red bird that suddenly flew out of the forest, their expressions immediately changed.

That small red bird flew into the village and straight away went into one of the houses in the village.

There was an old man sitting within the house. The old man was half naked and only had a beast skin wrapped around his waist. There was a small cauldron before him and it was burning with some herbs. Wisps of smoke seeped out of the cauldron and were sucked into the old man's eyes, ears, nose, and mouth as he breathed in, before coming out of his pores, enveloping him in a hazy, distorted aura.

There were two beautiful girls from the Shaman Tribe behind him. They knelt by his side and fanned him gently with fans made of big leaves.

The breeze was very light and could not blow away the wisps of smoke. The entire house was silent.

Yet the moment the small red bird broke in, the old man suddenly opened his eyes, and within one of his eyes, four pupils could be seen!

The small red bird closed in and landed before him the moment the old man opened his eyes. With a bang, it turned into a layer of blood fog, and as the old man inhaled, the fog was taken into the old man's eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. Once he did so, the light within his eyes immediately flickered as if pictures had just appeared out of nowhere before his eyes, allowing him to see everything clearly.

"A Berserker..."

A cruel and bloodthirsty smile appeared on the old man's face and he licked his lips. If any Berserker saw his tongue, they would definitely be taken aback, because the length the old man's tongue had clearly exceeded the normal length of a human's tongue. It looked like that of a snake, and it seemed as if the old man wanted to, he could lick his own hair.

With that bloodthirsty and cruel smile on his lips, the old man stood up, and once he walked out of his house, he spread out his arms and let out a low growl.

Once he growled, the entire tribe instantly fell silent. All the

people turned their gazes towards the old man.

"Can you smell it?!" The old man's voice was hoarse, ghastly "This is the smell belonging to a Berserker. This smell is the sweet smell of a Berserker's blood... A Berserker has entered the forest where our Lizard God lives. He has walked on our land and killed a warrior of the Shaman Tribe!

"He has disturbed the Lizard God within the forest!

"Kill him. Take his head and hang it outside our tribe. Dig out his heart and squeeze the blood out. His blood will be drunk by the powerful Shamans of our tribe!

"Kill him, and pull out his teeth so that we can hang them off our necks as trophies!"

A short period of silence fell among the people before the entire tribe erupted in a maddening roar.

That roar came from all the Shamans within the tribe, and ruthless looks could even be seen on some of the children, women, and the elderly.

The old man took a step forward and turned into a long arc as he charged out of his tribe. Around twenty other people followed behind him, charging swiftly into the forest beyond the village.

Once they left the village, they split into two teams. The old man



led a few men and flew into the sky. As for the rest, they started searching for clues within the forest with the skills passed down by their ancestors.

Su Ming was running through the forest at an extremely quick speed, not bothering to stop and take breaks. His chest was no longer bleeding, but the pain only became stronger as he continued with his mad dash.

He did consider flying, but that thought was immediately scrapped off. If he flew for a day and a half, then he might run into Shamans. To him, who was currently in the unfamiliar land, this act was one of foolishness.

Compared to the sky, the forest was more suitable for Su Ming to traverse.

Time trickled by as he continued running. When the second night arrived, he sat down cross-legged on a big tree and regulated his breathing.

‘Judging from the distance, I’ll reach my Master’s side by tomorrow night...’

Su Ming touched his chest and a blood red hue appeared in his right eye. It had been a long while since he had suffered such a grievous injury. His trip to the Shaman Tribe this time allowed him to see the mysteriousness surrounding the Shaman Tribe.

This would prove extremely useful to him during the Sky Mist Shaman Hunt a few months later, because the experience he obtained from hunting the Shaman alone in their land was not an experience everyone could have.

As he breathed in the air of the forest that belonged to the Shamans, Su Ming felt as if the oppressive feeling pressing against his heart started to fade away.

‘I didn’t expect... Master to have the Shamans’ sacred beast! I may not know what a sacred beast is, but with just one roar, he made the Spirit Medium crumble and killed one of the Split Dawns, while heavily injuring the other, and all the other Shamans around the area died.

‘This power...’

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. He just remembered that he had seen a sacred beast like this before!

In his memories, he saw clouds tumble about in the sky like black fog, and it spread out to cover an area that was about thousands of li. Within that fog was a gigantic mackerel pike.

There was a girl standing on the mackerel pike.

‘Uncle master Bai... could actually fight against a sacred beast?!’

Su Ming was stunned. As he saw and experienced more things, he

gained a new understanding towards uncle master Bai's strength.

Just as Su Ming was pondering over his Master and uncle master Bai and was shocked by the might of the Shaman Tribe's sacred beasts, his eyes suddenly gained a serious look and the blood-red light in his right eye shone. His entire body tensed up like a strung bow and he leapt out of the big tree he sat on in an instant.

He could clearly sense a dozen Shamans within an area of 3,000 feet around him with his divine senses. Those Shamans were charging towards him with vicious cruelty and with an eager thirst for blood in a manner as if they were trying to surround him.

The first sight that entered his mind at that moment he sensed those Shamans was the boy he had knocked unconscious with the wind he'd summoned from his fingers!

## Chapter 263: His Strongest Attack!

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Su Ming fell silent. With one leap, he quietly went towards the male Shaman that was the closest to him in the area he could sense with his divine sense.

A serious expression settled on his face and blood-red light shone in his right eye, filled with a murderous aura. The moment he closed in on the cruel looking man, that murderous aura erupted all at once from within him. That man immediately stopped and slammed his lifted hands onto his face.

That strange sight made Su Ming's pupils shrink.

The very moment the man's hands struck his face and he coughed out a large mouthful of blood, a dozen teeth broke off in his mouth and spilled out with the blood.

They turned into a dozen sharp thorns that charged towards Su Ming at shocking speed.

Su Ming had never seen such a skill before, and he was just about to dodge it when those thorns changed direction and followed him closely as if they possessed a high amount of intelligence.

‘What an incredible Shamanic divine ability!’

Su Ming knew that it was impossible for him to kill the man before him quietly now. Green light shone on the center of his

brows and the small virescent sword charged out swiftly before clashing against the dozen thorns with a loud bang.

As the bang echoed in the air, those thorns shattered, and the small virescent sword charged towards the retreating male Shaman, penetrating through his forehead.

His pained cries before his death fused together with the bang and broke the silence in the forest at night. It was like a stone had been thrown suddenly into a well with only still water and it caused a large amount of ripples to appear on the water's surface.

Right when the scream rang out, Su Ming noticed the remaining Shamans in the area of his divine sense immediately changing direction and charging towards where he was. There was now only around 2,000 feet between them.

Su Ming knew that he could not escape from being surrounded and decided to charge towards one of the Shamans. He dashed forward at an extremely fast pace, and as green light shone beside him, a bang resounded in the sky. A corpse without his head fell down before Su Ming.

Right then, there was only 1,500 feet between the remaining people and Su Ming. He lifted his head and lightning swam through his entire body. Right at the instant crackling sounds reverberated in the air, a ball of lightning surrounded him. It spread outwards, and the sky and earth rumbled. If anyone was to look from above, they would see that the land had turned into a pool of lightning, and Su Ming stood in its center.

The swimming lightning spread outwards at a frenzied pace, and as lightning traveled through the land, mud would shatter, trees would wither, grass would turn into dust, and most of the people who were about 1,000 feet away from him shuddered.

However, two of these dozen people could not be held back. Their bodies faltered only for a moment before they charged towards Su Ming.

Right when these two people closed in and appeared within Su Ming's sight, bell chimes reverberated from within him. Those rumbling bell chimes turned into sound waves that crashed into the incoming duo. They forced one of them to slow down, but there was still one who did not slow down in the slightest and closed in on Su Ming!

That person was a middle-aged man with a long scar left behind by a knife on his face. That scar caused the Tattoo on his face to look as if it was split in half. There may have been ruthlessness reflecting off the light in his eyes, but under that ruthlessness was calmness.

This person's power would be equivalent to a Berserker between the later stage to the peak of the Awakening Realm, and he was only one step away from reaching the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

If Su Ming had been at full health, he could fight against this man and win. However, Su Ming was injured, and his knowledge regarding Shamanic Spells was terribly limited, that was why if he

fought against him, he would not be able to end the fight quickly. Once the fight was dragged out, then the chance he created with lightning and the bell chimes would be wasted.

Once it was wasted and the people around him recovered, they would surround him. If Su Ming wanted to break through, he would have to pay a big price to succeed.

Besides, Su Ming had no doubt that there were other Shamans who had sealed off his path in the sky. If he dragged this out even further, then there would be more Shamans who would arrive on land as well.

Once a Shaman who was equivalent to a Berserker at the Bone Sacrifice Realm arrived, then Su Ming would not be able to fight back!

In the face of danger, calm surfaced in Su Ming's eyes. However, that calmness was almost akin to aloofness. The enchanting blood-red glow in his right eye flickered, and right at the moment the middle-aged Shaman closed in, Su Ming lifted his right hand, and an ice piece appeared on his palm!

Within that ice... was fire!

Right when Su Ming crushed that ice, a sea of fire spread out furiously from his hand. However, that sea of fire was not hot. It spread out with a freezing chill.

This ice was naturally the gift Su Ming's eldest senior brother had given him!

That middle-aged Shaman's face instantly changed and many scales immediately appeared on his skin. By the looks of it, this person was rapidly changing from a human to some sort of ferocious beast.

However, the speed of his change could not catch up to the fire in the ice Su Ming had summoned. The fire exploded forth like a monstrous big mouth and swallowed the incoming middle-aged man. At the same time, the chill that was just spreading out a moment ago swiftly gathered around the middle-aged man.

Cracking sounds that made Su Ming suck in a sharp breath rang through the air, and a scene of icy fire that shocked even Su Ming appeared before his eyes.

The middle-aged man, caught in between the state of being human and beast, was sealed inside a large block of ice. His horrified expression was filled with disbelief.

Su Ming saw a ball of fire within his body. That fire did not seem to be burning, but Su Ming saw that frozen man's body turn black, and within the ice, he turned into a mass of black ash...

All of this happened in an instant. The power of that ice let Su Ming gain a new understanding towards his eldest senior brother's power. However, this was not the time for him to think too deeply into it. With one leap, he charged towards the Shaman who was



forced to stop due to Han Mountain Bell.

That person was not a man but a woman!

The woman was already in the middle stage of her life and had an ordinary face. The Tattoo on her face flickered, and she had an equally vicious look on her face as the man had. However, when she saw Su Ming making one of the incredibly powerful Shamans in her tribe die in such a bizarre fashion, that viciousness turned into shock.

She was about to move back, but another bell chime rang through the air instantly, causing her mind to ring and her body to stop once again. This would also be the last time her body stopped moving like this ever again!

In the span of a breath, Su Ming went past the woman like lightning, and once he did so, he brought with him a head gushing with blood.

The woman's body fell to the ground twitching.

The moment her corpse fell to the ground, Su Ming panted harshly. His face was pale and the wound on his chest worsened. In the short amount of time, he had killed multiple people. Although he had killed the most powerful person among these people with his eldest senior brother's gift, the high speed movement exhausted his injured body.

Nonetheless, he did not stop. As the murderous aura in his right eye flickered, he charged towards the remaining people who were frozen from lightning continuing to swim around him.

Moonlight from the sky gathered behind Su Ming and formed a moonlight cloak reminiscent of the time when he was in Dark Mountain. As it floated behind him, the light turned into countless threads that danced behind Su Ming as he moved.

He went past all the Shamans who were stunned by his lightning, and their heads flew into the sky. Green light shone, and the small virescent sword let out piercing sword whistles as it was dyed in blood.

When Su Ming closed in on the final person, he waved his hand, and the moonlight threads behind him swarmed forward, wrapping up the Shaman swiftly, then right away they tore through him. The final Shaman of those that had surrounded Su Ming in the forest let out a piercing scream before his body was ripped into shreds. Blood gushed into the air.

However, the battle was far from finished. Su Ming did not even have time to calm his ragged breathing. Almost at the instant after the final Shaman was slaughtered by the moonlight threads, a furious roar came from the sky.

"How dare you, Berserker?!"

The voice was like thunder, and shook Su Ming. He lifted his head and saw eight people coming from the sky!

Among these seven to eight people was an old man. He was as thin as bones, but there was a mighty presence coming from him, and that presence made an incredibly grave expression appear on Su Ming's face.

The old man was not the one who spoke. Those words came instead from a man standing among the eight people. That man's power was at about the same level as the strongest Shaman Su Ming had killed just now!

There was something else that made Su Ming's pupils shrink. Besides the old man, all the people in the sky stood on ferocious beasts that looked like ligers, and all of them were roaring at him. The old man did not move, but the remaining seven people all charged towards Su Ming.

The ruthlessness in their eyes, their thirst for blood, and the mighty presences made the exhausted Su Ming feel as if he was caught between life and death.

Su Ming hadn't expected that the results of that one merciful act could be so terrible!

He had clearly saved the boy's life before he had knocked him out. He had clearly killed that poisonous snake... Su Ming closed his eyes. He knew that he... might have made a mistake.

"Perhaps... I really made a mistake..."

As Su Ming mumbled under his breath, he sat down cross-legged and lifted his right hand. In the face of death, right at the instant the seven people from the sky came charging towards him roaring, his mind became empty. There was no terror, no regret. He even forgot about life and death itself. The only thing in his heart was the one strike that had become his own after the tens of thousands of strokes he had practised.

He lifted his hand and closed his eyes, then sliced at the sky with a gentle swipe of his fingers.

That single slice caused the weather to change. It was as if some seal was broken, but it was also different from the time he had competed against Tian Lan Meng in the seventh summit!

Even if Si Ma Xin bore witness to that single slice right then, he would also find it difficult to find any sort of similarities between this attack and the first style of the God of Berserkers Transformation!

This one slice was Su Ming's...strongest attack!

The instant he drew that line, the aloof old man in the sky suddenly changed his expression and waved his arm. Wisps of smoke immediately spread from his body and turned into a gigantic lizard formed from smoke. It stuck out its tongue at Su Ming.

Its tongue charged towards him and crashed into the line he had

drawn!

## Chapter 264: Three Methods

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That one stroke was Su Ming's strongest attack from all the divine abilities he had learned!

That one stroke came to being after he copied the first style from Si Ma Xin's God of Berserkers Transformation and drew it repeatedly day and night with a clear mind, allowing this one line to contain his own Creation!

That one line was no longer Si Ma Xin's sword slash, neither was it that stroke he had used that day when he competed against Tian Lan Meng. It was instead a combination of his life up to this point, all the difficulties he had went through in the Land of South Morning, his memories in Dark Mountain, and once all these things combined together into this one line, this one stroke became Creation itself!

This line that Su Ming drew couldn't be found in the world before this. This line seemed to have been born out of nothing, and because of this, it became Su Ming's... first ever Creation!

With that one line towards the sky, the weather changed, but the wind and clouds remained still. As that line sliced through the air, the tongue from the lizard that was formed from the old Shaman through the smoke that came out of his pores clashed into it.

A piercing cry and thunderous bang suddenly reverberated through the forest and the entire land of the Shamans. It was as if the sounds had pierced through the sky itself and spread in all

directions.

The tongue from the gigantic smoke lizard shattered instantly, destroyed by the one line Su Ming had created with his fingers in the world.

Things were far from their end though. The moment the lizard's tongue exploded, the expressions on the seven Shamans who had pounced onto Su Ming changed. A light flashed briefly in their eyes, but that light did not come from within them. It was instead a reflection of the light caused by the line Su Ming had drawn.

And the instant the light shone, these seven people started trembling, and the person standing right at the front exploded, turning into a layer of blood fog that scattered in the air.

Vicious trembles wrecked the two people behind that man, and their right arms and right legs were separated from their bodies as if they had been cut off by a sword. Screaming in pain, they fell back.

As for the person behind them, a terrifying long mark had appeared on his chest. It was as if his chest had turned into a drawing board and that one line from Su Ming fell on his chest. He coughed out a large mouthful of blood and his face turned deathly pale. Horrified surprise appeared on his face.

The fourth person behind the man who exploded was a man in his twenties. He was handsome and did not have a lot of Tattoos on his face. However, there was now a line of blood tearing apart his

face, stretching from his forehead right up to the right side of his chest. Blood flowed from the corner of his lips and he staggered back a few steps before he finally managed to stop.

The beast skins on the upper body of the fifth person disappeared like ashes in the wind. There was a faint bloody line where his heart was, but even though it was faint, it had still cut through his skin and made blood flow from that wound.

The sixth person's clothes were also torn apart, but there was no wound on his chest. Nonetheless, his face had gained a deathly pale hue.

The final person was completely uninjured, but he was also the one who was shaking the hardest. He had just witnessed one of his comrades killed, two mutilated, another one heavily wounded, while the rest of them sustained various degrees of injuries.

The source of it all was the Berserker before them, who had done all this with a seemingly effortless slash from his right hand!

That one slash captured his soul and stunned his heart. As this person fell into a state of shock, a feeling that he could not fight against Su Ming rose uncontrollably in his heart.

He was not the only one who felt this way. The other people beside him were the same. When Su Ming drew that line, he had his eyes closed and executed that attack in what seemed to be an effortless manner. It was as if he had just Created a Picture in the world with a wave of his hand. They were not just wounded in



their bodies, their courage had also taken a heavy blow!

Including their hearts!

They became afraid, frightened. To Su Ming, he had limited experience fighting against the Shamans, but similarly, there were also a lot of Shamans who did not have much experience fighting against Berserkers.

While Su Ming thought that the Shaman Spells were strange and unpredictable, at the same time, the Shamans also felt that Su Ming's divine abilities were not just strange, but also filled with a power that they could not understand, and it horrified them.

It was just like how no one knew why lightning would appear in the sky, like how they did not understand why rain fell from the sky instead of rising from the land. There might be some people who understood those things, but most of the people in the Shaman Tribe, they did not.

Similarly, Su Ming's line was something they did not understand!

In their eyes, this was not a divine ability or an Art. They could not understand just how power that could even shock the sky and move the earth be contained in that one stroke which he drew when he lifted his hand.

They also did not know that this one line was rarely found within the land of the Berserkers, because this was indeed not an Art. It

was Creation!

This was Su Ming's World Picture Creation!

This could be said to be the first time Su Ming truly let loose and revealed the complete form of his Creation! It was just like his eldest senior brother's Sound of Creation and like his second senior brother's Hands of Creation. Right then, Su Ming was showing off his Pictures of Creation!

With the sky as the board and the people as paper, he drew one line through seven people... It was as if he had just drawn on rice paper with ink. That one line contained such powerful permeating abilities that it spread through several papers!

The first paper contained the biggest stain, and the power of that line was continuously weakened until it eventually faded away when it reached the final paper.

Su Ming opened his eyes and coughed out blood. The moment he did so, he gained an epiphany. Before this, he had only a fuzzy understanding towards the meaning of Creation. There were also things he did not understand about the Creation Arts that the other Berserkers casted.

Tian Xie Zi was a good Master, but at the same time, he was also a terrible Master. There were many things that he did not tell his disciples, leaving them to understand it on their own.

Once they gained complete comprehension towards the word, they would understand it.

At that instant, Su Ming understood what was meant by Creation.

Accurately speaking, that one line he drew just now could only be considered as One Creation. However, even though it was just One Creation, he had still truly Created something. It may seem the same as Si Ma Xin's Ten Creations or even any other Hundred Creations, but it was in reality completely different.

When Su Ming could draw ten such lines containing his strongest power, every single stroke containing the power of the world but being completely different from each other, then once he drew those ten lines, it would be known as ten Creations.

If he drew 100 of such lines, then it would be known as Hundred Creations. If he drew a thousand lines, then it would be known as Eternal Creation. If Su Ming could draw something incredibly and unimaginable at his 1,000th line, then he could step up his game and draw 10,000 lines. If they still contained a different form and a different spirit in each and every single one of them, then this final line would be known as the Eternal Creation that only belonged to the God of Berserkers!

This one line of his was different from the tens of thousands of lines he drew when he competed against Tian Lan Meng. The tens of thousands of lines that eventually gathered together and developed into his final and complete one line was what was required by the Eternal Creation Art. It was a line that could only

be formed by integrating at least 10,000 different lines together.

Su Ming understood now.

Yet at the moment he understood this, he also realized that an incredibly powerful change had happened in his heart!

That change was the chaos that appeared in his heart. Two different girls appeared in his mind due to that one line he drew just now. One of the two girls was the white robed Bai Ling standing in the snow, and the other was the purple robed Bai Su who was looking at him with scorn, her head lifted in determination.

These two different people had the same face and the same wild beauty.

"Change of heart..." Su Ming had heard this phrase multiple times from Tian Xie Zi. He also knew that he was going through his first change of heart, but in reality, he had no idea what this change of heart was.

Tian Xie Zi did not explain in detail either. He still continued with his usual method of teaching and left his disciples to understand it on their own.

When Su Ming drew that line, it was as if his heart and spirit had fused into that line. As the line became connected with the world, his emotions surged out as if a dam had been broken. Once they

were completely let out, his heart and spirit became empty.

During that instant his mind became blank, he understood the meaning behind Creation, and it was also because of the emptiness in his mind that he understood what 'change of heart' meant when the two girls appeared in his heart.

A person's emotions and desires were one of the sources that affected a person's life. They would make a person be unable to clear his mind and cause disorder within him. When that disorder appeared and the person did not deal with it properly, then it would be difficult for him to continue with his practice. If his heart was no longer calm, then it was impossible for him to immerse his mind in anything else.

This was what was meant by change of heart.

At that moment, the person must think of a way to remain in a tranquil state. One of the methods to do so... was to fight!

That person must fight against the source of that change of heart, thereby using the battle as proof! Just like when Tian Xie Zi brought Su Ming to fight against his seventh junior brother!

The second method... was to destroy!

That person must destroy the source of the change of heart! Just like how the purple robes would not disappear without 1,000 drops of blood from the hearts of Shamans!

The third method... was to forget... Once he forgot the source of the change of heart, then it would be gone.

It was just like the sentence Tian Xie Zi had told Su Ming once he brought him to see the old xun maker.

"He is blind. Did you manage to see it..?"

It did not matter whether the old man was blind or not. The meaning of the sentence itself was a form of telling him to forget, just like how Su Ming forgot to realize that the old man was blind.

At that moment, Su Ming understood the meaning behind the change of heart, and he also understood his Master's love for him. He did not tell Su Ming what a change of heart was through his words or expressions, but through his actions, and not just that, he also told him how to deal with those changes of heart!

Even more so, he understood why his Master told him to chase down that male Split Dawn.

‘Perhaps in Master’s mind, there’s another meaning for him to do this besides telling me about the cruelty of the Shamans...’ At that moment, Su Ming could tell just what Tian Xie Zi had not said to him at that time. ‘Battle, destroy, forget... Master’s choice for me is... to destroy my change of heart!

Destroy the source of the change of heart... By killing Bai Su, he

could remove this change of heart within him. Without Bai Su, Su Ming's memories of Bai Ling in his heart would not be pulled out, and her shadow would not be left to affect his heart, which would in turn cause him to be unable to calm his mind.

If he could not, then he must forget. He must forget everything to get through this change of heart. If he could not, then he must fight, be it against Si Ma Xin or anyone else, then use that battle to find proof for his heart!

This was the road Tian Xie Zi pointed out for Su Ming.

The moment Su Ming understood everything, more questions arose within him.

‘If a person is unfeeling and merciless, has no emotions and desires, then would he not experience changes of the heart..?’

All these thoughts appeared within Su Ming's head once he gained his epiphany when he opened his eyes after he finished drawing that line. It might have seemed slow, but in truth, it only lasted for the duration of his right hand drawing the line across the sky.

As blood flowed from the corners of his lips, Su Ming's body swayed, tumbled backwards, and he ran into the deeper parts of the forest.

His strongest attack could allow him to battle against those seven

people, but he knew that he could not fight against the old man in the sky looking at him darkly. He could only use the shock brought to the Shamans after he drew that one line and turn it into a chance to escape!



## Chapter 265: Life and Death Chase!

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Su Ming could not see through the old man's power, but he gave him a feeling that he was extremely dangerous. In fact, when Su Ming had executed his strongest slash, instead of acting on his own, he had used a divine ability that Su Ming did not understand and gathered up smoke to create that giant lizard.

The slash might only have touched the lizard's tongue and caused it to crumble, but it also made Su Ming's strongest attack only kill one person!

More importantly, Su Ming had a strange feeling that besides using the smoke lizard's tongue to counter his slash and reduce its power, there was another meaning as to why he had summoned the creature.

That feeling was deeply rooted within Su Ming's mind. He had guessed that when his slash crashed into that tongue, countless pairs of invisible eyes appeared in the air and were all watching closely for the fine details when he drew that line.

It was... as if they were learning it!

That feeling turned into a sense of danger that made Su Ming run without hesitation. In the blink of an eye, he charged into the forest.

Su Ming knew that if he fought here and used all the attacks he had to keep that old man busy, due to the existence of other

Shamans in this place, it would be difficult for him to survive the battle.

Instead of doing so, he would rather use the chance to escape. As he led them to chase after him, perhaps he could find a chance to counterattack.

Once Su Ming left, the remaining six people who had not died in the air turned towards their leader, their supreme Patriarch.

The old man's face was dark and he slowly closed his eyes. After a moment, he opened them once again, and right at the instant he did so, the gigantic lizard that had lost its tongue and was now floating behind him immediately lifted its head and howled towards the sky.

As it howled, wisps of smoke appeared out of thin air around it. Most of them came from the place where its tongue had crashed into Su Ming's slash just now. They gathered up and seeped into the gigantic lizard's body, and soon, the shattered tongue appeared once again in the lizard's mouth!

The moment its tongue appeared, the lizard stuck it out and drew out an arc at lightning speed. If Su Ming was there, he would recognize that the arc was incredibly familiar to the one line he had drawn previously.

However, it was simply similar to it.

"I didn't expect... that the Berserker who entered our land this time would have gained such an epiphany. That one style I saw just now was incredibly different from what I saw in other Berserkers...

"I will capture this Berserker personally. I'll capture him alive and turn him into a Shaman Puppet. He will become the servant of our tribe's sacred spirit!"

As the old man spoke, another two pupils appeared in both of his eyes. It made him look bizarre, and at the same time, all those who looked at him would feel dazzled and not dare to look him in the eye.

A cruel smile appeared on his lips, as if this sort of chase excited him. With one leap, he charged into the forest, towards where Su Ming ran.

The people on the land looked at each other, and in their silence, they saw respect within the eyes of their comrades towards what had happened just now. After a long while, these people turned into long arcs and flew back to their tribe, supporting the wounded.

Su Ming's breathing was ragged as he ran. His body was like an illusion as he dashed through the forest filled with rotten leaves and mud. Sometimes he would leap up and jump from tree to tree. His feet would almost never touch the ground. It was as if he was flying at low altitude, and he was traveling so quickly it was difficult for anyone to catch him with the naked eye.

Su Ming was not unfamiliar with the forest. Yet as he continued running, the apprehension he felt became stronger. He did not even need to cast out his divine sense to know that there was someone chasing after him.

‘I wonder how many people came...’

A glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes and a golden stone coin appeared in his hands. He hesitated for a moment before he changed it to a white stone coin. The stone coin quickly grew dull once he held it in his hands and turned into ashes after a moment. However, the area Su Ming could see with his divine sense increased by several fold, and as his head throbbed in pain, he directed that area behind him.

1,000 feet, 10,000 feet, several tens of thousands of feet... He swept through the area with his divine sense as far as he could.

After the time taken for an incense stick to burn, Su Ming’s pupils shrank. Once the area he could expand with his divine sense reached its limit, he used a few more stone coins, and only then did he see a ghastly figure chasing after him from far behind him.

‘He’s alone...’

All of Su Ming’s hair stood up on end and a wary look appeared on his face. He saw that the person chasing after him was that old man, and his familiarity with the forest far exceeded his own. This, however, was nothing. What really made Su Ming’s heart sink was

that the tracking skills he used were also incredibly difficult to understand.

As Su Ming was running away, he created several signs to throw his opponent off, but the old man did not change his direction at all. He merely continued with his pursuit. This not only made the sense of danger Su Ming felt become stronger, it also made him clearly sense the person's power once he swept through the area when his divine senses were stretched to the limit.

‘This person's power must be equivalent to the Bone Sacrifice Realm, and by the looks of it, he's not any ordinary Bone Sacrifice Realm Shaman either... He might be in the later stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm! But when I used my divine sense to scan the area, he didn't notice me. I wonder if that's true, or he's doing it intentionally...’

Su Ming was yet to reach the Bone Sacrifice Realm and it was difficult for him to be certain. He could only guess, and even though he had been prepared for this, his heart still sank.

Tens of thousands of feet away from Su Ming, the thin old man's lips curled up in a cruel smile as he continued walking through the forest. He had grown up in this forest since he was young, and even if he had become the Patriarch for his tribe, there were few who knew this forest better than he did in the tribe.

Using the clues provided by the forest to track down wild beasts was his favorite past time. Once in a while, he would personally lead his tribe to go through this activity.

Right now, he was hunting his prey alone, and this was nothing difficult to him.

‘Looks like this little Berserker Child is also familiar with the forest. The tracks he set up are pretty good, but...he’s still too naïve.’

The old man licked his lips and with one leap, he traveled several hundreds of feet forward.

‘Run. Run faster...’

The old man’s smile became even crueler. However, it was clear that he did not notice Su Ming had used his divine sense to scan the area.

Su Ming’s face turned pale and his chest continued bleeding as he ran through the forest. This ceaseless fleeing not only made him tired, it also made the murderous aura in his eyes grow stronger.

He had brought out a medicinal pill multiple times as he ran, but a glint would appear in his eyes and he would force himself to not use it.

"It’s not time yet... I was originally weaker than he was to begin with. With my injuries now, I’ll give an even weaker feeling to that old man," Su Ming muttered under his breath and he started slowing down.

As he slowed down, Su Ming's divine sense immediately noticed that the old man became faster. The distance between them was closing down at an alarming speed.

‘If I turn my head back suddenly, he'll definitely think I'm going for a desperate attack, but the weaker I am, the more he won't be worried about me, since he's so powerful!’

The murderous aura made the light in Su Ming's eyes flicker, and his body came to a halt before he changed his direction. He no longer ran away but instead dashed towards where the old man was.

The two of them might not be able to see each other in the forest with their naked eye, but they could both sense the other person's Qi. The instant Su Ming turned around and ran towards him, the old man immediately noticed his actions and a cruel sneer appeared on his lips before his speed increased.

‘A desperate attack, is it? I'll fulfill your wishes!’

The old man charged forward, and the distance between him and Su Ming started diminishing rapidly...

When there were only several thousands of feet, multiple trees, and an innumerable amount of leaves between them in the forest that welcomed no light, Su Ming jumped past a big tree and the murderous glint in his eyes shone as he lifted his right hand and slammed it down towards the ground, his body landing.

The instant he slammed his hand down, a beast skin appeared between his right hand and the ground. The beast skin spread outwards until it reached a circular area of 100 something feet, and that area instantly turned into a red meadow. The meadow was red in Su Ming's eyes, but to other people this area still looked no different to the forest around it.

The moment the meadow appeared, Su Ming shuddered and instantly sat down cross-legged while bringing out some medicinal pills that could heal him. He quickly swallowed them, and the medicinal pills turned into wisps of warmth that began nourishing his body.

Once he swallowed the pills, a freezing glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He lifted his right hand and a white scale appeared in it.

This item was a gift from uncle master Bai. The scale contained some of his power, and this was Su Ming's final trump card.

The green sword mark shone in the center of his brows and lightning swam around his body. Black fog also appeared on his body and turned into his Divine General Armor, and at the same time, Han Mountain Bell's form began to form faintly within him!

Spirit Plunder was also brought out and placed by his side. The pearl floated in midair and shone with an enchanting glow, and like a vacuum that would endlessly suck in other things, it absorbed Su Ming's presence into its own body.



Dark clouds filled the sky and dusk was about to be over. The faint form of the moon appeared in the sky along with the setting sun. Not much light was shining on the land, and that little bit of light found it hard to penetrate through the big leaves in the forest. Only a little bit of moonlight fell through, but even so, besides the murderous light and calmness existing in Su Ming's eyes, there was a circle within his eyes that looked like the burning moon.

With a freezing glint in his eyes, Su Ming brought out another item – the golden stone coin Tian Lan Meng had given him. Once he held it in his left hand, a vast and seemingly endless amount of spiritual power surged into his body and traveled through the opened path within his body before granting incredible power to Su Ming's divine sense, and it was just waiting to attack!

Su Ming's breathing gradually evened out until it was eventually so quiet that it could practically not be heard. His eyes were extremely calm, and the murderous aura in his right eye had sunk down as if it was waiting for the critical moment to strike.

Su Ming stood up and stepped onto the red meadow, and the moment his presence disappeared, the old Patriarch that had closed in was taken aback.

However, there was already only 2,000 feet between him and Su Ming.

Right when the old man stopped, stunned, a powerful divine

sense along with a shocking sword aura sliced through the air from the direction before him, and it did so in a manner that spoke of absolutely wanting to end him with a calmness dripping with killing intent.

## Chapter 266: Battle against the Patriarch!

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As the power of the divine sense swept outwards, a pressure that seemed like a gust of wind that could cause people to suffocate rose within the quiet forest and crashed into the old man in an instant. It caused the trees before the old Patriarch to shatter and explode into pieces. The leaves dancing in the air seemed to have turned into sharp blades that were flying in-between the sky and earth.

The mud on the ground also let out loud cracking sounds as if there was lightning hidden underneath. As it erupted, the mud flew into the sky and a rotten stench spread all over the place.

The sky was dark. The forest itself was originally dark, but when that divine sense suddenly struck, the trees in the area, including the leaves and everything else, were blasted into smithereens. They flew all over the place and allowed moonlight to descend upon the ground unhindered, though the light was still scattered by the shards from the trees and leaves.

The scattered moonlight made it seem as if the moon itself was killed!

The old Patriarch was stunned but quickly regained his wits. Yet since at the critical moment he was taken aback by the sudden loss of Su Ming's presence, it made him lose the initiative!

The invisible divine sense came charging and crashed onto the old man with a bang. He did not feel pain, but at that instant, his mind was thrown into disarray and chaos, and he let out a grunt as

his eyes, ears, nose and mouth bled.

This attack with his divine sense was the strongest attack Su Ming could muster after he obtained the ways to train his divine sense, and to top it off, he had even used the golden stone coin Tian Lan Meng had given him.

The spiritual power contained within the golden hue of that stone had even tempted Su Ming when he first saw it.

This stone coin was definitely not a common object. When Su Ming held it in his hands, he used the power stored within without any hesitation to strengthen the power of his divine sense up to a level that was similar to the feeling as if his divine sense was about to experience a transformation.

He was in a life threatening situation and the disparity between his power and the old man's was great. If Su Ming wanted to live, then he had to do whatever he could to arrive at the strongest state he could possibly be.

As he attacked, Su Ming's calmness reached a state he had never encountered before. He could remember that he was still by his Master's side two days ago, and three days ago, he was still in the ninth summit.

Yet now, he was outside Sky Mist Barrier, in the land of the Shamans. In this forest that housed a Shaman Tribe, he had killed dozens of Shamans, and he was now fighting against the strongest Shaman of that tribe!

When Su Ming's divine sense crashed into the old Shaman, the old man was pushed backwards and his mind roared in his head. His vision had also become clouded, and fear rose within his heart. As that fear appeared, an ancient legend that was buried deep within his heart surfaced along with deeply rooted shock and disbelief.

"This... This is..."

The old man's pupils shrank. As he moved back, his thoughts were interrupted by a piercing sword aura. It was a sword flashing with green light, and it had fused together with that divine sense as it sliced through the air, closing in on him in a green arc.

The sword was so sharp that as it passed through the air, the shards that were dancing in the air were blown into smithereens and a tunnel was ripped through the air. All the shards that once existed in the tunnel had turned into ashes in the blink of an eye.

When that sword and that green light closed in on the center of the old Shaman's brows and were about to pierce through his forehead, the old man's originally normal looking pupils turned into four as if they had been divided as he continued retreating quickly!

"Stop!"

The old Shaman let out a loud bark, and as he shouted, veins started popping out densely at the corners of his eyes, spreading all

over his face, turning into a complex looking Tattoo!

The small virescent sword immediately came to a halt and let out a piercing screech as if it was rubbing against something, but it could not move forward!

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He was sitting on the red meadow that concealed his presence and his body as he watched the old man fight against the small virescent sword.

This was the first time Su Ming saw someone using such a strange method to force that sword to stop as he stood right before it after he was attacked by the divine sense.

This was not any form of resistance. This was a power that was similar to his divine sense. Su Ming's mind trembled. He could clearly feel the divine sense gathered on the small virescent sword being attacked by a dark and chilling presence. That presence was filled with cruelty and malice, causing the divine sense Su Ming placed on the small sword to be destroyed.

At that moment, Su Ming felt as if he heard harsh panting from that chilling presence, though he was not sure whether it was just a figment of his imagination.

Those pants were very odd. They sounded as if they were mixed with chewing sounds.

Yet since Su Ming decided to act, then he would definitely not

stop with just his divine sense and the small virescent sword. Almost at the instant the small sword was forced to stop and Su Ming's mind trembled, the calm killing glint in his eyes flickered and he lifted his right hand—[Spirit Plunder](#) instantly rushed out.

Once Spirit Plunder charged out, it was followed by bolts of lightning that appeared out of thin air. As they rumbled in the sky, the dark forest was filled with blinding light.

With a flash, those bolts of lightning charged towards the old Shaman.

At the same time, Su Ming bent his body like a drawn out bow and stared intently at the old man not too far away from him. His right hand was still tightly clenched.

With his face covered in veins, the old man lifted his head swiftly. He no longer looked at the trembling small sword but turned his gaze, his terrifying eyes that contained four pupils, towards the incoming bolts of lightning and Spirit Plunder.

The moment he looked over, Su Ming's body trembled. Once again, he felt the same cold and malicious presence he had sensed previously on his virescent sword coming from the Origin Lightning within his body.

Under that presence, he felt as if all his lightning was gathered together, and Su Ming heard that strange panting sound accompanied by chewing noises once again.

At that moment in the forest, thunder stopped rumbling, and bolts of lightning could be clearly seen frozen in midair before the old man, unable to move.

There was a vicious look on the old man's face as the four pupils in his eyes shone with an enchanting and alluring glow. Yet at that moment, something that could not be forced to stop shot out suddenly from among the frozen lightning, it broke through the bolts of lightning and charged towards the old man.

That old Shaman turned his gaze towards it, but the moment he saw it, the disbelief and shock that appeared when he saw Su Ming's divine sense just recently surfaced once again in his eyes.

"Soul Catcher Pearl!"

The moment these two words slipped out of the old Shaman's lips in shock, Spirit Plunder suddenly shone with a black light and floated in midair. As that light spread out, it caused the medicinal pill to turn into a vacuum in air. A surge of power that seemed to absorb the souls of humans itself spread out swiftly and surrounded the entire area, causing the old Shaman to feel as if he was being absorbed into the pill when he turned his four pupil eyes towards it. He could not move his head, neither could he move his eyes.

"Divine sense... Soul Catcher Pearl... This... This is... You're not a Berserker. Who are you? Why do you have the skills of the other world's Immortals and my people's supreme and sacred Core..?"



"And that slash of yours, it was built based on the structure of the Totem's power which we Shamans worship!"

The old man struggled, trying to tear his gaze away from Spirit Plunder. As he roared, Spirit Plunder trembled viciously, and a murky hue appeared within its black light. Gradually, besides the sealed thread of Si Ma Xin's Berserker Spirit contained within, an eye also appeared inside the medicinal pill, and two pupils within that eye.

However, the old Shaman was not any ordinary Shaman. As he struggled madly, thin cracks immediately started appearing on Su Ming's Spirit Plunder. A barely noticeable glint shone within the old man's eyes and a secret thought bloomed in his head as he continued struggling.

All of these things happened in an instant. Almost at the moment the old man's eyes were to be absorbed into Spirit Plunder and he looked as if he could not move away, Su Ming's bent body, which was curved as if he was a drawn out bow, shot out silently and abruptly like an arrow from where he was hidden within the red meadow!

The charging Su Ming was entirely surrounded by black fog, which turned into his Divine General Armor. Lightning swam through his entire body and weaved around in and out of the black fog, making him appear to be filled with an indescribable might.

His speed as he rushed out was so quick it seemed as if he had suddenly appeared out of thin air. With one step in the air, a loud bang rang through the area, causing the air to tremble. As the

space distorted, a layer of ripples formed between the sky and earth and started spreading out under Su Ming's feet.

His second step was taken right after he took his first, and his body bounded right into the air. Once he left the ground, he immediately crossed over 1,000 feet in distance before he fell from the air, and the direction to which he fell was where the old Shaman was!

Su Ming lifted his right hand and a long sword made of ice appeared in his hand.

That sword was naturally Freezing Sky Sword! That sword exuded a chilling air when Su Ming held it in his right hand. That chill covered Su Ming's entire right hand and fused it together with the sword. At that moment, with the chilling freeze wrapped around the sword, Freezing Sky Sword's shape suddenly changed.

The sword suddenly became larger by one fold and looked like it was not a sword that could be lifted with just one hand but was instead a two-handed sword!

Su Ming's left hand gripped the sword as he dove down towards the old Shaman, and instantly, his left hand was covered in a layer of freezing ice. Once he held the sword with both hands, ice spread through his entire body at an indescribable speed and he was instantly covered in ice. His Divine General Armor gained an additional layer of armor, one that used the Armor itself to build its shape and used ice to give it physical form, turning his Armor into the Divine General Ice Armor!

Su Ming fell with a bang. He held the sword with both hands and charged towards the old Shaman with an air around him that screamed of wanting to cut him down. At that moment, crystalline light began shining in Freezing Sky Sword, and when it was beside Su Ming, an illusion that looked like the manifestation of a Berserker Mark appeared.

There was a powerful looking man within that illusion. That man also held a sword in both hands, and as he leapt up, he swung his sword towards the ground fiercely.

"The sword which I create only has one Style! Cut! Cut down everything!"

Su Ming's ears echoed with the arrogant words of the illusionary person formed by the Art, contained within this Freezing Sky Sword. All other things disappeared from his sight, and the only thing remaining was the person who was coming closer to him on the ground... the old Shaman!

With a swing of the sword, he slashed down!

The old Shaman was talking about Spirit Plunder, but the word he used was actually 荒丹 (huang dan), which is literally translated as Barren Core and also happened to be what I used, but later on, a few more Shamans will pop up asking why Su Ming has the 攝魂珠 (she hun zhu), which is translated as Soul Catcher Pearl. Based on their descriptions, I believe they were referring to the same thing, so Barren Core here was also changed to Soul Catcher Pearl.

## Chapter 267: Bai Chang Zai!

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That one slash contained all of Su Ming's power.

His body became as cold as an ice statue after that one slash. In his mind, there was only one thought – to kill the old Shaman.

Just as Su Ming's body charged down, and his sword going straight for the old man's head was only a few dozen feet away, the old man's eyes suddenly shone and a cruel sneer appeared on his lips once again. Along with it came the disappearance of all the panic he previously had on his face.

"So you're a Divine General of the Berserker Tribe! You're finally out! Looks like this sword attack is your final move!"

The old Shaman lifted his head and raised his right hand to point towards the incoming Su Ming.

He was indeed frozen in place by Spirit Plunder just now, and was indeed shocked by the appearance of the divine sense as well as that of Spirit Plunder, but his power was much stronger compared to Su Ming. Even if he froze, it only lasted for an instant. That was why he could recover his ability to move the instant Su Ming rushed out.

He had kept with his act of struggling because a hint of fear had appeared within his cunning mind from all the strange things done by Su Ming. He was not afraid of Su Ming himself, but of whether he had any other strange and shocking methods.

His words to Su Ming might have been filled with scorn, but in truth, right from the moment they started fighting, he had regarded Su Ming highly. With his age, there were many times when his expression was not reflective of what he truly thought. He might be showing scorn on his face, but his true thoughts reflected his high opinion of Su Ming. But he would not show them until when he attacked.

As the Patriarch and leader of a tribe, there was no way his head would be empty.

When he finally saw Su Ming reveal himself and try to cut him down, his worries were lifted. He believed that he hadn't exposed his true intentions, and that would mean he was giving his opponent a 'chance'. In a situation where the enemy could not move, anyone would use the chance to use their full strength and execute their strongest move to attack their much stronger opponent.

Because this might be their only chance. The old Shaman believed that if he was in Su Ming's place, he would do the same!

That was why when he saw Su Ming swinging that sword, the old Shaman's worries were set aside. With a dark smile, he pointed towards him. He moved his finger and a black scale covered it quickly. In an instant, that finger turned into something that no longer looked like a human finger but that of a beast's finger!

His black fingernail shot out, and the scales on his finger let out a

dark and malicious presence. He tapped his finger at air, and it crashed into Su Ming's sword with a bang.

Rumbling and booming sounds reverberated through the air. Many cracks appeared on the ice enveloping Su Ming's Freezing Sky Sword. As those cracks spread out, they caused Freezing Sky Sword to instantly shatter to pieces. Only when it turned from a two-handed sword back to a normal sword did the cracks stop spreading. However, there was still a deep crack on the sword itself.

The layer of ice on Su Ming's hands exploded under the power of the old man's finger. As it did so, cracks appeared on the ice on the other parts of his body as well. Once they spread through his entire body, the layer of ice crumbled with a bang.

When it fell, Su Ming once again felt that cold and malicious presence surrounding him. It surged into his body, and as shudders wrecked his insides, he heard the strange, panting-and-chewing filled sound once again by his ears.

He opened his mouth and coughed out a large mouthful of blood. His face turned pale, and as his eyes became dull, that power forced itself into his body. He tumbled backwards in the air, and the Divine General Armor covering his body started crumbling and recovering rapidly but eventually fell apart, causing blood mist to surge out of his body. A wound on his chest was torn open and blood spilled into the air.

Su Ming fell to the ground with a bang. There was a tree behind him. When he fell down, due to the power of the shock, it made

blood flow out of his mouth once again. His eyes lost their glow, and he struggled to lean against the tree as he glared at the old Shaman.

Su Ming's right hand was held loosely by his side. No one could see his palm; they could only see that seemingly powerless struggle of his.

The power contained within the old man's finger may have seemed ordinary, but in truth, that old man had gathered all of his power to his finger. If Su Ming could fight against that one strike from his finger, then he could fight against all the old man's other divine abilities as well!

It may have seemed like only one strike from his finger, but it was in truth everything he had!

The disparity between their power caused Su Ming to be powerless to resist against that one strike, especially when the old man had not been frozen by Spirit Plunder and was just baiting him.

The old Shaman lowered his right hand slowly. As he did so, his previously scale-covered finger started returning back to normal. Once he completely put it down, his finger had regained the form of a human's finger.

A thin wound appeared on his finger pad and a drop of blood fell down. The old man put his finger in his mouth and licked away his blood. With a cruel sneer, he walked towards Su Ming leaning

against the tree.

"It's a pity that such a talent is wasted. How could your Master let you come alone to the Shaman Tribe... He just let me have something so good so easily. Or else, if you'd had more time and your level of cultivation was higher, then when I met you again, I wouldn't have been your match.

"If you had truly escaped, you would have taken with you the experience of fighting against the Shaman Tribe. The next time I met you, trying to capture you would have been difficult!

"Barren Core, divine sense, Divine General, and the power from that one slash that contains a similar structure to that of the Shaman Tribe... Just how many secrets do you have..?"

The old Shaman slowly approached Su Ming. His gaze was like a knife that cut through Su Ming as he sized him up. Once he did so, he became certain that the youth had lost all ability to fight back.

"Oh, that's right. There's also the thing you did when you hid your presence and your body. All these will belong to me... Don't be afraid, I won't kill you, I couldn't bear to kill you... I'll turn you into a Shaman Puppet..."

The old man came to Su Ming's side and crouched down. He looked at Su Ming, and the smile on his face could not hide the ecstasy within his heart.



Su Ming's eyes were dull, but there was still an aloofness within them. He wiped away the blood from his mouth and met the old man's gaze.

"What a nice look you have in your eyes. Once I turn you into my Shaman Puppet, I'll make sure that look in your eyes remains."

"How did you discover me?" Su Ming asked hoarsely, and his voice came out incredibly weak.

"Once I bring you back to my tribe, you'll know."

The old man waved his right hand and a gust of wind instantly charged towards them. It lifted Su Ming's body into the air, and at the same time, the old man took a step towards the sky. He was just about to turn into a long arc and bring Su Ming back to his tribe...

Yet at that very moment, in the wind, a brilliant light suddenly burst forth within Su Ming's dull eyes. He had been waiting for this chance. He had taken his injuries for this chance as well.

A chance where his enemy had shed all defenses around him and was completely relaxed in his presence!

This chance should not have existed. The old man was cunning and would not have given Su Ming this chance. He had to create this chance himself.

At the moment that light flashed in Su Ming's eyes, he clenched his right hand tightly, and the white scale he had kept in his palm all this while as he waited for this chance was crushed.

The instant the scale was crushed, the old Shaman's, who was about to fly back with Su Ming, expression suddenly changed. Before him, an illusionary hand covered in white armor appeared around Su Ming. That hand came out of nowhere as if it had come out of thin air itself and struck its palm against the completely defenseless old man's chest.

The old man let out a shrill and pained cry and coughed out a large mouthful of blood. There were even pieces of torn flesh from organs along with that blood. His chest crumbled and he tumbled backwards as he continued coughing out blood.

His face was filled with hatred and madness. As he fell back, he lifted his head and roared towards the sky, then raised his arms and pressed them against his ears. Once he did so, his crumbled chest started recovering at a bizarrely swift speed.

Yet the scale which uncle master Bai had given Su Ming containing some of his power was definitely not so simple and over so quickly. The right hand that stretched out in midair tore through space at its side and with a boom a crack was torn open in midair. Then from within, a man walked out covered entirely in white armor!

That man's face could not be seen clearly. The only thing that was clear about him was the aloof look in his eyes. He stared at the retreating old Shaman and killing intent appeared in his eyes.

However, his body was not real and seemed to be an illusion. White mist floated out from the lines of his body.

"Bai Chang Zai!"

The old Shaman's pupils shrank. That white armor was like a nightmare in his memories. Practically no Shaman, especially those living near the borders, did not know that there was an incredibly terrifying entity stationed on Sky Mist Barrier.

That person was a Divine General and had a set of white armor with him. The Shamans who had died at his hands could not be counted. He was so terrifying that even his presence was more alarming than the Berserkers in the Berserker Soul Realm!

"You're just a Divine Clone! You won't be able to kill me when I'm here in the land of Shamans!"

The old Shaman's face was deathly pale, and as he continued retreating, a serious expression appeared on his face, one that had never appeared on him prior to this. He groaned in his heart. If he had not suffered that strike to his chest just now, then he would still have confidence that he could fight against Bai Chang Zai's Divine Clone until it disappeared.

However, now... the old man's chest throbbed in pain. That strike had almost shattered his heart!

'So this is the little Berserker bastard's true final attack. Damn it,

how could he be so cunning when he's so young?!

The old man did not have time to pay any attention to Su Ming, but his hate towards him had already reached an intensity that could burn the heavens.

With his experience, he had already understood that when he was plotting against Su Ming, he had also fallen into a trap. He had pretended to be frozen to lure him out and baited him to use his final attack.

Yet while Su Ming had fallen into his trap, he did not bring out his true final attack. Instead, he used his injuries to create a chance where the old man would shed all his guard around him!

‘This child’s level of cultivation isn’t that high, but he has a lot of attacks. The Barren Core, divine sense, his identity as the Divine General, and he even has Bai Chang Zai’s Divine Clone protecting him. He must be a prodigy in the Berserker Tribe, revered by others.

‘He’s a person of such status and is already so cunning... If he has enough time to grow, then he’ll end up a disaster to the Shaman Tribe!

‘Even if I give it everything I’ve got, I have to make sure this Berserker Tribe prodigy dies here!’

The instant the thought formed in the old Shaman’s head and he

looked back, the person in white armor in the sky took a step towards the old man.

## Chapter 268: Lizard Shaman Tribe!

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The old Shaman knew that a prodigy like the young man before him would not have stepped onto the land of the Shamans so easily. Once a person like this died, it would deal a huge blow to the Berserker Tribe.

‘I once heard a Shaman Follower of the Great Patriarch of the South say that there are some really excellent prodigies in the Berserker Tribe. They are trained with all the available resources provided and are known as the people who are the most likely to become the fourth God of Berserkers!’

‘I heard that Bai Chang Zai was one of these prodigies, but due to an accident he was excluded. A person like him, who was excluded, already contains such frightening power and battle prowess.’

‘Then the prodigies who are in the list of people trained to be the God of Berserkers must be much stronger. This young man must definitely be one of them!’

The old Shaman was absolutely certain of his judgment. He had seen some Berserkers before, and none of them had had as many divine abilities as Su Ming, much less the protection of Bai Chang Zai’s Divine Clone.

If someone told the old Shaman that a prodigy like this was not in the list of people trained to become the God of Berserkers, he would definitely not believe them!

‘If I can turn him into the Shaman Puppet for Lizard Shaman Tribe and offer him to the Great Patriarch of the South, then my position in the God of Shamans Temple would surely increase exponentially!’

As these thoughts raced in the old Shaman’s head, he continued retreating. His eyes shone brilliantly as he fixed them on the man in white armor walking towards him in midair.

A serious expression that had never appeared on the old man’s face formed there. Bai Chang Zai was so famous it could be said that his name was known through the entire region. The rumors surrounding him had been circulating around the many Shaman Tribes near Sky Mist Barrier for many years.

Su Ming immediately sat down in midair and brought out many medicinal pills, swiftly putting them in his mouth. He watched the old Shaman with an aloof gaze, and the light in his eyes flickered.

He was thinking whether he should use this chance to immediately escape and buy time to avoid the old man’s subsequent chase, or to stay back and see whether he might have a chance to deal a heavy blow to the old Shaman before his uncle master Bai’s Divine Clone vanished.

‘If uncle master Bai was here personally, then that old Shaman would definitely die, but if it’s just his Divine Clone... Uncle master Bai told me that day that I could use this to protect myself when he gave me the scale.

‘By the looks of it, when he said it could offer me protection, he meant that his Divine Clone could hold back powerful foes while giving me enough time to escape...’

The light in Su Ming’s eyes flickered and a chilling glare appeared within.

‘I... most likely won’t be able to fulfill my promise with Master... There’s still one day left. With my current injuries and with this person chasing after me, it’ll be difficult for me to return back to my Master’s side alive.

‘If that’s the case...’

Su Ming lifted his head swiftly and determination along with firm resolution appeared on his face. He turned his head back to look at the sky in the distance. That place was where he came from. It was where Sky Mist Barrier was located, and in that direction, his Master was waiting for him.

Su Ming had never expected that the experiences he obtained with the appearance of his purple robed Master would end in separation. Things happened far too quickly, so quickly that he had no time to prepare for anything.

He Feng’s fusion with the Wings of the Moon was still ongoing inside his cave abode in the ninth summit. If Su Ming did not return for a prolonged period of time, then there would be no one who could calm He Feng’s agitation, and disaster would definitely occur.



There was also Zi Che who was still guarding his cave abode and waiting for his orders.

Then there was his second senior brother, who would lift his head to look at the sky so that sunlight would fall on his side profile as he smiled, and there was his third senior brother, who would grin foolishly as he bragged about how smart he thought himself to be.

There was also his eldest senior brother, who showed his love for him quietly and gave him a treasure to protect himself.

There was his Master as well... Perhaps he would never see them again. Perhaps it would take an unknown amount of years and months before he could be reunited with him...

There was also Bai Su, the girl who looked incredibly similar to Bai Ling. Su Ming did not even need her to stand in front of his face, and signs that his heart was changing appeared within him. He could choose to destroy her, fight against something, or choose to forget her.

All these things made Su Ming fall silent. Right before his eyes, he saw the boy who stared at him in a daze as he stood there stunned and panicked with a crude bow in his hands after Su Ming killed the white robed Split Dawn.

‘A moment of weakness, one mistake, and the price I have to pay... is so big.’

Su Ming closed his eyes. When he opened them once again, he saw that uncle master Bai's Divine Clone had already closed in on the old Shaman and was now far away from him.

Wisps of white smoke seeped out of the white armor covering his body. It floated into the sky, and once the smoke completely dissipated, that person would also disappear.

Su Ming knew this, and the old Shaman too knew this. He was retreating to stall for time, but even though he was fast, the heavy blow on his chest that had nearly brought about his death not only made his speed as he ran back slow, it also allowed uncle master Bai's Divine Clone to close in on him like lightning.

The distance between the two of them did not widen due to the old Shaman's retreat. Instead, they just became closer to each other. The moment Su Ming opened his eyes to look, there was already less than 100 feet between Bai Chang Zai and the old Shaman.

With an aloof gaze shining through the armor, uncle master Bai's Divine Clone lifted a palm and pushed it at the space separating them of about 100 feet.

The instant he struck, the old Shaman's pupils shrank once again. A strong sense of danger rose abruptly within him. At that instant, he suddenly stopped, lifted his arms, then pushed them towards Bai Chang Zai's Divine Clone with a roar.

Many scales rapidly spread through his body and covered him entirely in an instant. It made him look as if he had just gone through a Beast Transformation. The scales were completely black and a ghastly and malicious presence exploded from him.

His hands had turned into claws, and just as he was about to crash into Bai Chang Zai's Divine Clone's attack through the air, a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and he lifted his right hand to point at the Spirit Plunder that was still floating in midair!

With that one finger pointed towards it, that strange, dim light from Spirit Plunder erupted once again even though there were cracks on the medicinal pill. An eye that seemed to have two pupils also appeared within the pill. It could make those who looked at it become dazzled, and now it turned to look at the old Shaman.

As the dim light appeared, the power of the pill that sucked in human minds spread out, and when the eye with two pupils that had absorbed some of the old Shaman's mind looked over, the old Shaman's hands froze for an instant in the motion of raising.

This pause was not voluntary. Even if it was a pause that lasted only for an instant, even if this was a pause that Su Ming would be unable to use for a chance to launch a counterattack, but...

Bai Chang Zai could!

A loud rumble spread out abruptly, and as layers of ripples spread out, wind flowed backwards. Many trees and bushes on the ground were destroyed. Even the ground cracked.

Bai Chang Zai's Divine Clone took a step back and the speed of the white smoke dissipating from his body became faster. However, compared to him, the old Shaman could only be described as a wreck.

His arms were torn to bloody ribbons and many scales crumbled and fell. His arms looked as if a layer of skin had been torn off, revealing his flesh, blood, and veins underneath. His chest, which had healed up, sank once again. Lots of blood spilled out from his mouth. He fell back and staggered a few hundred feet back before he finally stopped. When he lifted his head, blood could be seen flowing from his mouth. He looked pathetic, but his eyes were brimming with rage that could burn the heavens.

A roar towards the sky tumbled out of his lips. The old Shaman's shirt was instantly ripped to shreds; only a few pieces were left on him. His thin body looked as if a lot of power was stored within him. His furious expression and vicious roar was enough to make all those who looked at him feel terrified.

"You little Berserker bastard, once Bai Chang Zai's Divine Clone disappears, just watch how I'll turn you into a Shaman Puppet!"

It was clear that the old Shaman's rage had reached its peak. If it was not due to Su Ming's sudden ambush, he would definitely not have been so heavily injured by this fight.

His hate for Su Ming had already reached a monstrous level, because this wasn't the first time this had happened but the

second!

As the old man roared and raged, Bai Chang Zai's Divine Clone moved towards him quickly once again with an aloof expression. In an instant he closed in on the old Shaman. Su Ming watched everything that transpired from the distance in the sky with a calm gaze. Not a hint of emotion stirred within him.

He still had one last attack he had not brought out – the power of his Berserker Mark!

The power of his Berserker Mark might not be powerful to the old Shaman, but Su Ming believed that if he grasped the timing, then even if his Berserker Mark had the power akin to slapping that old man with grass, perhaps he could still turn it into the last bit required to defeat him.

As Bai Chang Zai closed in once again, the old Shaman found himself unable to retreat anymore. Not only did he have to fight against the Divine Clone, he also had to pay attention to Su Ming's attacks. This made him let out a low growl with a fierce expression as he knelt on the ground.

The moment he knelt down, he slammed his bloodied hands onto the ground and lifted his head. His eyes were filled with sinister intent. He did not kneel on both knees but chose to go down on one knee. His left leg was stretched out straight behind him in a bizarre fashion that made him look as if he was trying to position his body to look like a beast.

Almost at the instant he positioned himself in that manner, the endless sea of forest in the vast land turned deadly silent. The leaves did not move, the wind became still, even the birds and beasts within the forest all turned quiet at that moment.

A ghastly and malicious presence that far exceeded the one coming from the old man surged forth from all directions, and along with it were panting sounds mixed with chewing noises.

Su Ming was shocked. He turned his attention towards the ground swiftly and his expression instantly turned serious. Once he spread his divine sense around the area, he sucked in a sharp breath. The ghastly and malicious presence was coming from every leaf on the trees, every inch of mud, every bird and beast, every single rotting carcass and beast bone buried under the mud, and from every corner of the forest.

At that instant, it was as if the entire forest had become one with the old Shaman!

"The Totem of Lizard Shaman Tribe, the sacred beast of Lizard Shaman Tribe. O Great Lizard God, I am your servant, and I ask you... to come upon your land and let loose your raging fire upon the enemies who offended you. Let them burn in the depths of hell..."

# Chapter 269: God of Berserkers Song!

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Once the old man finished speaking, he lifted his head and roared towards the sky. That roar did not sound like it came from a human but instead like the roar of a wild beast.

The instant he roared, streams of black fog charged forth from all directions in the forest. That black fog was so quick that it surpassed the speed at which Bai Chang Zai moved. Almost in an instant, the entire sky, earth, and forest were covered by this endless mass of black fog.

In the old man's tribe located deep within the forest, almost all the members of the Shaman Tribe there were kneeling down. They linked their hands together and surrounded a black statue that was about 100 feet in size with devout expressions, worshipping it relentlessly.

That statue was not a person but a gigantic lizard. That lizard had a vicious expression on its face and exuded a cruel and malicious presence. It had its head lifted towards the sky, and within its gigantic mouth was a child. That child did not seem to be dead and was struggling as it cried.

That statue looked almost alive. When anyone looked over, they would find the child's pained expression was so clear that it would make them feel as if they could hear the child's wretched cries.

They could also see that the child's face was not filled with the Tattoos of the Shaman Tribe, but... a Berserker Mark!

Under the lizard's four legs were three people. They were an old man, a woman, and a young man. These three people who were carved on the statue were also crying out shrilly. Berserker Marks could be seen clearly on their faces.

Around the terrifying statue were hundreds and thousands of Shamans. They had the statue surrounded in multiple circles. Among them were old people, children, women, and even Shamans. Their voices blended together, and the instant the sky and earth was covered by that black fog, their voices reached out as well.

It made all those who heard those voices to feel as if they contained an endless amount of malice and ghastliness. When that sound fell into anyone's ears, they would feel their hearts racing, fear filling them up, and chills running down their spines.

At the same time, at the place where Su Ming was fighting against the old Shaman, the old man became the source that attracted all the black fog. As it continuously surrounded the old man and enveloped him, the fog turned into a gigantic lizard!

That lizard was lying on the ground and swinging its tail. Red light shone within its eyes and its tongue was stuck out its mouth when it lifted its head to roar at the sky. Its face was the exact same as the statue's that was being worshipped by the hundreds and thousands of members of the Shaman Tribe within the tribe in the forest!



The size of the lizard was about 100 feet, and it grew larger as the black fog continued surging. The presence that came from within it was filled with ghastliness and malice. As it roared and chewed something in its mouth, that panting sound Su Ming had heard multiple times appeared once again.

At that moment, Su Ming finally understood to whom that voice belonged to!

When the lizard roared, it turned its head and glared at the incoming Bai Chang Zai's Divine Clone, and Su Ming immediately noticed that the lizard had two pupils in each of its eyes!

The instant the lizard looked at Bai Chang Zai's Divine Clone, it swung its giant tail. With a shocking whistle, it struck the air, which caused a faint crack to appear in the air, and it charged straight towards Bai Chang Zai.

Bai Chang Zai did not even bother stopping. He had already mostly disappeared, and whatever remained of him looked almost transparent. The moment the lizard swung its tail, he lifted his right hand and hurled out his fist.

That punch may seem ordinary, but the moment the lizard's tail touched it, the lizard was forced to retreat a few steps. A few parts of the tail shattered and blood spilled into the air.

Yet at the same time, Bai Chang Zai's Divine Clone became even more faded out, as if he would disappear at any moment.

Right then, the giant lizard took a leap and a large amount of black fog from midair gathered around him. It allowed him to grow until he was nearly 1,000 feet in size, and with a body built like a small hill, it charged towards Bai Chang Zai.

"Your Divine Clone is about to disappear, let's see how you'll deal with the descent of my tribe's sacred beast!" a raspy voice shouted out from within the lizard's mouth. As that voice reverberated through the air, the lizard rapidly closed in with Bai Chang Zai.

Su Ming stood up. Blood-red light flashed in his right eye and he lifted his right hand. With a determined look on his face, Dark Mountain appeared behind him. A mighty pressure came from the five-peaked Dark Mountain, and as Su Ming pointed a finger at the giant lizard, the mountain charged towards it.

Almost the instant the giant lizard closed in, Bai Chang Zai's illusionary body lifted his head and a brilliant glare suddenly appeared in his eyes. Within that glare was an indescribable fighting spirit.

That was a feverish battle spirit that was so hot it could burn another person's eyes. The moment that glare appeared, on the endless Sky Mist Barrier which was located far from the battle, Bai Chang Zai's real body also lifted his head from his position where he had been sitting on the wall quietly meditating. The same glare appeared in his eyes, and his body instantly became thinner!

At the same time, back at the spot where the battle was ongoing in the forest of the land of the Shamans, Bai Chang Zai's Divine Clone returned from the illusionary and almost transparent state

to the form of when he looked almost real. Right then, he clenched his right fist and charged towards the incoming lizard.

A shocking bang reverberated through the area. Bai Chang Zai's fist landed on the lizard. With that one punch, his body began to quickly dissipate, and in the span of a breath, he became almost invisible.

The lizard let out a piercing screech, and the spot where Bai Chang Zai's fist connected started to crumble. Its body began to be torn to shreds, which spread through his whole form. Its gigantic body also started falling backwards as if it could not withstand that punch.

Bai Chang Zai's almost dissipated body took one step forward and appeared right before the lizard. He lifted his right hand. This time, he did not use his palm or his fist. Instead, he used a finger and tapped it against the lizard's head.

Through the entire process where the finger was lifted and fell, Su Ming, who was not too far away, had the misconception that the dark sky had just suddenly turned brighter.

"This attack is my own creation. Its name... is White!"

As the calm voice sounded, Bai Chang Zai's right index finger turned into a white light that could chase away darkness. It became the brightest spot in the world, and at the moment it fell on the giant lizard's body, the lizard instantly turned white.

As it brightened up to a blinding degree, loud booming sounds reverberated through the world. The lizard let out a piercing screech that shook the sky and earth. Its body crumbled entirely, and its destruction did not start at the spot where Bai Chang Zai tapped with his finger but its tail. It started crumbling apart inch by inch and turned into black fog that scattered away, revealing the old Shaman's left leg within it.

The next thing that was destroyed was the lizard's body. As its body continued shattering and disappearing in the form of black fog, the old man's bent right leg that made him seem like he was kneeling and his body were revealed.

Soon after, the gigantic lizard's destruction spread to its front legs. Once they shattered with a bang, its head, where Bai Chang Zai's finger was, exploded. A large amount of black fog scattered away, revealing the old Shaman's head, and with a pale face, he coughed out a fresh, red blood.

With that tap, Bai Chang Zai let out a soft sigh as if he was regretting something. His illusionary body could no longer continue existing and disappeared from the world along with the black fog that appeared once the lizard started shattering.

When it happened, the Dark Mountain that was formed from Su Ming's Berserker Mark crashed into the old Shaman, who was still vomiting blood. At the same time, Su Ming charged forward like lightning. The blood-red light shone in his right eye, and an illusionary tribe appeared around the old Shaman.

That tribe... was naturally Dark Mountain Tribe!

When it appeared, a blood red that seemed like it was burning rose in the world around the old man!

### The Picture of the Blood Moon and Dark Mountain!

Once the picture was completely revealed, the area within it seemed to have turned into another dimension, and the pressure formed within that dimension caused the injured old Shaman to cough out blood once more. His eyes became dull, but there was madness within them.

He might be heavily injured, but he was not about to breathe his last just yet. He was on the land of the Shamans, and especially in the forest where his Totem Beast rested. His life force was still aplenty. He would not die that easily.

Su Ming's quick charge made it seem like another line had been added to that Picture of Dark Mountain in the world. He rushed towards the old man, and when the old man came towards him with a roar, the two of them clashed into each other.

Loud booming sounds reverberated through the air. The five-peaked Dark Mountain's attack, the grief contained within the buildings in Dark Mountain Tribe, and the red glare shining from the blood moon in the sky fused together with Su Ming's body, causing another line to appear in the Picture of Dark Mountain. It made it seem almost complete.

The instant the two people closed in on each other, Su Ming

lifted his right hand and drew a line at the old man!

Right when he did so, then entire Picture of Dark Mountain moved and twisted as if it had turned into ink. It was absorbed by Su Ming's line, and once it fused together with that one line, they sliced at the old Shaman!

At the same time, a grief filled with age radiated off Su Ming's line. That feeling had not been there even when he had drawn out his strongest line before. This presence had only existed when he instinctively drew that line when he fought against Si Ma Xin.

As that presence appeared, a faint voice that did not seem to exist but also seemed to have been in existence since the beginning of time spoke from within Su Ming's line.

"When I was born, everything was still..."

Su Ming raised his hand.

"After I was born... The Berserkers had weakened..."

The line was drawn.

"If the heavens are heartless, then we will all be separated..."

Su Ming lifted his head, and his eyes were filled with grief.

"The earth was heartless, and it made my Dark Mountain die..."

That one line contained the entire Dark Mountain, contained Su Ming's everything, and slashed across the old Shaman's chest.

Once that line was finished, Su Ming knew that the first Style of his Picture Creation was finally complete. It contained the life he went through in the passage of time, contained his emotions, and contained his world...

If Si Ma Xin was there and saw Su Ming's line, he would definitely feel utterly shocked. If he heard the voice within that one line, that shock would reach a monstrous level.

Because within the four lines, besides the first line that would appear in a faint whisper when the first Style of the God of Berserkers Transformation was executed, the rest of the lines were completely different from the God of Berserkers Song.

Because the God of Berserkers Transformation was created based on a Berserker Tribe war song that was created by the first God of Berserkers when he had reached the peak, and it was also called... God of Berserkers Song!

## Chapter 270: Master

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Once the line was drawn, a crack that seemed to divide the sky and earth appeared in the air under the dark sky. Su Ming's right index finger was like the tip of a brush. When he drew past the old Shaman's chest, his body moved along with it. Like the falling of leaves in autumn, he drew an arc, then turned his back towards the old Shaman right in his face and walked away.

The old Shaman coughed out blood and staggered a few dozen steps backward before swiftly lifting his head. The moment he trained his gaze on Su Ming, a terrifying long line appeared on his chest and blood poured out of that line. His blood dropped on the ground, causing the place to be filled with a bloody stench.

The old Shaman's bones from the wound on his chest could be seen shattering inch by inch, and the organs under those bones had turned into a pool of blood...

The old man's face instantly turned pale. He lowered his head and looked at the long wound on his chest. Slowly, as if he could not stand straight, he knelt down on the ground, and blood poured out once again from his mouth.

Su Ming stood before him and closed his eyes. In his mind, the words that did not seem to have existed but had appeared during the process he drew the line reverberated in his head.

A raspy voice tumbled out of the old Shaman's mouth weakly, "Such a Style that beats even the makings of nature itself has



proven my assumptions. You are definitely not an ordinary Berserker. In the Berserker Tribe, you're definitely one of the prodigies who are known to have the highest possibility of becoming the God of Berserkers..."

Su Ming did not speak. He still had his eyes closed, immersed in the experience of drawing that line.

"It's a pity, even if that Style of yours feels like an attack from nature itself, but... the difference between our power makes it so that even if I am heavily injured, you still won't be able to completely kill me that easily!"

The old man knelt on the ground and struggled to lift his head. A dim light appeared in his dull eyes and blackness immediately formed on his body, even though he was mortally wounded. That blackness came from the wound on his chest and spread around his entire body.

Su Ming opened his eyes and looked at the old Shaman calmly. He had to admit that the old man was right. Just as he said, he could not kill this person completely.

Because the instant he used that line to destroy the old man's life force, Su Ming sensed that ghastly and malicious presence once again. That presence had become one with the old man, and because of it, while he could destroy his body, Su Ming could not destroy his soul.

He had to have the same level of cultivation as Bai Chang Zai, or

else he would not be able to cut down the connection between the old man and the Lizard Totem which he worshipped.

"Thirteen years later, when the sacred beast of Shaman Lizard Tribe remakes my body, I'll wait for you in the land of the Shamans... The fight between us has not ended!"

The old Shaman's voice grew increasingly weaker. His half kneeling body had already turned completely black, and every spot that was covered in black turned the old man's body into a statue. His body swiftly became rigid.

"When we meet again, I will..."

The old man's dull eyes shone with a cruel and deeply rooted hate. He glared at Su Ming. The moment he closed his eyes and opened his mouth, wanting to say his final words before this body of his died...

... Su Ming's aloof voice cut him off.

"You will find that your Lizard Shaman Tribe has been destroyed thirteen years ago," Su Ming stated calmly. His words held no hint of bloodiness, but when they fell in the old man's ears, his eyes flew open.

"You!"

The moment the old man opened his eyes, his breathing turned

rapid as if he was struggling to escape from death. Blood flowed from his lips, but he found that he could not even form a complete sentence. He could only force out one single word, and as he struggled, his head became rigid and his entire body turned into a statue. He was rooted to the ground and soon enveloped by a ghastly and malicious presence. Unless one's power was greater than the sacred lizard's worshipped by Lizard Shaman Tribe, then no one could destroy this, much less take it away.

This statue had turned into a part of the forest.

Su Ming's cold eyes were fixed on the dead old man now turned statue. His heart was very calm. Once again, he gained a new understanding of the Shaman Tribe's strangeness.

If the old man was a Berserker, perhaps he would have truly died. Yet right now, his physical body might have been destroyed, but his soul was still around and had fused with the forest. With some time, his body would be remade.

Su Ming did not understand this mystical ability, but he could still sense that this skill truly existed.

He brought out some medicinal pills and placed them into his mouth. He took in a deep breath and lifted his head to look at the weather. The sky was no longer dark. Dawn was almost over and the first rays of sunlight were about to shine through. In fact, if he looked into the distance, he would find that the horizon had become bright.

"Shaman Tribe..." Su Ming mumbled.

His trip to the land of the Shamans had allowed Su Ming to gain first hand understanding of the Shaman Tribe. That understanding was much more impactful and useful than if he had listened about the Shamans from other people or read about them in ancient scrolls.

If his eldest senior fellow disciple had not given him the treasure to protect himself, then he would have died during the day. When he was surrounded by that dozen Shamans, if he had been held back and made a single mistake, he would have been unable to come back.

If it had not been for the scale that turned into his uncle master Bai's Divine Clone, Su Ming knew that he would be the one lying on the ground right now.

He stared at the old Shaman who had turned into a statue. His expression was the one he'd had in his final moments of life – a rage filled face that seemed to want to say something. This person could be considered to be the strongest enemy Su Ming had ever run into!

Su Ming touched his chest. The injury over there had become even worse, but after he used many medicinal pills to recover, he could control it somewhat.

‘There's still one day... with my speed, I won't be able to go back in time...’

Su Ming lifted his head and looked in the direction his Master was waiting for him. He fell silent for a moment.

‘I’ll be late by about half a day. Master said he’d wait for three days...’

Su Ming closed his eyes. Right now, he had to make a choice.

One of the choices was for him to leave this forest as quickly as possible. Even if he could not make it in time, perhaps his Master would still be waiting for him.

As for the second choice, it would be...

Su Ming opened his eyes, and within them was determination and viciousness. He turned his head around and looked towards the deeper parts of the forest.

‘If I go back now, I’ll definitely question my decision for doing so!’

He turned around calmly and put away all the things he had brought out in this place before turning into a long arc and charging into the forest. In his dash, he disappeared from the place. His direction was clear. It was the place where Lizard Shaman Tribe was located deep within the forest!

Su Ming might not know the exact location of where the Lizard Shaman Tribe was located, but he had lived in a forest since he was young. If there was a part in a forest where a tribe of more than a hundred people lived, then there would definitely be tracks and clues that showed where they were in the forest.

It might be a little difficult for other people to look for a tribe hidden within a forest based on those clues, but to Su Ming, this was not difficult, especially when he had his divine sense helping him. With that, the search became even easier.

‘This tribe is definitely not a big tribe and there aren’t a lot of powerful Shamans in there. Since I killed quite a number of them and the old Shaman from their tribe died... If I don’t bring an end to this, I’ll regret it!’

Killing intent flashed in Su Ming’s eyes. He had harbored no hostility and grudge toward the tribe, but because of one moment of weakness, he had fallen into a situation where he almost died.

Not long after Su Ming left, at the place that had just been a battleground moments ago, rustling suddenly could be heard in the midst of the silence right beside the old Shaman that had turned into a statue.

That sound was of someone walking slowly from the distance. Before long, a person came out from the forest.

That person was dressed in purple robes. Naturally, he was Tian Xie Zi!

Tian Xie Zi walked towards the old Shaman now turned statue and stood beside him with a calm look. Once he lifted his eyes and cast a look in the direction Su Ming had left, his gaze fell on the old Shaman's statue, and at that instant, his eyes were filled with a powerful killing intent.

"How dare you try to hunt down my disciple..! Since you provided a chance to sharpen his skills, I'll grant you death."

Tian Xie Zi lifted his right hand and slapped the statue gently.

With that slap, the statue trembled, and with a loud bang, numerous cracks appeared on its body before it shattered into pieces that scattered in the air. A faint sound that sounded like a pained cry echoed in the air.

The moment Tian Xie Zi 's palm struck the statue, he broke the connection between the old Shaman and the sacred lizard in the forest, which in turn destroyed his soul and brought about his true death!

"And you, you little reptile... You are merely a thing that gained sentience after a small Shaman Tribe worshipped you. Do you really think you are a sacred beast of the Shaman Tribe?!" Tian Xie Zi said to the air unhurriedly and lifted his right leg before stomping on the ground.

The instant his foot landed, a violent gust of wind passed through the forest. The earth trembled, and many piercing, moaning

sounds rang out. Su Ming, who was running through the forest, could not hear it. Only the cause of that sound, Tian Xie Zi, could notice it.

As his foot landed and the piercing moan echoed in the air, a lot of black fog began forming in the air before him. Right before Tian Xie Zi's face, the black fog gathered together and turned into a gigantic lizard.

The lizard was indistinct. Its originally cruel eyes now showed panic, terror, and a plea for mercy as it looked at Tian Xie Zi. It trembled, and right on the spot where it was, it bowed its head and worshipped Tian Xie Zi.

Tian Xie Zi remained silent for a moment before he let out a cold harrumph.

"Looks like the Lizard Shaman Tribe has worshipped you quite a lot. Not only have you gained a form because of it, you also have intelligence... I can grant you mercy. Stay here, and when you meet my disciple again, you must follow him and protect him with your life!

"If you disobey my words, then I will send you back from whence you came!"

Tian Xie Zi's voice was serene, but when his words fell into the illusionary lizard's ears, it made the creature shudder, and within its eyes, gratitude and obedience appeared.



"Begone!"

Tian Xie Zi waved his arm, then walked towards the direction Su Ming had left.

The illusionary lizard turned into black fog once again and disappeared into the ground.

While running through the forest, Su Ming would occasionally stop to observe the signs around him, then change his direction according to what he discovered. The sky gradually brightened, and when the sun reached its brightest point at noon, a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He had already discovered the location of Lizard Shaman Tribe. That tribe... was somewhere before him!

Su Ming's body floated forward like an apparition, but when there was still about tens of thousands of feet between him and Lizard Shaman Tribe, he suddenly came to a halt. He saw a person standing before him!

"Mas... Master!"

## Chapter 271: This is My Creation

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The person standing before him was dressed in purple. That familiar robe and familiar presence shocked Su Ming. A feeling of having found his family instantly spread through his heart and body.

As the word 'Master' spilled out of his mouth, Tian Xie Zi turned around. His expression might still have been dark, but there was a smile curling up at the corner of his lips.

"You went through a lot," Tian Xie Zi said softly, praise evident in his eyes.

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. He had originally thought that it would take years before he found his Master again, or even worse, perhaps he would never be able to see him again. He did not expect that Tian Xie Zi would appear outside Lizard Shaman Tribe.

"Master..."

Su Ming touched the wound on his chest and shook his head.

"Go, do what you should do. I'll wait for you, then... let's go home together."

Tian Xie Zi looked at Su Ming, and the praise in his eyes grew stronger.

Su Ming fell silent for a moment, then wrapped his fist in his hand and bowed towards Tian Xie Zi. Without stopping, he charged towards the Lizard Shaman Tribe behind his Master.

Tian Xie Zi looked at Su Ming's back and an eager look appeared on his face.

"My fourth disciple, what will you choose...?" he mumbled.

As Su Ming ran forward, a big village appeared before him. Large amounts of wood had been used to build a fence around the village, and bubbling laughter could be heard coming from within. Those voices belonged to the elderly, the children, the women, and the fighting men, Shamans.

That sound made Su Ming slow down. He looked at the village, and even though he was still a bit of a distance away, he could feel the happiness that was shared by the tribe members within the village.

"If I was captured by the old Shaman, then that laughter might have even increased when he returned to the village..."

Su Ming sighed. He did not know whether what he was about to do next was correct, but he understood that he had paid the price for a moment of weakness in a world where only the strong survived.

He walked towards the village silently. The moment he was only

thousands of feet away from the village, a piercing whistle pierced the air.

That sound worked as an alarm. The moment it reverberated through the village, four people shot out from within. Right when those four people saw Su Ming, their expressions immediately changed.

Su Ming was not unfamiliar with these four people. They were the few who had survived his strongest attack because they were saved by the old Shaman!

The instant he saw those four people, killing intent rose in Su Ming's eyes. He leaped up and the small virescent sword at the center of his brows shone before shooting out in a green arc, flying as quickly as lightning. Then the moment the four people closed in, a bell chime suddenly echoed from within Su Ming's body.

That bell chime was like a funeral bell. When the rippling sound spread out, a green light flashed in the sky. The small sword penetrated through one of the people's chest with a speed of lightning, bringing with it fresh blood and screams of devastation. The curtains for the massacre were lifted.

After a moment, four corpses lay on the ground before the village. There was blood on Su Ming's body as he walked calmly forward. The instant the deathly silence fell within the village, the small virescent sword cut down the village's gate.

A loud bang cut the air and the gate instantly shattered. It

shattered into countless shards and tumbled to the ground. With a great cloud of dust shooting up into the sky from the destroyed gate, Su Ming walked into the village.

The moment he entered, five people charged towards him and fought against him amidst the flying dust.

Rumbling sounds continued echoing in the air. Su Ming did not stop in the slightest. The moment he was engaged with his enemies, black fog surrounded him and the Divine General Armor materialized on his body. It blocked his enemies' attacks. At the same time, green light shone and thunder spread out. When Su Ming walked away from the dust that had rose up because of the destruction of the village gate, five corpses lay behind him.

Almost the moment the five people died and Su Ming walked into the village, nearly one hundred arrows sliced through the air towards him, but they froze a few feet away from him and exploded into smithereens.

These arrows were not shot by Shamans but from the normal tribe members within the village. The normal tribe members glared at Su Ming with bloodshot eyes filled with hatred. Even if their arrows were destroyed, more of them whisked through the air once again.

Su Ming saw not only hatred in their eyes, but also a determination that said they would not stop unless they died.

At that moment, a low growl rang through the air, and a man

walked out from one of the tents in the village. That man was half-naked, and with a stomp on the ground, he leaped towards Su Ming. Soon, a dozen more Shamans stormed towards him from various corners of the village.

Su Ming closed his eyes in silence. With his right hand lifted, he drew a line. That line was like the might of heaven itself. The instant he finished drawing the line, the man in the lead shuddered and his body was instantly torn to shreds. His head flew into the air.

The remaining people all let out shrill, pained screams the moment Su Ming finished drawing the line with his eyes closed. They fell from the sky, and once their bodies crashed onto the ground, they breathed their last and died.

Su Ming opened his eyes and swept his gaze through the village. This was not a big village. There were many tents, and there were hundreds of men and women staring at him darkly. Their eyes were filled with burning hatred, and those gazes made Su Ming's heart hurt.

Those gazes belonged to the elderly, the children, and the women...

There were some who were still shooting arrows at him even though they knew it was impossible. Those arrows kept getting destroyed, but that still did not stop them.

Su Ming walked calmly forward and spread his divine sense

around the entire tribe. Once he scanned the area, he lifted his right hand, and the small virescent sword charged out with a whistle towards some tents. It shot through them and brought back blood on its blade.

All the places which the sword went to were where the Shamans lay. However, those people were unconscious due to heavy injuries and could not get out.

When the small virescent sword returned to Su Ming's side, there were no longer any warriors left in the entire Lizard Shaman Tribe. The remaining hundreds of people were all normal tribe members.

Yet even though they were normal people, the hate filled gazes and arrows exuded a frenzied rage of Su Ming.

Sobbing sounds came from within the village. They contained the weeping of the women, the fear of the children, and most of all, the tears that fell soundlessly from the eyes of the people who they stood on the ground covered by the corpses of their dead Shamans.

Su Ming stared at these people quietly. He understood the hate within these people's eyes. However, if he did not come here in this manner but was instead captured back by the old Shaman, stepped on, and turned into a Shaman Puppet, none of them would have shown any pity to him. They would instead have been cheering with cruel excitement.

This was the sorrow of a person who did not belong in a battle between two different populations.

He could either not enter the fight, or... shoulder the burden brought by this sorrow.

The arrows that flew towards him did not stop, especially those from a certain boy. His eyes were red and his left hand had already been cut by the bow string. Blood flowed down his hand, but he did not seem to know pain. He gritted his teeth and drew his bow again and again to shoot, even though he knew that his arrows could not injure the enemy he wanted to kill.

Su Ming's eyes finally fell on the boy.

He looked at him and walked closer. When the boy saw Su Ming walking towards him, he let out a loud roar and charged forward with his bow and arrows. There was a look on his face that said he was prepared to die; it held a madness that said even if he died, he still had to go up and bite his enemy.

Yet after he rushed up, he could not help but stop under Su Ming's gaze. There was an authority within that gaze that made the boy unable to control his own body. He could only stop before him.

Tears fell from his eyes. Within those tears were madness and hate...



Su Ming looked at the boy, then lifted his right hand to wipe away the tears on his face.

"It... shouldn't have been this way..." Su Ming said softly. "I saved you. I killed that snake... There was no hate between us..."

The boy glared at Su Ming, and the hate in his eyes turned into loathing.

"Why did you tell them..? Was it just because I am from the Berserker Tribe and you are from the Shaman Tribe..?" Su Ming looked at the boy and wiped away the tears from a corner of his eye.

"For that one show of mercy, I paid a very huge price... This is my mistake, and I must remember this mistake.

"You are the same, because you were also wrong," Su Ming stated calmly.

The boy shuddered and a lost look appeared in his eyes. More tears fell down his cheeks, and Su Ming saw a hint of regret in his eyes.

"It shouldn't have been this way..."

Su Ming looked at the boy and turned around to walk towards the destroyed village gate. Once he walked out, he heard a wretched scream from the boy behind him.

Within that scream were hatred, madness, and deep regret...

Su Ming did not turn his head back. He walked out of the village, into the forest, then back to Tian Xie Zi's side.

"Master, let's go home..." Su Ming's voice was filled with fatigue.

"I thought you chose to come back here because you wanted to destroy the village." Tian Xie Zi looked at Su Ming calmly.

Su Ming was silent for a moment. He did not look at Tian Xie Zi but chose to look in the direction of where Sky Mist Barrier was located and spoke in an exhausted voice, "I felt your presence on him."

"I was the one who woke him up. This is the Shaman Tribe. They have a deep seated hatred with us Berserkers. If you still don't understand, you will have to pay the price with your life during Sky Mist Battle," Tian Xie Zi said, his eyes closed.

Su Ming was silent.

"Killing the Split Dawn alone and beheading him is worthy of praise!

"Not panicking while getting attacked by dozens of Shamans in the forest and killing them one by one after you calmed down is

worthy of praise!

"Running into people who are more powerful than you and using your strongest attack to rip apart the sky, then not staying in battle and escaping because you knew your limits is worthy of praise!

"Knowing not to blindly escape using brute force, then turning back to fight after assessing the situation and not being afraid of the people more powerful than you is worthy of praise!

"Working together with Bai Chang Zai's Divine Clone and reaching an epiphany towards your first Style is worthy of huge praise!

"However, showing kindness and sparing the boy the first time was a mistake!

"And yet after knowing all these and returning to the place, you still chose to spare the boy. That is... a huge mistake! As your Master, I will right your wrong!"

Tian Xie Zi turned around and started walking towards the Shaman Tribe.

"Master!" Su Ming looked at Tian Xie Zi. He might appear exhausted, but his eyes were calm. "This is my Creation..."

Tian Xie Zi's footsteps faltered.

# Chapter 272: A Game

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"Your Creation?"

Tian Xie Zi turned around and with brightly shining eyes, he looked at Su Ming, who may have been tired, but whose eyes were as calm as still water.

He looked at his fourth disciple and waited for his answer.

"Master, this is my Creation," Su Ming looked towards the direction of Lizard Shaman Tribe and stated slowly.

"I don't really understand eldest senior brother's Creation, but I can tell that the skill he is training with is the fusion of ice and fire. Ice is cold, and fire is hot. They are like two complete opposites, and the fusion of these two defies common sense, making it difficult for others to understand it.

"Yet if he is successful in fusing two elements that contradict each other, then he'll be able to clear his mind. This is eldest senior brother's Creation." Su Ming averted his gaze from Lizard Shaman Tribe and looked at Tian Xie Zi.

Tian Xie Zi remained silent for a moment before he met Su Ming's gaze.

"Your eldest senior brother's Creation is the Sound of Creation."

"Sound is noise, and isolation is silence. It is still combining two complete opposites. Isolation is ice, and noise is fire, it is the same," Su Ming said calmly.

"Let's talk about second senior brother next. He possesses a pair of Hands of Creation. During the day, he creates life for the plants, and during night, he destroys the plants' lives by pulling them out from their roots..."

Su Ming's murmurs echoed in the forest.

"These are also two opposites and defy common sense. Creating and destroying is like life and death. Second senior brother's Creation is the fusion of life and death, the combination of creation and destruction."

Tian Xie Zi's face was calm, but his heart was shaken. He did not expect that Su Ming, who had not been long in the ninth summit, would have made such discoveries and arrived at such conclusions.

"Continue!" he said.

"Third senior brother trains with two complete opposites as well. His is a mindset that defies common sense, a fusion between truths and lies. The truth is reality, and the lie is his dream.

"He is trying to fuse reality and dreams together. By being constantly drunk, he can linger in a state between being awake and being asleep. If the day comes that he truly wakes up... then his

Creation will be complete."

Su Ming's gaze fell upon Tian Xie Zi once again and he asked softly, "Master, am I right?"

"That is indeed the road your third senior brother is taking." A praising look appeared in Tian Xie Zi's eyes and he nodded his head.

"It's not." Su Ming's voice was weightless, but his words were filled with determination.

Tian Xie Zi frowned.

"This is the road you want them to take..." Su Ming shook his head. "Because they cannot be understood, because they have to fuse those two opposites, that's why people think that all those within the ninth summit are weird. Eldest senior brother is always in isolation, so he seems slightly more normal than us, because he rarely ventures out and the people don't really understand him.

"Second senior brother plants flowers during day and destroys them at night. Using 'weird' to describe his actions is no longer sufficient.

"Third senior brother is constantly drunk and always talks about bringing people into his dreams. When those who don't understand hear him, they might think he's crazy. Because these things defy common sense, because they are different from other

people, because they are not understood by others, that is why they are praise worthy to you. They have become the vice that is the meaning of your middle name, the Xie in Tian Xie Zi!"

When Su Ming reached this point of his speech, he stopped talking.

Tian Xie Zi was silent.

Both Master and disciple remained silent in the forest for a moment until Su Ming whispered, "Master, this is your path... not mine."

"Then what is it that you pursue?" Tian Xie Zi looked at Su Ming and a complicated look appeared in his eyes.

"I don't know..." Su Ming shook his head. He cast a glance towards Lizard Shaman Tribe once more before he turned his gaze towards the sky. "If there really is one, then I think it should be... to open my eyes."

Su Ming closed his eyes.

"What do you want to see when you open your eyes?"

As Tian Xie Zi looked at Su Ming, the look in his eyes became even more complicated. He looked at Su Ming and found himself seemingly looking at his past self, at the time when he talked to his own Master. Their words might be different, but they had the

same expression on their faces.

"Perhaps it is to see the world that others can't see."

Su Ming opened his eyes, and a brilliant light could be shining within them. There was a firm resolution within that light, along with determination and aspiration.

"Why do you want to see a world that others can't see?" Tian Xie Zi asked calmly. His voice was laced with curiosity and echoed in the surroundings.

Su Ming was silent. After a long while, he looked back at Tian Xie Zi.

"To see myself... my true self," he mumbled.

A smile appeared on Tian Xie Zi's face, then it gradually grew wider before it escalated to a full blown laughter. His laughter reverberated through the forest and floated into the skies.

"Good. What you pursue is not the vice I want either. You want to open your eyes to look at a world that no one can see, and that means that the entire world is drunk, and you are the only one sober!

"This is not a vice, this is a state that has far surpassed a vice. This is... a life which I don't even know the name of! Su Ming, if you eventually manage to do it someday, then you must be



prepared. You might find yourself unable to tolerate this drunken world anymore!

"Because you... will be awake!"

Su Ming shuddered. He looked at Tian Xie Zi and nodded.

"Come. I'll take you home now..."

Tian Xie Zi patted Su Ming's shoulder and waved his arm. A huge gust of wind appeared out of nowhere and lifted both Master and disciple into the air before they disappeared into the vast sky belonging to the Shaman Tribe.

"But before we go back, I want to bring you to some places. Once you see these places, you will gain a deeper understanding of the blood feud between the Shaman Tribe and the Berserker Tribe... It will also prepare you for when you open your eyes and see a bigger world."

Tian Xie Zi's voice echoed in the air before they gradually disappeared.

Within Sky Mist Barrier, at the borders of the Land of South Morning belonging to the Berserker Tribe was a mountain range. The sky above that mountain range distorted, and from within the distorted ripples, Tian Xie Zi and Su Ming walked out.

"Take a close look at the ground below you and tell me what you

see." Tian Xie Zi looked at the mountain range below him and his voice fell into Su Ming's ears.

Su Ming's fatigue remained, but his wounds were already under control. He looked at the place where Tian Xie Zi pointed. That place was filled with mountain ranges, and at first glance there was nothing strange about it. The only thing that stood out was perhaps the few mountains that were rather desolate and barren. There were absolutely no plants growing on them.

Su Ming frowned. He descended from midair and stood on one of the barren mountains. Then he crouched down and grabbed a handful of sand from its surface. When he placed it by his mouth, a bright glint appeared in his eyes.

"There's a faint stench of blood..."

Su Ming lifted his head and looked around. The instant he swept his gaze across the place, he suddenly focused his eyes on a certain spot.

That was a mountain ridge, and it was filled with a desolate air. Even the sand was bleak.

He walked towards the mountain ridge with uncertainty in his heart. Gradually, a grave look appeared on Su Ming's face. He lifted his right hand and pushed his palm towards the ground through the air. A large gust of wind instantly roared through the air and lifted the sand around the area, turning into a vortex. The wind rose and blew away the sand layer by layer.

Some broken wood and shattered stone bowls were revealed buried under the sand. There were also... human bones that had turned brown due to time.

The entire place was filled with broken bones...

Su Ming swept his gaze across the broken bones. Some of the bones were rather thin, some thick. Eventually, Su Ming's eyes fell on a rather complete skeleton.

It was a child's skeleton. Only the upper half of it remained, but he could see that many the bones were broken. The child's hands suggested that he or she had been holding onto something before death, but that thing was no longer around.

A shudder ran through Su Ming's body and he lifted his head swiftly to look at Tian Xie Zi standing in the sky.

"This was once a tribe..."

"It was a rather big small-sized tribe. There were about 700 people in it, though they had less than forty Berserkers in their tribe. The others were either normal tribe members or toddlers.

"300 years ago, we failed to defend a part of Sky Mist Barrier and some Shamans entered our land. This tribe was one of the tribes they destroyed.

"The men, women, old, and young were all killed brutally!"

Su Ming lowered his head and looked at the child's bones. He fell silent.

"If you go east from here, you will find more than 40 of such tribes that were destroyed in this fashion... There are tribes here that were destroyed 300 years ago, and there are also those that were destroyed far earlier in the passage of time."

Su Ming took a step forward. Instantly, he started charging towards the east. Tian Xie Zi followed behind him, no longer speaking. He simply watched as Su Ming moved through the ruined tribes.

As time passed by, Su Ming's face became darker with each ruin he passed. Once an entire day went by, Su Ming stood on a plain of grass with dark clouds covering the sky. Lush grass grew underneath his feet on the plains, but it could not hide the blood and slaughter that had occurred in this place before.

Tian Xie Zi moved to Su Ming's side and said calmly, "This is just a part of it..."

"In the Sky Mist Barrier, entire tribes that were massacred like this amount to too many. Thousands of years have passed by since then, and this has turned into the hate between us and the Shaman Tribe. Unless one of us dies, we will never stop fighting against each other..."

Su Ming closed his eyes and only whispered his thoughts after a long time had passed, "The Shamans... are very strong."

"That is true." Tian Xie Zi turned his gaze to the sky in the distance.

Su Ming hesitated for a moment, then started, "Then the so called Sky Mist Shaman Hunt..."

The one who answered Su Ming's question was Tian Xie Zi, who was standing by his side. "To the Shaman Tribe, this once in a decade activity is known as the Berserker Hunt."

Su Ming's pupils shrank. The bloodiness within those two simple words could not be formed by killing just 10, or 100, or 1000, or even 10,000 people. This was a mass slaughter that had happened throughout the ages. As people spoke and listened to these two words, they would feel a murderous aura spilling out from within them.

"This is just like an agreement made by both sides, a massacre that occurs once a decade..." A glint shone in Su Ming's eyes and he looked towards Tian Xie Zi.

Tian Xie Zi looked at Su Ming. After a long while, he nodded his head.

"This... is a game."

"A game?" Su Ming looked at the grass plains under his feet and let out a chuckle.

"The game is played by both sides. The reason why it has lasted for thousands of years is because both sides have their own goals. As for what the goals are... well, you have to find the answer yourself.

"Now, tell me. Do you... still want to join Sky Mist Shaman Hunt?"

Tian Xie Zi turned around and walked towards the sky.

Su Ming stood there for a while before he turned into a long arc and flew back to his Master's side, who was waiting for him in midair.

"I will join Sky Mist Battle... As a member of the Land of South Morning, I will take part... in this game."

Su Ming's voice was calm. He and Tian Xie Zi turned into two long arcs, moving in the direction of Freezing Sky Clan. They gradually flew into the distance and disappeared.

# Chapter 273: A Request

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To all the people within the nine summits on the Great Frozen Plains in Freezing Sky Clan, five normal days had gone by. Nothing especially big happened during those five days and everything simply went on as it usually did.

The sun continued with its usual routine of rising and setting, night was still graced with the presence of the moon, and the freezing wind still blew as usual. There was no differences whatsoever, no changes.

Even if someone had isolated themselves to train for five days, their power would not have increased by much. To almost everyone, these five days were practically the same as the other days in a year.

The seventh summit's Tian Lan Meng sat on a big rock near the top of the mountain. Wind lifted her hair. To her, these five days were just one meditation session.

Zi Yan and Han Cang Zi had their own things to do. These five days passed by quickly for them and nothing had changed.

The fourth summit's Han Fei Zi was in isolation and was making the final preparations for Sky Mist Shaman Hunt. With her Master's help, she was already near Awakening and would reach that Realm within a few days.

The first summit's Si Ma Xin still sat in his cave abode as he

usually did. Occasionally, when he woke up, his eyes would be cold and dark. There was nothing different about him.

Most of the people were as such, and it was the same for the ninth summit. Hu Zi remained drunk and did his usual things during those five days. He would drink, dream, and snore like war drums. Happily waking up and happily falling asleep again.

Su Ming's second senior brother continued planting flowers during day and floating around like an apparition during night. These five days passed by very quickly to him.

To the eldest senior brother, these five days passed by like the blink of an eye. Within the silence of isolation, if he did not pay even the slightest amount of attention to his surroundings, it would not be just five days that had passed by.

However, there were a handful of people to whom these days passed like years.

Zi Che was one of them. During the first day, he was very calm, but this calmness had turned into doubt after three days had gone by. It was already three days since he saw Su Ming.

More importantly, he could not feel any presence from the cave. It was as if Su Ming was no longer there.

That feeling became clearer when the fourth day arrived. He had a vague feeling that something was not right. Su Ming rarely



isolated him. Even if he was meditating, he would occasionally walk out and stand on the platform to look at the horizon.

Yet four days had already passed by and Su Ming had not appeared. This made Zi Che think that there was something off.

Especially since Zi Che was not the only one waiting for Su Ming outside his cave during these five days; there was also... Bai Su!

She had already waited there for several days, not leaving. If it was not for Zi Che stopping her, she would have entered Su Ming's cave a long time ago.

During the fifth night, Zi Che sat outside and frowned as he looked at Su Ming's cave with his heart filled with uncertainty, but he did not dare enter the cave.

As Zi Che remained hesitant, a voice that made him feel resigned fell into his ears.

"Just how long are you going to stand in my way? I want to see Su Ming!"

That was from Bai Su. She was dressed in purple and was sitting right in front of Zi Che with determination showing through her wild beauty.

"Su Ming, it's already been five days and you still refuse to see me? Is seeing my face really that shocking to you?!"

"Even if you don't see me, are you going to stay in your cave forever?!"

"Unless I die, then I won't give up!"

The dark cave was quiet, like always. Not a hint of sound reached them from within. This silence made Bai Su's determination grow stronger.

Zi Che did not even bother talking to Bai Su anymore. To him, this girl was unreasonable and her constant badgering was annoying.

Bai Su felt bitter. She had naturally seen Zi Che's expression and knew that her constant badgering had caused him to hate her, but... she had to do this.

At that moment, a freezing wind whistled by and lifted a large amount of snow to blow against their faces. When the wind passed, the area returned to silence, neither Zi Che nor Bai Su notice that a person had walked into the cave with the wind and sat down inside.

Tian Xie Zi also walked back to the top of the ninth summit. He chose to reenter isolation and the color of his clothes slowly changed.

Tian Xie Zi and Su Ming's return went unnoticed by Hu Zi. He

continued snoring in his sleep. His second senior brother floated in the air like an apparition, lifting his head a moment before resuming his search for his other self that represented destruction.

A gentle gaze came from within the ice where the eldest senior brother had isolated himself before he closed his eyes once again, and that gaze disappeared without a trace.

Su Ming sat down in the cave, and the dark cave gave off such a feeling of familiarity it reminded him of home. He took a deep breath and looked at his surroundings. To the others, these five ordinary days might have passed by quickly, but Su Ming, he had gone through an earth-shattering change, an experience that a normal person would rarely have to go through, and a life threatening crisis.

To Su Ming, those five days had been like five years, even longer...

Within those five days, he saw Master's junior brother, witnessed the shocking fight, although that fight had become a blur in his mind and he could no longer remember it clearly.

Five days ago, he saw the old xun maker and played a song. He gained an epiphany and an understanding towards the change of heart, which led to him making his own decision.

In those five days, he went to the land of the Shamans, saw his Master's incredible power, saw the Spirit Medium, saw the strange Split Dawn, and also the gigantic sacred beast that was about

10,000 feet in size - the Golden Roc!

In those five days, he killed one of the Split Dawn and went through a series of pursuits for his life.

In those five days, he completed the first Style of his Picture Creation and heard his very own God of Berserkers Song.

In those five days, he went through... a complete transformation!

‘Battle, destroy, forget...’

Su Ming lifted his head in the darkness and looked at the world outside his cave. There seemed to be a girl’s figure in the gentle moonlight.

‘Among the three methods to deal with the changes of heart... the easiest would be to destroy it! Kill her and everything will end. The hardest would be to forget. Forget Bai Ling, and Bai Su won’t be able to affect me.

‘As for fighting... It won’t solve my problems.’ Bai Su’s voice from beyond the cave reached Su Ming’s ears. Her voice was very clear in the silent night.

‘These are Master’s methods, not mine...’

Su Ming’s eyes were calm as he looked at the moonlight beyond

the cave.

"The change of heart is triggered by a person or event. A person can choose to destroy, fight, or forget... These three methods are all a form of escapism... Since it had already existed since the beginning, then I might as well let it continue existing... I'll face it head on," Su Ming mumbled under his breath.

"If a person's heart can change due to persistently holding onto something, then why can't that persistence grant me peace?"

Su Ming closed his eyes, and after a moment, he slowly opened them. He brought out his drawing board and flipped it to its front. Ever since he drew that piece on the front, he had never looked at it. The drawing board was empty, but in his eyes, his own body had appeared on the drawing board, and his foot, which he wanted to lift up, was tangled by grass.

A smile appeared on his face. He looked at the grass, then slowly lifted his head.

"Zi Che, let her come in."

Zi Che had sunken into a state of hesitation and doubt outside the cave. He had a feeling that something was off in Su Ming's cave. Just as his ears rang with Bai Su's constant badgering, Su Ming's words suddenly floated out of the cave.

As his voice left the cave, Zi Che's heart trembled and the mixed

feelings within his heart immediately disappeared without a trace. He got up, bowed towards the cave, and obeyed.

A glint appeared in Bai Su's eyes. With one single move, she walked past Zi Che and immediately stormed towards the cave. He followed behind her and the two of them entered Su Ming's cave.

Due to the darkness outside, the cave was tossed into an even darker shade of black. Once they entered, they could only see a faint outline of Su Ming's body. Anything beyond where he sat was practically impossible to see clearly.

Yet even so, when Zi Che entered the cave and saw Su Ming, he still felt his heart rumbling when he saw Su Ming's gaze. That gaze seemed the same as it did five days ago, but Zi Che felt a new, powerful pressure. He could tell that the Su Ming before him was completely different from the him five days ago!

He could not tell what was different, but this pressure was similar to that when Zi Che was facing Su Ming's second senior brother, and even similar to that when Zi Che stood before his own Master.

If the Su Ming five days ago still had a sort of naivety to him, then the him now no longer had that naivety. This was a gaze that belonged to a ferocious beast that walked out of death's door after going through a series of hardships.

Zi Che felt his heart tremble and he quickly lowered his head to bow towards Su Ming.

"Greetings... Master." Zi Che's breathing quickened slightly. His heart pounded against his chest and that intimidating feeling became stronger.

‘Just what had happened to him during these five days..?’

Zi Che did not dare lift his head. Shock rose in his heart, along with bafflement.

Zi Che was not the only one who felt this way, Bai Su was the same. The moment she saw Su Ming's gaze, she was shocked. She could not help but slow down her originally overbearing walk and eventually come to a stop.

"I, Bai Su... greet... greet uncle master Su..."

Bai Su's heart raced against her chest. Su Ming's calm gaze made a dazed look appear in her eyes for an instant. It was as if the person sitting over there was not Su Ming, but Si Ma Xin, Tian Lan Meng, or perhaps not even the both of them, but people who were as strong as her father.

That gaze seemed to contain a power that could attract a person's mind and make even the angriest people calm down.

Su Ming looked at Bai Su, at that face that was the exact same as Bai Ling's, and nodded.

"From tomorrow onwards, you can come here and I'll teach you how to draw... Zi Che won't stop you anymore."

Bai Su's mind was in turmoil. She lifted her head and stared at Su Ming blankly. She could not understand why he suddenly changed his mind.

"However, I have a request," he stated flatly.

Bai Su's breathing froze and a wary look appeared on her face. The impression of Su Ming within her mind was extremely bad, and if it was not for Si Ma Xin, she would not have approached him.

Bai Su had already been dubious when Su Ming suddenly agreed to it, so when she heard him talking about a request, her eyes gradually grew cold.

"Say it. As long as I can do it, I will."

"When you come to see me, wear a long white robe. Don't let your hair down and tie it up with a red string made of straw. Leave two small braids by your ears, and have all your remaining hair tied behind your head.

"Put some glittering crystals on your forehead. Then when the light from the snow on the ground will reflect off the crystals, they will shine with a piercing light.



"When you smile, show your canines."

Bai Su frowned.

"Since you want to turn into the person in my memories, then dress yourself this way," Su Ming told her slowly and closed his eyes.

Bai Su was silent for a while before she let out a cold snort and left.

# Chapter 274: Daze

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Once Bai Su left, Zi Che bowed towards Su Ming respectfully and quickly left the cave. Only when he was about 100 feet away from the cave did he let out a huge breath. He turned his head back and cast a glance at the cave where Su Ming was. His eyes were filled with respect.

‘He’s... no longer the same.’

Zi Che could not pinpoint the details. This was merely a feeling of his.

Under the dark sky and within the cave abode, Su Ming breathed calmly and silently meditated. The injuries on his person were already controlled, and as he recovered his breathing, his wounds began to heal.

When dawn arrived, Su Ming opened his eyes. There was no shining light within them, only clarity. He looked at the darkness beyond his cave. A chilling gust of wind blew in and lifted a few locks of his hair to float before his face.

‘The battle in the land of the Shamans...’

Su Ming lowered his head and looked at his hands. A contemplative look appeared on his face. In his mind, the scenes that had happened right from the moment he chased down and killed the remaining half of the Split Dawn alone to the moment he walked out of Lizard Shaman Tribe slowly appeared.

"I made a few mistakes in this fight," Su Ming mumbled. He lifted his left hand and picked up the drawing board before he began drawing on its back with his right hand. Gradually, pictures appeared on his drawing board.

The first thing that appeared was a small hill in a dense forest. His body stood on the hill and was charging down. Below the hill, the remaining half of the Split Dawn was similarly approaching him.

‘Even though I had paid a high amount of attention to the enemy... At the critical moment of the battle, I neglected checking the terrain of the place. Even if I didn’t know of the strangeness there, when I saw my target suddenly pausing, I should have been cautious.’

Su Ming looked at the drawing board and the very first scene of the fight appeared clearly in his head.

‘I could have not been injured by this fight... There was also the boy. I also could have not made any mistakes when I met him. Even if I didn’t kill him, I could have brought him with me and let him go when I was safe.’

Su Ming closed his eyes. When he reopened them, he flicked the drawing board with his right hand and a thin layer of dust flew up. Once the previous drawing was erased, he continued drawing on the board with his right hand.

It was still a forest that appeared on the drawing board this time, and within that forest, a dozen Shamans were charging to the tree where Su Ming was sitting from all around him.

‘I was not vigilant enough. My actions were not careful enough. I was in Shaman territory. If I had set up traps before I started resting... If I had brought out the red meadow before I started resting... then I wouldn’t have needed to use the treasure eldest senior brother gave me. I could also not have suffered so many wounds and killed all these people!’

Su Ming waved his right hand and continued drawing on the board. Soon, the scene of him being chased by the old Shaman in the forest and his subsequent counterattack appeared on the drawing board.

A glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes as he looked at the picture.

‘I didn’t make any mistakes in this battle... If I hadn’t made the previous two mistakes, then perhaps this battle wouldn’t have occurred. Even if it had, winning this battle wouldn’t have been so difficult for me since I’d have bought enough time for myself.

‘My trip to the land of the Shamans this time showed me just how much I’m lacking in real battle... I need to be careful, more careful!’

Firm resolution appeared in Su Ming’s eyes.

Finding out and summing up all his mistakes in his battle while figuring out all his inadequacies was one of the ways Su Ming made himself stronger.

This life and death crisis did not just bring him the joy of narrowly escaping death. If that was the case, then perhaps he would never have a second chance to narrowly escape death again.

To Su Ming, a life and death crisis should bring about transformation and growth so that he could continue improving himself. He could continue rectifying his mistakes and how he dealt with things, then when he was in the face of danger again, he could have more chances to survive.

‘I have to make each move carefully. I have to remain alert for danger that might appear at any time before I take any action. Only by doing so can I become stronger, as well as survive during Shaman Hunt.’

Su Ming closed his eyes and engraved the lesson from the trip this time in his head.

‘Besides the inadequacies in my actions, there’s also something else that I need to be careful of and rectify as well.’

Su Ming opened his eyes and lifted his right hand to draw a line across the air before him. Once he drew it, Su Ming looked at the spot where he just drew with brilliantly shining eyes.

‘This line may be complete. Perhaps it’s not perfect, but with my current power and understanding, this is my limit... but besides this line, I have nothing else I can use to fight against strong enemies...’

He frowned. Before he entered the ninth summit, he had not had this worry.

Yet since he joined the ninth summit and searched for the method to clear his mind according to Tian Xie Zi’s teachings, he had not had any chances to learn any other Arts.

The battle against the Shaman Tribe let Su Ming learn of his weakness and inadequacy.

‘I don’t have enough divine abilities... I was good with my speed to begin with, but it wasn’t enough when I fought against the old Shaman! It’s not just my divine abilities and speed, my defenses were the same.

‘The Divine General Armor can still resist the attacks dealt by those around the same level of cultivation as me, but when I meet those stronger than I am, then the Armor isn’t able to repair itself in time. Because I didn’t go to the Great Yu Dynasty to get my real Armor, that’s why it’s not sturdy.

‘Thank goodness I have Han Mountain Bell, but I mainly use it to stun my enemies with the bell chimes, not defense. Using it for defense is a last resort.

‘Besides these, I don’t have a lot of enchanted Vessels either. The ice fire eldest senior brother gave me has already disappeared, the Divine Clone uncle master Bai gave me also disappeared... I must prepare a large amount of these things before Sky Mist Shaman Hunt begins.’

Su Ming frowned.

‘There aren’t many medicinal pills left either. I need to make them again. The power of Spirit Plunder far surpassed my expectations. While it might have only absorbed the old Shaman’s spirit for an instant and I still can’t exploit that one moment of weakness, but if I’ become fast enough, if I had two or three or even more Spirit Plunders to freeze my enemies, then... I would have a chance!’

In his silence, Su Ming touched the black stone hanging off his neck. Gradually, the medicinal pill called the Welcoming of Deities appeared in his mind.

‘That old Shaman said that my Spirit Plunder was actually the Barren Core of the Shaman Tribe when he saw it... Could it be that this stone fragment actually came from the Shaman Tribe?’

Su Ming frowned. He had a feeling that it was not so.

As he continued thinking in silence, the darkness in the sky outside was slowly chased away and the surroundings gradually turned brighter. When it was completely bright, morning arrived.

When the morning sun shone into the cave, Su Ming took a deep breath. With a direction for what he wanted to do for his subsequent preparations in his heart, he got up and walked out of his cave.

It had been six days since he was taken away by Tian Xie Zi. It had been six full days since he stood on the platform outside his cave during morning while breathing in the chilling wind and looking at the sky, clouds, sea beyond the mountain, and the occasional falling or flying snow.

He stood there and looked at the horizon. He might not be able to see it clearly, but he could still feel just how the land of Shamans looked like in this morning beyond the Sky Mist Barrier that obscured the view.

"Youngest junior brother, morning."

A gentle voice that sounded like spring wind came from behind Su Ming. When he turned around, he saw his second senior brother walking towards him with his usual gentle smile while dressed in long robes.

"Second senior brother, you're up early today."

Su Ming was curious. He seldom saw his second senior brother waking up so early. Most of the time, he only woke up when it was noon. After all, wandering about during night would leave him needing sleep when the morning sun rose.



Second senior brother let out a few fake coughs and turned his face to the side slightly so that the sun could shine on his side profile.

"Youngest junior brother, there's one sentence that I finally understood, waking up early is good for you." Second senior brother swayed his head slightly.

Su Ming smiled and did not speak.

"Hmm?"

Second senior brother was about to say something when his gaze suddenly focused. He took a few scrutinizing looks at Su Ming, patted his body with his right hand, then walked around him once before suddenly speaking in a low voice.

"Fourth, tell me, did Master come to you at night when he was dressed in purple? How did you answer him?"

"I told him... I wanted to see it." Su Ming smiled.

"That's... no good..." Second senior brother was momentarily taken aback before a faint smile appeared on his lips. That smile grew wider until he finally burst out laughing. "Why didn't I think of that? That's... really no good..."

A hint of eagerness appeared in second senior brother's eyes and he patted Su Ming's shoulders. "And then? What did Master do?"

"He brought me to see a battle, we watched a person making a xun, then went to the Shaman Tribe and killed a whole bunch of Shamans..." Su Ming said softly.

Second senior brother widened his eyes and an expression that said he was looking forward to it appeared. Resolution gradually formed in his eyes.

"Next time, when Master comes to me in purple, I'll answer that way as well!"

Second senior brother was about to continue, but he suddenly lifted his head and quickly straightened up his robes before turning his body to the side to make sure the sun shone on the side of his face. A gentle smile appeared on his lips.

Two long arcs charged out from the seventh summit in the sky. Those two arcs traveled one after another. The person in the long arc in front was a woman. That woman was beautiful but had a frown on her face, as if she did not want to come. It was Zi Yan.

Once she was close to the ninth summit, she glared at Zi Che. Zi Che did not dare look at her and quickly lowered his head. Su Ming's second senior brother moved forward and with the sun still shining on his side profile, he spoke gently to Zi Yan.

"Miss Zi Yan, let's go."

As he spoke, he took a step in the air and walked towards Zi Yan. They turned into two long arcs and went into the distance, reluctance evident on Zi Yan.

Su Ming did not look at his second senior brother and Zi Yan leaving. Instead, he looked at the girl who came in the second long arc. She was dressed in white, had her hair tied up with a red string made of straw, had two small braids by her ears, and had a few glittering crystals on her forehead.

At that moment, a dazed look appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

# Chapter 275: They Do Not Have Honor

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"Su Ming."

The girl in white walked towards Su Ming through the sky with a smile that revealed her canines. There was a ribbon underneath her feet. That ribbon floated about, causing the girl to look as if she was walking on thin air as she walked towards the platform before Su Ming.

Her gentle voice sounded as if it had traveled through the passages of time when it fell into Su Ming's ears. It awakened the sorrow that was hidden deep within his memories and the promise he did not manage to fulfill that year.

At that moment, because of the wind, the snow from the sky was lifted and flew in between Su Ming and the girl. The snow covered their sight as if it wanted to obscure their vision, but as the snow blew past them, their vision was cleared up once again.

"Su Ming, do you remember me..?"

The girl in white bit down on her lower lip, and there was wildness within her bright eyes. She approached him with light footsteps and slowly came to stand before him. The faint and refreshing fragrance from her body was carried by the wind to Su Ming and wafted into his nose, then right into the deepest parts of the memories in his soul.

Under the illumination of sunlight, the crystals on the girl's

forehead let out a brilliant light. It shone into Su Ming's eyes and similarly seeped into that spot where he had buried all his memories.

She had her hair tied up with two braids by her ears. The few locks of hair that were lifted up when she approached him touched Su Ming's face.

"Why didn't you come find me..?" the girl asked softly. Her gentle voice echoed in his ears.

Su Ming trembled and stared blankly at the girl. Grief appeared in his eyes.

"Su Ming, do you remember me? Do you remember my name..? Do you remember how we first met..?" The girl's soft words cut into Su Ming's heart.

"I remember..." he mumbled.

He lifted his right hand, touched the girl's black locks, removed the red string and tied it up for her again, then put the braids by her ears behind her shoulders before taking off the crystals on her forehead and changing the location where they were placed.

Once he was done, calmness appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he spoke slowly, "You only look more like her this way."

When Su Ming finished speaking, the girl immediately frowned.

The disgust on her face was difficult to hide away. She took a few steps back, as if the act of Su Ming touching her hair itself was difficult for her to accept.

"If you can become her and make me look at you like her... then when you leave, you will have completed the task Si Ma Xin arranged for you," Su Ming said calmly.

He cast a glance at the girl and turned around to walk towards Zi Che, who was looking at them from the distance.

Bai Su stomped her feet. It could be said that she had made detailed preparations all for the sake of shocking Su Ming this morning. In fact, she had also practiced all the ambiguous words, including her expressions when she spoke, multiple times carefully.

Before she came this morning, she had even practiced before the ice mirror. Back then, the moment she started practicing, she had a feeling that she had turned into another person. It was as if a stranger's soul had gathered in her body and changed all her actions.

She knew deeply that the instant she first appeared as the person in his memories and stood for the first time before Su Ming with this look was her best chance.

In fact, if she caught this chance, then there was a high possibility that there would no longer be any need for her to do anything else.

When she saw Su Ming's dazed look, she had been pleased with herself, and when she noticed the grief in his eyes, it caused her to be even more pleased with the detailed preparations she had done the night before.

Yet things did not go according to her plans. Su Ming's last words and actions made Bai Su understand that all her preparations to meet him in this appearance had failed.

Su Ming walked up to Zi Che. As Zi Che looked at him respectfully, Su Ming gave him an order.

"I need an object that is not too big but is very heavy. The heavier, the better. Can you find something like this for me?"

Zi Che was silent for a moment before he nodded his head.

"Master, I know a type of ice. It's called Drowned Ice. It's said that this ice will never melt and each piece of it is about the size of a fist. It weighs the same as a mountain rock about the size of a human."

"Bring back as many as you can, the more the better."

Su Ming lifted his right hand and threw a plate into Zi Che's hand.

Zi Che looked at the plate and a strange look appeared on his face. The plate was considered to be a sacred item to him before he came to the ninth summit. Yet the more he knew, especially when he learned that this item was something Su Ming had borrowed from Hu Zi, the more he became perturbed.

He took the plate and wrapped his fist in his palm toward Su Ming before turning into a long arc and going off.

Once Zi Che left, Su Ming walked down the mountain path that led to Hu Zi's cave. Bai Su stomped her feet once again. When she saw Su Ming ignoring her, she took a few brisk steps forward and caught up to him.

"Hey, didn't you say you'll teach me how to draw!"

"What do you want to draw?" Su Ming did not stop and his voice came out at a moderate pace.

"Slow down! I want to draw myself!"

Bai Su took another few quick steps forward and only then did she manage to walk beside Su Ming. It was clear that she did not want to walk behind him. Even if the ice on the mountain stairs was slippery, she still wanted to walk at the same pace as Su Ming.

"It's easy drawing yourself. Position yourself before the ice and draw yourself while looking at the reflection on the ice." Su Ming's voice still retained its mild tone and did not surge with any sort of



emotion.

"Then... Then what's the point of me looking for you?!"

Bai Su was momentarily taken aback before her face colored red with rage. Yet Su Ming was walking very quickly and most of the steps he took were about several feet each. She could barely catch up to him.

"I didn't ask you to look for me."

Su Ming did not even turn his head back. The distance between him and Bai Su was gradually widening.

Bai Su gritted her teeth and ran once again.

Su Ming heard Bai Su's voice coming from behind him, "I don't want to draw myself anymore. I want to draw you!"

He stopped and turned his head back to cast a glance at the running Bai Su.

When Bai Su saw Su Ming stopping, she quickly ran to his side and satisfaction rose within her heart as she thought that there was no way Su Ming could get out of it. If she needed to look at ice to draw herself, then if she wanted to draw someone else, she would naturally need that someone to stand before her so that she could draw them.

"You want to draw me?" Su Ming looked at Bai Su.

The pride in Bai Su's heart was reflected on her face. She lifted her chin and as the sun shone on the crystals on her forehead, they glittered. Her tied up hair moved along with the wind.

"That's right. I want to draw you."

Bai Su let out a snort. That prideful look on her face overlapped for a moment with the person buried deep within Su Ming's memories.

He lifted his right hand and drew a few lines on the ice rock beside her. Once he was done and numerous ice shards flew into the air, a person appeared on that ice rock. That person was naturally Su Ming.

"Draw according to that."

Once Su Ming finished speaking, he turned around and left.

Bai Su was stunned for a moment. She looked at the person Su Ming had drawn on the mountain rock, then at Su Ming himself, who had already walked into the distance, and once again stomped her feet on the ground.

"Su Ming, you jerk!"

Bai Su's current appearance, expressions, and her words were completely different from how she was when she was with Si Ma Xin. When she was with him, Bai Su would always look naïve. She would always look at him with a gentle and adoring gaze along with a docile expression.

Yet when she was before Su Ming in the ninth summit, it was as if she had turned into someone else. If Si Ma Xin was here, he would definitely be stunned, because the Bai Su now was greatly different from the usual Bai Su before him.

Bai Su was seething and her glare made her eyes shine. Once she stomped her feet on the ground, she saw that Su Ming had already walked away and could no longer be seen. She glared at his portrait on the mountain rock and lifted her foot to kick it.

"I'll kick you! Su Ming, you jerk!"

Only when Bai Su gave a few repeated kicks to the portrait did she feel her rage subside slightly. She looked at Su Ming's portrait on the ice. Suddenly, the light in her eyes flickered and that prideful expression appeared on her face once again.

She took a few steps forward and brought a black cylinder from her bosom before starting to paint on Su Ming's portrait. As she continued painting on it, she started giggling in gleeful pride.

Su Ming arrived before long outside Hu Zi's cave. He did not hear any snores but instead some strange chuckles coming from within.

Su Ming did not stop and walked in.

The moment he entered Hu Zi's cave, he immediately noticed Hu Zi crouching on the ground with numerous round, wooden pictures scattered all over the floor. There was also the picture of a mountain among these circles. They surrounded each other as if there was a path lying within them.

Hu Zi had a knife in his hands and was carving on the pictures repeatedly. As he did so, he would let out that strange laughter. If Su Ming saw Bai Su's expression now, he would definitely think that she looked quite similar to the Hu Zi before his eyes right now.

"Heh heh, your Grandpa Hu is the smartest person of all, the smartest!

"So what if you changed the Rune? Darn you, just you watch, I'll definitely break it!

"Your Grandpa Hu has never found a place that he couldn't enter. No matter how hard this thing is, I still managed to solve it after I went to sleep."

Hu Zi was far too engrossed in his thoughts and did not notice Su Ming entering his cave. In fact, he did not even notice Su Ming standing behind him looking at the pictures he had carved on the ground.

"I used ten days for this, and I only drank thirty something pots of wine during these ten days. It's all your fault that I drank so little. Damn it, why did you people in the seventh summit suddenly change your Mountain Protection Rune? Just watch me break this!"

Hu Zi brought up his knife and carved a few lines on the ground before excited glee appeared on his face and he lifted his head to howl in laughter.

Yet the moment he lifted his head and started laughing, he caught sight of Su Ming from the corner of his eye. Stunned, his laughter died away.

"Fourth, when did you come here?"

"A long time ago..." There was an odd expression on Su Ming's face as he looked at the messy-haired and bloodshot-eyed Hu Zi.

"You heard everything?" A stern look appeared on Hu Zi's face.

"I heard... a part of it." Su Ming's expression turned even weirder.

Hu Zi lowered his head before lifting it swiftly once again. He grabbed Su Ming and his voice reverberated through the cave like a tidal wave.

"Fourth, you're truly my dearest, closest youngest junior brother.

You knew that your senior brother Hu Zi was going to succeed today, that's why you came to congratulate me. You're great. You're an awesome junior brother. I won't hide from you, so be my judge. Say, that darn, damning, shameless, perverted, outrageous seventh summit, aren't they really unfair? Aren't they really heartless? Aren't they really without honor? They... they actually changed their Mountain Protection Rune!"

## Chapter 276: I Win the First Day

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"It's the Mountain Protection Rune. Fourth, did you know that changing the Rune is very bothersome? It's seriously very bothersome! Who would change that thing so easily?! But that damn seventh summit, they... they're just bullies!" Hu Zi held onto Su Ming tightly with a face full of rage.

Su Ming wrestled himself out of Hu Zi's grasp, then looked at the livid man and found himself speechless.

"They went too far this time! I won't tolerate it!" Hu Zi shouted out, lifting his hands along with his voice.

"Fourth, what's with that expression of yours?"

It was a feat that Hu Zi could still see the odd expression on Su Ming's face when he was so angry and ask curiously.

"Uh... No... It's nothing."

Su Ming let out a few fake coughs. He had a feeling that now was not a good time to talk about the things he wanted with Hu Zi. Just as he was about to find a chance to leave as quickly as possible, Hu Zi's furious roar reverberated through the cave once again.

"They're humiliating me! This is a blatant challenge thrown in my face, isn't that right, youngest junior brother?! Isn't it horrible that they did something like this? Isn't it heartless? Isn't it without

honor? Isn't it utterly shameless?!"

Hu Zi began pacing in his cave, and his messy hair made him look like a maniac as he continued shouting.

"They're horrible! It's a complete waste for me to have gone over to take care of their Rune in the past! They're heartless! I repaired their previous Rune multiple times in the past, you know! They're seriously without honor, how could they not tell me that they changed their Rune?!"

"Third senior brother... I still have some things to do, I'm just... going to go now..." Su Ming quickly took a few steps back in an attempt to leave the place.

"Youngest junior brother, don't go..." Hu Zi ran forward and blocked Su Ming's path. He was burning with rage, but underneath that rage was excitement.

"Youngest junior brother, you have to be my judge. Say, I haven't been here for long, but did you know? That seventh summit has already changed their Mountain Protection Rune six times!

"Six times, this is the seventh time! Aren't they just bullies? Every single time they change it, the new one is much more complex than the last. I have to mull over it long and hard before I find the way to break through it!

"Especially this time, they just went overboard. They went way



overboard! I used a total of ten days to calculate and find the equations for it! It's been ten days since I went out to peek at someone else! Ten days!"

Su Ming let out a wry smile. He was just about to speak when an excited expression lying underneath Hu Zi's rage replaced the look of fury.

"But!" Hu Zi waved his arm and his bloodshot eyes were filled with brilliant light. "I still broke it. What's a Mountain Protection Rune before me? I'm the smartest person around! Youngest junior brother, look!" Hu Zi dragged Su Ming to the carved ground and pointed at the dazzling pictures covering it.

"Solving a Rune is easy. What is hard is how I'm supposed to make the Rune open up for me without it being noticed. Look, this line is me!"

Hu Zi grew increasingly more excited as he continued speaking. He took up his knife and drew a zigzagging line on the ground. That line twisted often as it went towards the deepest parts, never touching any of the other carved pictures. It was as if a path had been opened up out of thin air.

"Tonight, I'm going to let that seventh summit know that their Grandpa Hu... has come back!" Hu Zi patted his chest and laughed loudly.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he crouched down to inspect the pictures on the ground. After a long while, he lifted his

head with a smile on his face to look at the pleased Hu Zi.

"Third senior brother, you're indeed the smartest."

Once Hu Zi heard it, he became even more pleased with himself and slapped Su Ming's shoulders hard.

"You're my bosom buddy, youngest junior brother, there's no doubt about that. Tonight, I'll bring you out to broaden your view of the world. I know a few good places on the seventh summit. I never told anyone about them before, you know. I even gritted my teeth and didn't tell Master when he came to me in flowery robes.

"I've decided. How about I bring you to see Tian Lan Meng?" Hu Zi was talking excitedly when he saw Su Ming's eyes on the pictures on the ground again. He blinked and fell silent.

"Third senior brother, would the same effects appear if I carved these Runes on armor..?" Su Ming asked in a mumble, a brilliant light shining in his eyes as he stared at the Runes on the ground.

He had come to Hu Zi for this to begin with. That thought had originally been indistinct, originating from when he had seen Hu Zi create the ice that could show reflections of the seventh summit. He had once mumbled something that Zi Che couldn't hear—he planned to make his next creation sturdier.

This gave Su Ming an inspiration and an incredibly bold thought formed in his heart. This thought might be ridiculous, but Su Ming

could not give up on the temptation of success.

That was why he had thought of coming to talk to Hu Zi. Now, when he saw the pictures on the ground, that thought became clearer in his mind.

"Carve it on armor?" Hu Zi was stunned and scratched his head. He mulled over it for a long while before he shook his head. "No can do. There aren't any materials for it. Besides..." Hu Zi frowned and left his sentence hanging midway as he sank into deep thought.

"Third senior brother." Su Ming stood up and shifted his gaze from the pictures on the ground to Hu Zi. "I need some pictures of Mountain Protection Runes just like these from the simple ones to the complex ones. I'll have to trouble you for that."

Hu Zi was still frowning. When he heard it, he nodded and patted his chest, saying, "Sure. I'll get it done in a few days. But youngest junior brother, it might be a bit difficult for you to do this. There aren't any materials to do so. Besides, Mountain Protection Runes change all the time, they aren't immobile objects... Even if you manage to carve it down, they won't change anymore."

Su Ming smiled softly before he wrapped his fist in his palm towards Hu Zi and walked out of his cave, leaving his third senior brother in a state of confusion.

Hu Zi thought for a little while longer inside his cave and still found that the thing Su Ming asked for was incredibly difficult to

achieve, but since it was his youngest junior brother's request, he would definitely pour out his heart and soul to finish it.

Yet when his gaze fell on the pictures on the ground, his eyes immediately started shining. He no longer thought about how Su Ming was going to carve the Runes on his armor, but instead rubbed his hands together excitedly.

"I'll let that seventh summit know that I've come back tonight! They went too far this time! They're just heartless!"

Hu Zi picked up his wine gourd and took a big swig, then started imagining what he would be doing that night before he started giggling in a silly manner.

Su Ming left Hu Zi's cave and continued working on the idea that made his heart pound in excitement. The more he thought about it, the more he thought that it was plausible.

'I might need to use extremely precise fine control to do this...'

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and he suddenly stopped walking. His eyes were trained on Bai Su standing on the mountain path in the distance with a pleased look on her face.

"Su Ming, I finished my drawing!"

Bai Su had been waiting there for a long time. When she finally saw Su Ming, she immediately pointed to the ice rock beside her

and spoke in a melodious voice.

Su Ming turned his gaze over and saw the picture of him on the ice rock having been altered. It was smeared to the point that it was a hideous mess. There was a giant shell on his back. Bai Su had also copied that picture on the ice rock by the side. She had drawn a turtle with its neck stretched out.

That turtle looked lifelike, especially its eyes. They even resembled Su Ming's own eyes somewhat.

Su Ming's expression remained passive and he walked over to take a closer look before nodding.

"Not bad. Continue." Once he finished speaking, he calmly walked past Bai Su and left.

Bai Su was momentarily stunned. Su Ming's calmness made her fly into a rage once again and she ran up to him once more.

"Hey, I drew you!"

"I know." Su Ming did not even slow down. He simply continued walking forward, up the stairs.

"Don't you think it's alike?!" Bai Su continued pestering him.

"No," Su Ming replied flatly.

"If it's not alike, then why did you say it wasn't bad? I think it's very like you." Bai Su jogged towards Su Ming and struggled to keep up with him.

"That's why I told you to continue drawing."

Su Ming returned to the platform outside his cave. Just as he was about to return to his cave, Bai Su's livid voice came from behind him.

"Su Ming, what's the meaning of this? I already dressed myself up as per your request and you agreed to teach me how to draw, but the day has gone by and you taught me nothing." Bai Su stood on the platform and glared at Su Ming.

Su Ming turned around and looked at Bai Su. "You don't act like her."

"How so?" Bai Su immediately asked.

"Your expression. She's not as noisy as you are," Su Ming said coldly.

Bai Su stared at him, then closed her eyes after a moment. When she opened them again, she turned her back towards Su Ming. She looked at the sky in the distance and lifted her hand to tie up her hair once again before tearing her collar and dragging out the fur over there so that she looked as if she had a ball of soft fur wrapped

around her neck.

Once she was done, she lowered her head and tore away a large portion of her long dress. When the dress was torn to shreds and they flew into the wind, the skin-tight long trousers underneath it were revealed, along with the fur boots on her feet.

After that, she turned around and pursed her lips while looking at Su Ming. The disgust in her eyes was no longer there, replaced by a gentle look. The two braids in front of her shoulders moved as she turned around, and it led to the a few locks floating before her eyes.

A wild and untamed feeling seeped out of Bai Su's expressions, her clothes, and her appearance. As snow was brought down by the wind, some of it landed on her hair.

Yet it could not hide the gentleness lying underneath her wild gaze. Her eyes dazed Su Ming once again.

The snowstorm grew bigger, and when it blew between her and Su Ming, everything seemingly turned silent. Only snow remained falling from the sky and only they remained staring into each other's eyes.

"Su Ming, you're back... do you remember me..?" Her gentle voice echoed in the surroundings, as if it had fused with the snow; it silenced Su Ming.

A smile appeared on Bai Su's face. That smile was very pure, beautiful, happy. When she looked at Su Ming, her laughter rang like silver bells. She took a step back and her whole body left the platform. Without the power of Awakening and anything to support her feet, she fell rapidly down the canyons of the ninth summit.

"Su Ming, you're back... but I... left..."

Bai Su continued falling, and a wild glare appeared in her eyes. She did not want to take defeat lying down, she wanted to take the risk! As she fell, she kept her eyes trained on the platform of the ninth summit that was growing further away until she fell on something soft and wind lifted her up, allowing the speed of her falling body to gradually slow down. A pleased expression appeared on Bai Su's face once again.

"I won the first day!"

Su Ming turned around silently and walked to his cave abode. The moment he turned though, he mumbled softly, "She's also similar to you when she was being unreasonable..."



## Chapter 277: Cause

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The first true contact between Bai Su and Su Ming ended when the sky became dark and the moon showed up. Bai Su thought she won that day. She thought that she had done her best and successfully made Su Ming notice her, planting a faint mark in his heart.

If she did not win, then why would he look dazed when she met him initially? If she did not win, then why would he use that gentle wind when they parted ways?

Bai Su thought that she had completely won. Her act when she left had even unfolded all the unreasonableness and boldness within her.

When she thought about it, Bai Su could still feel her heart pounding against her chest. She sat down within her cave in the seventh summit and looked at the bronze mirror before her. She looked at her own reflection in the mirror. Gradually, a prideful look appeared on her face.

"Su Ming, you must have not expected me to do this, heh heh."

When Bai Su thought of what had happened, besides her heart starting to race in her chest, a hint of lingering fear also rose within her.

She had no idea what had come over her to do something so crazy. It was as if at that moment she was no longer herself but had

turned into someone else entirely.

She looked into the bronze mirror and that person in the mirror became strange and unfamiliar to her. That person had her hair tied by a red string. Her braids fell on her shoulders, and there were crystals stuck on her forehead. This appearance was one Bai Su had never put on before this day.

She looked at herself, and simply continued looking...

"This appearance isn't so bad..."

Bai Su smiled with pursed lips and slowly closed her eyes before immersing herself in her meditation. That day, she did not look for Si Ma Xin. In fact, Si Ma Xin's name never crossed her mind, which was an event that had never happened before.

With a joy that she did not even realize she was experiencing and a smug smile on her lips, she eagerly waited for the next day.

During that night, it was silent on the ninth summit. Zi Che stood respectfully outside Su Ming's cave abode. Before him were a dozen ice rocks the size of fists.

Freezing air seeped out of the ice rocks, and when wind blew past, the freezing air blew into Su Ming's face, causing his eyes to flicker.

"This stone won't melt even when burned, but it's not sturdy.

You can use cold air and mold the stone into all sorts of shapes. Master, I didn't have much time, that's why I could only find this number of stones... but don't worry, I will continue searching. Give me a month and I'll be able to gather much more," Zi Che said respectfully. When he saw Su Ming nodding, he retreated a few hundred feet away before sitting down and waiting for new orders.

Su Ming looked at the dozen ice rocks and picked one up. Immediately, he felt the rock weighing down his hand. It was only the size of a fist, but it felt like he was holding onto a mountain that was the height of a human.

"It's such a strange stone, but it has such fatal weakness."

Su Ming clenched his right hand. Cracks immediately appeared on the ice rock and, with a bang, it shattered into several pieces, each piece still weighing far more than their actual size.

Once Su Ming picked up the shattered pieces, he brought out an item from his storage bag with his left hand. Once that item appeared, Zi Che's pupils instantly shrank.

It was a spherical pearl – Spirit Plunder!

Once that pill was brought out, it absorbed all the light in the surroundings and the area became dark, making it seem like there was a void floating before Su Ming.

If a person could see through the dim light outside the pill and

into the pill itself, they could clearly see that there were wisps of smoke within that were moving about slowly. At the center of the wisps was an ice flower. There was an enchanting eye floating above the ice flower, and that eye had two pupils!

Su Ming had no access to any cold air that would allow him to change the ice rocks into the shape he wanted, even if most of the people in Freezing Sky Clan trained using cold.

However, Su Ming had Spirit Plunder. A thread of the prodigy Si Ma Xin's Berserker Mark was in the pill. As Su Ming pointed at Spirit Plunder with his left hand, the dim light on the pill instantly vanished and was replaced with the seemingly sealed ice that flowed on top of the wisps of smoke.

The chilling air from the flower wound up Su Ming's left hand. When he pressed his hand on the ice rocks, that cold air spread out and surrounded them.

As the cold air seeped into the stones and gradually fused with the dozen ice rocks, the rocks started shrinking. After the time taken to burn an incense stick, when Su Ming lifted his hand and the cold air dissipated, two hoops made from those dozen ice rocks appeared before him.

The two hoops were of normal size and were very fragile. They could be destroyed if he used the slightest strength, but the weight added together of the two hoops was equal to a small hill.

Su Ming took up the hoops and a grave look appeared on his face.

The two were very heavy, but not to the point that he could not lift them up. Yet if he had more pairs of these things, then unless he circulated his Qi, then he would be unable to move them with his physical body.

‘I hope you’ll be able to help me increase my speed.’

A light flickered in Su Ming’s eyes and he placed the two ice hoops on his feet before standing up and taking a step forward.

The moment he took a step forward, the platform shuddered.

‘It’s still not enough.’

Su Ming walked around back and forth on the platform. Once he found that he was not in too much discomfort, he no longer thought about it and sat down once again. With the moonlight shining on his face, he looked at the moon in the sky and a contemplative look appeared in his eyes.

‘I can use ice rocks to increase my speed, but that’s only to increase my physical body’s speed. It won’t help me increase my speed when I fly...

‘That’s already not part of my physical abilities, but an Art...’

Su Ming looked at the moon in the sky, and a scene gradually appeared in his eyes.

There was a golden light shining in the horizon within that scene. That golden light stirred up a huge gust of wind and traveled 10,000 li in distance in the span of a breath, approaching the place at a shocking speed before turning into the Golden Roc that was about 10,000 feet in size.

"This is the fastest speed I've ever witnessed!" Su Ming mumbled and closed his eyes.

After a moment, he opened them and brought out the drawing board. He drew a few lines with his right hand and immediately, a Golden Roc appeared on the drawing board before his eyes.

'In regards to my speed, I can use the ice rocks to train my body so it'll be able to resist the pressure brought by faster speeds, which will in turn increase my physical speed!

'Similarly, I can copy the instant the Golden Roc flapped its wings and use it as the second Style in my Picture Creation. By doing so, I'll be able to increase my speed more completely.'

Determination appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

'As for my defense... I have to wait for third senior brother to bring me those Runes before I can begin the tests.'

Su Ming sank into his thoughts once again for a while before he focused his attention and started drawing on the drawing board

once again.

He was so absorbed in it that he ignored everything else around him. His entire mind was on the drawing board, and as he drew, multiple flying Golden Rocs appeared on it.

Every single time the Golden Rocs flapped its wings, their feathers would change, their bodies would transform, and under Su Ming's hand, the differences of each individual bird gradually became clearer.

It was the same as when he had copied Si Ma Xin's sword attack. He would continuously copy it to search for his own Creation.

When morning arrived and the morning sun rose in the horizon, Bai Su came once again to the ninth summit.

She was still dressed in that manner and was still smiling while showing her canines. With a proud expression on her face, she walked past Zi Che and stood before Su Ming. She looked at him sitting there with the morning sun shining on him as he drew on the drawing board.

Bai Su stood by the side and watched for a moment but could only see Su Ming moving his finger on the drawing board. She could not see what he drew. In her eyes, that drawing board was empty.

After a moment, she grew impatient.

"Hey, I've been waiting for half a day! Stop pretending I'm not here!"

It was as if Su Ming did not hear her and simply continued drawing. When Zi Che saw this in the distance, he smiled wryly and turned his head around to not watch them anymore. He could not understand Su Ming's actions. If he hated the girl, then why did he let her come here, but if he did not hate the girl, then why did he not choose to see her from the very beginning?

Zi Che could not see through the secrets behind this.

When Bai Su saw that Su Ming still pretended to not have heard her, she let out a harrumph and went forward to snatch his drawing board, yet the moment she wanted to act, for some unknown reason, when she saw the concentrated look on Su Ming's face, her outstretched hand froze.

It was as if she hesitated for a moment, but her hand still seized the drawing board. The instant she touched the drawing board, her hair suddenly floated up and the red string tying up her hair immediately broke, causing her long hair to fall down. Her clothes started flapping viciously as if a violent gust of wind was blowing against her.

Bai Su's face instantly turned pale and a dazed look appeared in her eyes, as if she had lost her soul and it was sucked into the drawing board. Right before her eyes, an unfamiliar world appeared.



She saw a golden light passing by through a dark sky. Once that golden light passed by, another appeared.

She had no idea how long it lasted, but Bai Su saw countless golden lights.

The moment she felt as if she forgot herself and her mind turned blank, an aloof voice seemed to echo within the clouded and indistinct world.

"This is a lesson for you, don't interrupt my training."

After the words, Bai Su felt as if her soul returned and she regained control of her own body. She trembled, and the world before her shattered. Once her vision reassembled itself, she saw Su Ming's eyes.

There was calmness within his eyes, but within that calmness was a might that made her heart tremble. That imposing might in his eyes was one that Si Ma Xin did not possess.

Under his gaze, an indescribable fatigue and weakness spread through her whole body. She staggered a few steps back and her vision blurred. She fell unconscious to the ground.

She fainted because she did not have the divine sense Su Ming had that had surpassed most of those in the Berserker Tribe. With her weak mind, she could not handle the Golden Roc's light that

was formed by Su Ming's repeated drawings.

"Send her down. We'll have a few days of peace," Su Ming said slowly, then continued immersing himself in copying the Golden Roc.

Zi Che quickly walked forward. With one wave of his arm, he took Bai Su away from the ninth summit.

# Chapter 278: Dream

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There was a legend that had been around for a long time among the people in the Berserker Tribe. It was said that this legend had been circulating about since the era of the first God of Berserkers.

The legend spoke about the land of the Berserker Tribe before it was divided into five continents a long time ago. In the land far south was a butterfly called [Harmonious Morus Alba](#). That butterfly was not big, only the size of a palm. She had all the colors in the world and all of them were different.

She flew in the sky but could not be seen by normal people, because she belonged to the world placed even higher than the ninth heaven, a world that was filled with hurricanes.

In the legends, it was said that even though she was a butterfly and had beautiful wings, she could only flap her wings three times in her life. Besides these three times, she would otherwise float in the wind.

The first time she flapped her wings it would be to fly into the place above the ninth heaven once she was born.

The second time she would flap her wings at the peak of her life. It would be to show off those magnificent colors in search of her companions, but she would be unable to find them.

The last time she would flap her wings at the point when her life ended. To leave a mark in the world, she would use all her

strength, and the moment she would finish flapping her wings, her body would turn into sparkles of light and scatter to the ground in wind like seeds. These seeds would turn into cocoons, but only one of them would turn into a butterfly.

This legend spoke of the three times the Harmonious Morus Alba flapped her wings. There were also a series of other legends attached to this. It was said that when she flapped her wings the first time, an earth shattering change would happen to the southern lands.

The second flap of her wings would cause a mass of corpses with grey eyes to appear on the eastern lands.

Her third flap would cause the snow in the northern lands to bring about a long lasting night that would last for ten years.

That was the legend.

That was a legend that Su Ming had never heard of before, but Bai Su had.

At night, the unconscious Bai Su woke up in her dreams. She looked at the unfamiliar world before her with a dazed look and stood alone, a lost expression on her face.

She knew that she was dreaming and that everything she saw was an illusion, none of this existed in reality.

Yet she could not truly wake up from the dream and make it disappear.

She could see snow on the ground and more snow falling from the dark sky. It was quiet all around her. There was only one mountain range located in one direction in the distance. Everywhere else was flatland.

That one spot with the mountain range had a mountain that could not be seen clearly because it was covered by the snowstorm. She had a feeling that she had seen that mountain somewhere before. It was a mountain that shot into the clouds like a person's hands stretching out from the ground and wanting to lift the curtain in the sky!

"Where... is this..?" Bai Su mumbled, and she looked more lost than ever before.

In the midst of her confusion, she walked slowly forward. The snow trail under her feet seemed to be time itself, causing her to feel as if she was walking through all four seasons of the world with each step she took. As she continued walking, she arrived at a forest. She had no idea how long she had been in there, but at some point in time, she suddenly heard excited chatter by her ears.

That voice came from afar and caused Bai Su to stop. Instinctively, she moved to the direction of the voices.

Gradually, she passed through the mountain forest and saw something...

It was a large mass of land that did not have any forest. There were a lot of skin tents over there, along with many powerful Berserkers patrolling the area with aloof gazes. There were quite a number of people weaving in and out of the skin tents. That place was a small market.

There were a lot of squares like these in the Land of South Morning so that small tribes could trade with each other.

Bai Su looked at the unfamiliar faces. The chatter she heard sounded real, but when she looked at these people, they could not see her. One of the patrolling Berserkers even passed through Bai Su's body.

"This is..."

She was even more lost.

Yet right when she started feeling lost, she suddenly shuddered. She saw two people running quickly from the forest located not too far away.

One of the two looked very strong and had an honest face. The other person running beside him was also a teenager, but he looked frail. He had a handsome face and his eyes shone with a clear light.

He wore clothes made of beast skins and his features still showed

his naivety, but the moment Bai Su saw the boy, she was shaken.

"Su... Su Ming!"

Bai Su's breathing quickened. She had never expected that she would see Su Ming in her dreams!

The Su Ming before her eyes was still a naïve boy. That frail looking person bore similarities to the Su Ming in her memories, but there were many more differences, so many that they seemed completely different people.

Yet at that moment, a delicate voice shouting in anger rang out.

"Lei Chen!"

Bai Su instinctively looked over. When she saw the young girl speaking, a roar echoed through her mind. She saw a young girl, and she was dressed in a shirt made of mink fur. Her long hair was tied up with a red string made of straw and there were small braids falling down her shoulders while glittering crystals decorating her forehead. With anger in her eyes and a frown on her face, she looked at Su Ming's companion, who was standing by his side.

Her appearance made Bai Su fall into a trance.

That was a young girl... with the exact same appearance as Bai Su.

It was the end. The sights froze in Bai Su's eyes and gradually disappeared. She opened her eyes swiftly and sweat beaded on her forehead. She looked around herself and found that she was back in her cave abode.

It was quiet outside. Not a hint of sound could be heard.

Bai Su stared blankly forward, her eyes unfocused. Her mind was still stuck seeing the things in her dream.

After a long while, Bai Su draped a robe over her shoulders and pushed open the door to her abode. The sky was dark, and a gust of cold wind made her feel slightly cold.

She stood outside her cave abode and looked at the dark sky. Under the moonlight, her gaze eventually fell on the ninth summit. As she looked at it, a befuddled and complicated look appeared in her eyes.

"Why did I have that dream..? Are the things in the dream real... or fake..?" Bai Su mumbled.

That same night, as Su Ming repeatedly copied the Golden Roc, at one point, when he drew one particular line, his finger froze and a dreamlike scene surfaced in his mind.

It contained a land where wind and snow continuously blew. The wind was strong and snow floated in the air, obscuring his vision.



He could not see too far ahead, but he could still see a young girl about seven to eight years old crying as she ran ahead.

Walking in front of the young girl was a woman who had her back turned towards the young girl and was slowly disappearing into the distance.

"Mama, don't go... Mama, don't you want me anymore..?"

The woman stopped for a moment, but she did not turn back, and then simply continuing walking forward at a brisk pace. Among the snow, the young girl's crying voice was the only sound that could be heard.

When she could no longer run and fell to the ground, she still struggled to get up and tried to continue running forward with tears streaming down her face. She wanted to hold her mother's hand. She wanted to make her mother stay.

Yet that woman continued walking away until her figure could no longer be seen in the snowstorm. The young girl continued crying until she seemed to have used up all the strength in her fragile body and fell onto the snow, unmoving.

The wind blew strongly against her body, causing the young girl to curl into herself. She closed her eyes, and while she continued calling out to her mother in faint whispers, she lost consciousness.

Her right pinky gradually became green—that was the color of

flesh being frozen...

Su Ming looked at all of this and did not speak.

Eventually, a man walked out into the snowstorm. The man appeared indistinct in Su Ming's eyes and he could not see his face clearly. He walked to the girl's side and crouched down before gently taking her up and walking into the distance.

"Su Su, come home with papa..."

The scene froze here for Su Ming. As it gradually disappeared, his body shuddered and woke up. He looked at his right index finger which remained frozen on the drawing board. After a short period of bewilderment, he looked at a corner of the drawing board swiftly.

That was the spot Bai Su had touched.

Su Ming let his mind wander for a moment before he brushed the corner Bai Su had touched with his right hand, and a pensive look appeared in his eyes.

‘Why did that happen..? Ever since I Awakened, I never dreamed. That voice in my dreams never appeared either... But when I was copying the Golden Roc just now, I fell into a trance.’

Su Ming frowned.

‘That dream did not seem fake, and there’s no way it appeared out of nowhere. There must be a reason to this!’

Su Ming stayed silent and thought for a long time. When dawn was almost over and the first rays of sunlight started showing signs of appearing, a thought suddenly struck him like lightning.

‘Could it be... when Bai Su touched the drawing board yesterday and had that brief instant of contact with my divine sense when I was fully concentrated in my task, it also meant that our memories were connected for a short moment of time..?’

‘And because of that I had that dream just now!’

‘The divine sense also has the power to look into other people’s memories?’

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. His eyes flashed, and before the sky was fully bright, he turned into a long arc and left the ninth summit. He charged to the foot of the mountain.

There were plenty of creatures who loved the cold, lurking around the endless ice outside Freezing Sky Clan. Due to the climate of the place, most of these creatures were aggressive.

Su Ming stayed in one particular ice plains for nearly two hours. The sky was already bright by that time, and eight Ice Wolf carcasses lay beside him.

Su Ming lifted his right hand and placed it on the head of one of the living Ice Wolves and closed his own eyes. After a moment, he opened them once again, and the instant he did so, that Ice Wolf shuddered, fell to the side, and died.

Su Ming's eyes shone with curiosity. After a moment of silence, he turned into a long arc and left the place to return to the ninth summit.

Yet the moment he arrived at the ninth summit and stood on the platform outside his cave, he saw Bai Su coming once again. When he saw her, the feeling of familiarity coming from her appearance and expression surpassed that of the previous day.

The beast skin boots, black mink fur coat, straight posture, hair tied up with a red string, and the anger in her eyes along with the frown between her brows...

Under the deliberate disguise, this Bai Su had become exactly the same as the girl she had seen in her dream, no matter her clothes or her appearance!

桑相 is the legendary butterfly. 桑 (sang) is mulberry, and that's the only name for it.

相 (xiang) has a lot of meanings:

1) Appearance

2) Bearing

3) Phase

4) Photo

5) Observe

6) Help

7) Mutual

8) Get along

9) Harmonious relationship (archaic).

After a heck load of thought, Harmonious Morus Alba was chosen, because no matter how I went with word + mulberry, it still sounded ridiculous, so I went for the Latin version of mulberry, which is morus alba, and came up with Harmonious Morus Alba. I mean, imagine Harmonious Mulberry, and then everyone freaking out about Harmonious Mulberry. I can't take it seriously, and it's supposed to be something that can destroy the world once it flaps its wings.

I really, really wanted to go for pinyin, but 1) I wanted to restrict it to strictly human names, 2) unless the word itself only means a surname, like Puqiang Tribe, where Qiang is a surname, 3) or the

word means a province and it doesn't make sense in English, like Han Mountain City, which would have been Province Mountain City, I wanted to keep everything in English as much as possible, no matter how ridiculous it sounded.

So... Harmonious Morus Alba it is.

# Chapter 279: The Howling Wind before the Storm

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As Su Ming looked at Bai Su, Bai Su too was looking at Su Ming. That morning, the two of them stared at each other on the platform outside his cave.

When Bai Su saw Su Ming hypnotized and bewildered for an instant, she no longer felt pleased with herself. There was only an indescribable feeling within her.

She knew that her dream... might very well have been real.

That frail looking boy in her dream gradually overlapped with the Su Ming before her.

Su Ming looked at Bai Su and walked towards her until he stood right before her. He looked at that familiar face, and after a long while, he lifted his hand and grabbed her right hand, lowering his head to look at it.

This was the first time he touched Bai Su's skin. She shuddered and instinctively struggled, but she could not escape Su Ming's grasp.

Most of the time, Su Ming only took note of Bai Su's face, which was the exact same as Bai Ling's. He had never observed any other part of her body, until now. He looked at Bai Su's right pinky. It might be as white as a pearl, but it was curled up. It... could not

straighten out.

Bai Su broke free from his grasp and took a few steps back before she looked at Su Ming with mixed feelings in her heart.

"You... You saw it?"

Su Ming nodded.

Bai Su was silent for a moment, then asked, "Why did this happen?"

When she lifted her head, that complicated look could still be seen in her heart. That finger was her secret. She did not want anyone knowing about it. It was her most vulnerable part, and she had not even told Si Ma Xin about it.

"You should not have interrupted my training..."

Su Ming shook his head and walked past Bai Su before sitting down on the stone outside his cave abode and bringing out his drawing board to resume drawing.

Bai Su stood still for a long while, then for the first time, she turned around quietly. Without making any noise, without becoming proud of herself, without any hint of fury, she left the ninth summit, bringing with her mixed feelings in her heart.



When she left, Su Ming lifted his head and looked in the direction she had left before sighing softly.

‘This is your destiny, and also my Creation... This is the path you chose, I didn’t force you to... When you can no longer tell who you are, Si Ma Xin will lose.’

Time trickled by without anyone noticing it, and in the blink of an eye, another three months passed by.

There were less than six months left till Sky Mist Shaman Hunt. During those six months, an increasing number of people in Freezing Sky Clan entered their final isolation, begun their final preparations, and occasionally, some Freezing Sky Clan disciples would travel together to go to the affiliated tribes located at the borders of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky, which were located not too far away from the school itself.

There were quite a number of squares over there, and the disciples could buy some of the things they needed. Some people would even bring a lot of things that were unique to the other parts of the Land of South Morning to trade in those squares.

The Sky Mist Battle that only happened once a decade would also bring about a many new trading squares. They would not only be formed by the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky itself, but would of many outsiders as well.

This was even more so for the Great Sky Mist Battle that only happened once a century. That was why during this period of time,

there were two incredibly lively spots in the entire Land of South Morning. One of them was the trading square outside Western Sea Clan, and the other was the trading square outside Freezing Sky Clan.

Almost every day, there would be Freezing Sky Clan disciples going to these trading squares to get the items they needed. And since the amount of people going to them increased, auctions would also be occasionally held. The items that were brought out during these auctions would usually incite a large amount of interest from the crowd.

During the last three months, besides copying the actions of the Golden Roc in flight, Su Ming also trained his body by adding more weight onto himself after a set amount of time. Right now, there were already eight ice hoops on his legs.

The eight hoops were hidden underneath Su Ming's robes and no one knew about them besides him and Zi Che. Every single time the latter watched Su Ming walking as if he was the wind itself, he would feel shocked. He knew clearly just how heavy those eight hoops were. They were as heavy as hills, and under that weight, Su Ming would need to exert a great amount of effort to take a step.

Zi Che could be said to have witnessed everything that had happened to Su Ming after he wore those ice hoops. He had started relaxed, then whenever he added more ice hoops to each leg, he would be unable to take even a step forward. His body would tremble, and he would need to stand still for an entire day before he could marginally get used to it.

When he could walk around with ease with those three ice hoops on each leg, he added a fourth hoop and began a new round of getting used to that new weight. Gradually, those four ice hoops did not feel as if they weighed anything to Su Ming on his legs. It did not matter whether he walked or flew, he could do so at his normal speed.

Yet only Zi Che knew that Su Ming had poured in a large amount of effort to be able to do this. During these three months, he had practically not slept. Besides copying, having black fog surrounding his body and that Divine General Armor of his appearing, Su Ming used all the rest of his time getting used to the additional weights.

During these three months, Su Ming's Divine General Armor would frequently appear. Sometimes, it would gather up and turn into Armor, and at other times, it would scatter around him. Every single time the black fog from his Armor appeared, Su Ming would pour all his attention into using fine control along with his divine sense to start making a series of combinations for his Armor.

These combinations were made according to the dozens of Runes Hu Zi had sent to him two months ago, and the changes were made according to the transformations within those Runes itself. This was that absurd idea Su Ming had had.

If he could not increase the methods he had to defend himself, then he would have to create them himself. The best way was to control the black fog he obtained when he was Awakening was to turn it into various Runes as the black fog was in the process of manifesting into his Armor.

In theory, it was simple, but when it really came down to it, it was difficult. Su Ming had no knowledge whatsoever regarding Runes, so it was hard to make them with the black fog without making any mistakes.

Besides, Hu Zi mostly relied on his natural talent in this area and could not explain the concepts clearly to Su Ming. Su Ming had to rely on himself to understand everything. Fortunately, his Picture Creation allowed him to copy everything in the world, and after spending a large amount of time on it, he had managed to form a Rune as the black fog turned into Armor after a dozen tries since he started.

However, not only was this Rune the most basic of all Runes, the transformations within it were also limited. After the few times it transformed, Su Ming could no longer control it. He would need more precise fine control and a far stronger divine sense before he could perhaps do it.

Nonetheless, Su Ming did not give up. Even if he had only succeeded once out of those dozens of times, and that success was not perfect, once he tested it out, he could clearly feel that the illusionary Divine General Armor's defense had increased by a large amount.

This was a direction for him. When the day came that he could control it perfectly, then his Divine General Armor's defense would be incredibly powerful, even though it had no physical form and was just a mere illusion.

Su Ming had been continuously training and making preparations during these three months. But besides training, Bai Su had also been coming every single day during those three months.

The complicated look in her eyes only appeared for the first few days. Once half a month went by, she seemed to have come around to her thoughts and returned to her unreasonable self. She maintained that particular appearance, and the outside of Su Ming's cave abode would be noisy every single day.

"Su Ming, what exactly are you drawing? I've been watching you draw for several months, but nothing ever comes out!"

"Su Ming, see whether this looks similar, I drew a mountain!"

"Su Ming, can you just lift up your head and talk to me? Has anyone ever told you that you're like a mute?!"

Snow floated down from the sky above the ninth summit. Bai Su sat beside Su Ming and glared at him in rage. There was a piece of black charcoal in her hands and a drawing board that was identical to the one Su Ming had in his hands. She drew on it angrily a few times.

Su Ming did not open his mouth to speak. He remained seated with his legs crossed and his eyes closed. Black fog surrounded his body and turned into several strange shapes, but they would disappear soon because they could not maintain their shape.

When she saw that Su Ming was not reacting, Bai Su picked up her drawing board and threw it at Su Ming angrily, but the moment that drawing board got close to him, it stopped in midair.

Bai Su stood up and threw the piece of charcoal in her hand at Su Ming as well.

That charcoal also stopped before Su Ming.

Bai Su seemed to be used to this sort of thing happening. She was not at all surprised and took a few quick steps towards Su Ming. She lifted her foot and was just about to kick him, but the moment she lifted her foot, she forced it down once again and glared at Su Ming, who still had his eyes closed, in anger.

She had tried to kick him like this before, but the consequences were horrible.

Yet when Su Ming continued sitting there with his eyes closed as if he did not hear her words, Bai Su could not control her temper. She gritted her teeth and lifted her foot to kick him.

"I'll kick you, you stupid mute. I'll kick you..."

She kicked, but before her foot touched Su Ming, she immediately let out a cry of surprise. As if she was caught by an invisible hand, she floated beside Su Ming with her head downwards... along with her drawing board and charcoal.

"Su Ming, you... you jerk!" Bai Su yelled out, and fury once again burned in her eyes. She tried twisting herself, but she still continued floating with her head pointing downwards.

As she continued yelling, Bai Su could not help but grow tired. As time passed by, she became dizzy and her cheeks became flushed. She decided to shut up, but the anger in her eyes did not go away. In her mind, she continued thinking of ways to deal with Su Ming.

At that moment, a long arc approached the place and turned into Zi Che on the platform. He took a few brisk steps forward to Su Ming's side, and he also saw Bai Su, who was floating upside down.

When Bai Su saw Zi Che looking over, she started yelling again, "What are you looking at?! What's so nice about it?! Haven't you seen this before?!"

Zi Che straight up ignored Bai Su's words. During these three months, he had already gotten used to her tantrums and Su Ming's subsequent punishments for her.

"Master, there are no more ice rocks. I've searched through many places, but I couldn't find them. The trading square at the borders of Freezing Sky Clan have been really lively lately, though. Many of the sect members go there regularly, so there must be ice rocks around.

"Please grant me permission to leave the ninth summit temporarily to go to the square in your place."

"Trading square?" Su Ming opened his eyes. The black fog around him seeped into his body and disappeared.

"The closer Sky Mist Battle gets, the more trading squares like these will appear at the borders between the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky and Freezing Sky Clan. Don't worry, Master, I'll only need half a month to return," Zi Che quickly replied.

"Be careful," Su Ming muttered softly.

He had gained some understanding towards controlling his Divine General Armor's black fog lately and did not want his training to stop because he had to go out. He nodded his head, lifted his right hand, and tapped Zi Che's body, temporarily lifting his restraints.



## Chapter 280: Ignorant

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Zi Che shuddered slightly and closed his eyes for a moment. When he opened them, a brilliant light shone within his eyes. The freedom that returned to him after a long period of time made him suck in a deep breath. When he looked at Su Ming and saw the calm gaze leveled at him, Zi Che quickly straightened his thoughts and wrapped his fist around his palm to bow.

"Master..."

"Just call me uncle master. I released your seal for ten days. Within ten days, you must come back," Su Ming interrupted Zi Che's words. He did not know when it started, but Zi Che had gradually started to refer to him as his owner.

When he heard Su Ming's words, Zi Che fell silent for a moment. "Uncle master, I won't need ten days, just three to five days are sufficient for me. I'll take my leave now."

Zi Che took a few steps back and flew up in a long arc. He took a leap in the sky before charging towards the horizon.

After Zi Che left, Su Ming's gaze fell on Bai Su, who was still hanging upside down. With a wave of his right hand, her body was instantly flipped over and placed on the ground. At the same time, the drawing board and charcoal flew towards her and floated beside her.

"Su Ming, you..."

Bai Su might have been suspended in the air for most of the day, but her anger was still burning strongly, making her look like an angry lion cub. She might not be baring her teeth and showing her claws, but her expression was quite close to that of a lion cub.

"If you continue making noise, I'll chase you out of the mountain today! And I'll never tell you what I drew."

The ghost of a smile appeared on Su Ming's lips. His tone was not high, but it made Bai Su glare angrily at him for a while. She then turned her head sideways and let out a harrumph.

During these three months, Su Ming had discovered one of Bai Su's weaknesses. This girl's curiosity far exceeded a normal person's and she really wanted to know what Su Ming had been drawing the past few months. Once he caught onto it, Su Ming gained the upper hand most of the times when he spoke to Bai Su.

When he saw that she was no longer bothering him, Su Ming no longer continued trying to bring about any transformation to his Divine General Armor but brought out his drawing board and began copying the Golden Roc's flight with full attention.

Time passed by, and soon the sun set, though the last rays of light still shone in the sky, creating a beautiful scene. At that moment, Bai Su found herself unable to quell her curiosity once again and walked to Su Ming's side with a frown, then watched him sketching on the drawing board that remained empty in her eyes.

No matter how long she watched it, she could not see anything, just like how she usually could not.

‘Hmph, you’re just pretending to be mysterious!’ Bai Su mumbled in her heart and cast a glance at Su Ming. He looked incredibly focused on his task, and that attentive look made him even more horrible in Bai Su’s eyes for some unknown reason.

However, she simply thought he was horrible, the disdain and scorn of a few months ago was no longer there.

Bai Su did not notice this unconscious change that had happened to her.

When dusk was over and the sky gradually became dark, she averted her gaze and let out a few fake coughs by the side.

"I know what you’re drawing."

"So you’re drawing this, huh..?"

"Not bad. It’s marginally acceptable, but there’s something wrong with this part."

As Bai Su spoke, she quickly pointed at a spot on Su Ming’s drawing board with her right hand.

"But there’s something lacking in this drawing, so the entire feel

for the portrait is gone... If you change the brush strokes here, then it'll be better."

"This part too isn't really that good."

Bai Su put on an air as if she had seen through what Su Ming was drawing and started giving directions as if she was an old expert in this.

Yet Su Ming continued to be like a block of wood, as if he did not hear her.

Though she might be slightly used to Su Ming ignoring her this way, Bai Su still felt herself burning with rage. She had a feeling that all her anger of this life had been forcefully dragged out of her during the course of these three months. This was something that was rarely seen in her life.

"You self-conceited, egotistical jerk! You're just pretending to be mysterious, pretending to be deaf. You jerk! Jerk!" Bai Su stomped her feet and turned around to walk to the side.

She was just about to leave, but after taking a few steps, she found herself not wanting to take defeat lying down. She turned her head back and looked at Su Ming, who was still sitting on the platform with his usual calm expression, fully absorbed in drawing.

Bai Su glared at him angrily for a long while before grabbing her

drawing board and sitting down. Once she scribbled on it with her charcoal, the anger on her face turned into a smile, though she still occasionally glared at Su Ming.

Eventually, when it was completely dark, she placed her drawing board before Su Ming, let out a snort again, and left the mountain.

When she left, a pleased expression appeared on her face once again. Her lips would occasionally curl up in a happy smile as she was on her way back to the seventh summit, looking forward to tomorrow.

"It's his fault for bullying me. I'll ask him whether he saw my drawing tomorrow and how it looks like to him."

Bai Su placed her hands behind her back and walked up the mountain happily. Her hair, which were tied with a red string, danced in the air. The two braids by her ears swayed as she moved, making her look incredibly adorable.

The smile on her lips and the smug expression on her face made Bai Su possess a completely different beauty compared to a few months prior.

"Ah, isn't that sister Su Su? Come, let your older sister look at you. Just what exactly made you so happy?"

A delicate laughter came from behind Bai Su as she walked up the seventh summit's stairs. Soon, girl who was about the same age as

Bai Su came out as well.

The girl was also very pretty, and as she laughed, a teasing look appeared on her face.

Bai Su quickly turned her head back. When she saw the girl, a light flush appeared on her cheeks, but she soon glared at her.

"Chen Chan Er, you're younger than me by a few days, how dare you call yourself my 'older sister'? I'm older than you, and I entered the school earlier than you did. I'm the senior sister here." As Bai Su spoke, she also started laughing and started playing with Chen Chan Er once she walked up to her.

"Alright, alright, you're the senior brother... Ah, stop it, I'm ticklish..."

"It's your fault for talking so weirdly to me just now."

Playful sounds along with laughter that sounded like silver bells echoing with joy traveled down the stairs leading up to the seventh summit. The two girls played and chased each other up the mountain.

"Su Su, I have to stop talking to you now. I have to go to eldest senior sister." Chen Chan Er patted her chest when they were at the mountainside, calmed her breathing, and spoke to Bai Su with a smile.

"Alright, I have to go back to my cave abode too." Bai Su's cheeks were flushed due to her frolicking around just now. She nodded her head with a smile.

Chen Chan Er was just about to leave when she hesitated for a moment and looked at Bai Su.

"Su Su... I heard that you've been... going to the ninth summit for the past few months?"

Bai Su was taken aback. She cast a glance at Chen Chan Er and did not speak.

"I just saw you going to the ninth summit again to look for that horrid Su Ming." When Chen Chan Er mentioned Su Ming's name, a look of distaste appeared on her face. "Su Su, that Su Ming is very annoying and egotistical. He thinks he can strut around like he's some hotshot just because he came to a tie with senior brother Si Ma. Who the heck does he think he is? I hate that type of people the most.

"Don't be fooled by his flattery. I understand that type of person the most, he..." When Chen Chan Er saw Bai Su not making a sound, she continued speaking.

Yet before she could finish speaking, she was interrupted by Bai Su.

"That's enough. He's not as hateful as you said he is."

Bai Su's words tumbled out of her mouth instinctively, and when she finished speaking, she was stunned.

In her mind, she was the only one who could call him egotistical, pretentious, and arrogant. If anyone else said those things, she would feel uncomfortable.

"Su Su, you have to believe me. I understand him more than you do. I went to summon him over on behalf of eldest senior sister before, but I had to go there multiple times. I know exactly how he is!

"He definitely showers you with flatter and butters you up. He's absolutely nothing compared to big brother Si Ma. Big brother Si Ma is the one who's truly nice to you."

Chen Chan Er sighed lightly and looked at Bai Su.

Bai Su remained silent. When she heard Si Ma Xin's name, a dazed look appeared in her eyes. He appeared faintly in her head, but she could not see him clearly.

Over the past few months, while she had initially wanted to see Si Ma Xin practically every single time, gradually, she would only think about him once every few days, and now, it had been a month or so that Si Ma Xin's name had not appeared in her head.

"Su Su, wake up, Su Ming isn't a good person. He's too arrogant.



He doesn't even respect eldest senior sister, and it's only been a few months since he entered the school. He won't be able to last long with this attitude. Sky Mist Shaman Hunt is about to begin, with his attitude and with how he does things, he'll definitely die!"

The moment Chen Chan Er said those words, she suddenly stopped speaking, because Bai Su had lifted her head to look at her, and her gaze was cold.

"First off, I have my reasons to go to the ninth summit. The arrogant and haughty person you said who will surely die has never spoken a nice word to me. When we're together, most of the time, I'm the one talking and he's usually silent.

"There are plenty of times where he's immersed in his own world and other people cannot enter it. On the other hand, Si Ma... big brother Si Ma is completely different from him."

When she came to the latter half of her sentence, a mixed set of emotions filled her heart, causing her to be unable to continue. Instead, she turned around and left Chen Chan Er with an open mouth, as if she was about to speak.

Not long after Bai Su left the ninth summit, Su Ming slowly lowered his right hand. He lifted his head and looked at the sky. A frown gradually formed between his brows.

'Something's missing... I've been copying for three months, but I still can't gain a deeper understanding towards this. It's as if there's a layer I can't break through that's covering the secret of

the Golden Roc's flight...

‘What am I lacking..?’

As Su Ming mulled over his thoughts, his gaze naturally fell on the drawing board Bai Su had left behind before she left.

The spot she placed the drawing board was ingenious. Su Ming would be able to see it the moment he lifted his head.

When he saw the drawing board, Su Ming smiled.

Bai Su had no talent for drawing. Most of the time, people would need to guess just what it was she had drawn, but this time, her drawing was simple. There was a girl with her hands on her hips on the drawing board. She stood on a cliff with her foot lifted and a smug expression on her face. She was kicking towards a huge pig that had its eyes closed and its head lowered.

By the looks of it, she wanted to kick the huge pig down the cliff.

There was Su Ming's name scrawled on the pig's forehead.

Su Ming shook his head and was about to avert his gaze when a bright glint appeared in his eyes. He stared at Bai Su's drawing board and the light in his eyes grew brighter. Thunderous rumbles echoed in his head.

‘Could it be... it’s lacking...’

# Chapter 281: Roc!

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Su Ming stood up, and his gaze fell on Bai Su's picture. Slowly, he closed his eyes. When he reopened them a moment later, he took a few steps forward and stood at the edge of the platform outside his cave abode.

The sky had already become completely dark, but the snow and ice underneath still shone with a white light, causing the land to not be shrouded in darkness.

The platform Su Ming was standing on was near the top of the ninth summit. It could be said that there were hundreds upon thousands of feet from where he was to the ground. If a normal person lowered his or her head to look down, they would find it hard to not have his or her heart start racing while also feeling dizzy.

Su Ming stood there and looked down as the light in his eyes flickered.

‘The Golden Roc rode the winds in the world and flew above the ninth heaven. It won't be easy trying to copy the movements of the sacred beast of the Shaman Tribe, then Creating it for my own...

‘If I don't have the Golden Roc's heart and don't feel the Roc's will, then it will be difficult to understand its spirit... then... just what are the Golden Roc's heart and will..?’

Su Ming stood there, silent for a long while before he closed his

eyes. He lifted his right foot, then stepped off the border of the platform, and plunged straight down the canyon.

With that one step, his body was in the air. Without circulating his power of the Awakening Realm and using any enchanted treasure, his body started falling down the mountain like a rock.

His speed as he fell was very quick, so quick that whistling sounds sliced through the air as his body scraped against air. Su Ming closed his eyes and spread his arms open. As he continued falling, the image of the Golden Roc soaring through the clouds formed in his head.

‘The Golden Roc’s heart and its will are reflected as it flies through the world. Within its eyes, there is nothing in the world that can stop its path. It can fly endlessly in this vast sky.’

Su Ming fell even faster, and the sounds of wind moaning rose in his ears. The wind seemed to be able to tear through everything, and when it appeared, it was as if there was a strange sound mixed within it.

10,000 feet, 20,000 feet, 30,000 feet... Su Ming’s eyes remained closed as he continued falling. Besides the Golden Roc, he had nothing else in his mind.

40,000 feet, 50,000 feet... When he had fallen 80,000 feet down and was very close to the foot of the mountain, when his body was charging towards the ground like a comet, all the blood in Su Ming’s body started circulating backwards and surged towards his

head, causing his head to buzz.

The buzzing sounds grew stronger, and gradually, Su Ming's will began to cloud over. Gradually, the Golden Roc also started fading away from his head.

The instant it turned into a mere illusion, Su Ming opened his eyes. When he did so, the buzzing sounds in his head turned into roars that could shake the sky and earth. The Golden Roc in his head lifted its head and let out a howl towards the sky.

‘The Golden Roc's heart represents freedom. Its will is to be unrestrained, which is what is pursued in seeking freedom! That's why it's incredibly hard to tame it, because once the Roc is tamed, then it won't be free anymore. It would be the same as losing its spirit!

‘Master's Golden Roc clearly did not have its freedom limited by Master. It could fly at will in the land of the Shamans. Only when Master needs it, then it will appear... There must be some other reasons to this, or else, just having to listen to Master's orders without any other reason would make it very miserable.’

Understanding appeared in Su Ming's eyes. His body continued plunging down, but he did nothing to stop himself. Instead, he simply let his body get rapidly closer to the ice on the ground, only lifting his right hand to draw two lines towards the sky!

The two lines contained all of Su Ming's strength, his understanding, and his perception towards the Golden Roc's will.

The instant he drew the two lines, he was already less than 1,000 feet away from the ground. A sense of danger enveloped Su Ming's mind and body, but he did not try resist it. When he was only a few dozen feet away from the ground, he drew a perfect arc.

...And he shot into the air, straight into the skies. Su Ming traveled so quickly that he felt like he was crashing against mountain ranges, even though what lay before him was the endless sky.

This feeling was incredibly strong, and it could even be said that it was not just a mere figment of his imagination. It was real pain he sensed of when his body crashed against the wind.

While Su Ming was feeling as if he was crashing against mountains, the distance between the earth and sky shortened by several fold in his eyes. It was as if the two spots and two lines existing between the sky and earth fused together, and once they did, an abrupt change in their positions happened.

All of those things were what Su Ming felt in that instant. His body immediately turned into a black dot in the sky. Excitement appeared in his eyes, but there was sharp pain shooting up his body. During that instant, he had shot up into the sky from the ground at a terrifying speed. His body could not withstand that speed. Su Ming could tell that with his body's current tolerance, if he used that speed again, his body would be torn apart.

'Is... this the Golden Roc's speed..? No, this wasn't as fast as the Roc. I'm still slightly slower... but this is already astonishing!'

Su Ming quelled his excitement and did not dare use that speed anymore. He walked onto his platform on the ninth summit and immediately sat down. A mouthful of blood spilled out from his mouth.

Yet Su Ming thought that this spilling of blood was worth it. By coughing out blood once, he understood the will of the Golden Roc as it spread its wings, and placed it into his drawing. That was enough!

‘My body is not strong enough. If I’m strong enough, then I can last longer, and with that speed... even the virescent sword won’t be able to catch up!’

Su Ming’s heart pounded against his chest. It could be said that it was by pure coincidence that he understood the Golden Roc’s speed. If it was not for what Bai Su drew on her drawing board, Su Ming would not have been able to think about this.

His eyes swept past Bai Su’s drawing board before he slowly closed his eyes. In his mind, he continuously replayed the speed at which he had traveled just now and the two lines he had drawn.

When the night went by and light appeared in the horizon, Su Ming opened his eyes. There was still excitement in them. He dipped his head down and looked at his own body. Once he did so, a glint appeared in his eyes.

“If I wore the Divine General Armor, equipped it with Runes to



increase its defense, and at the same time removed all the ice rocks... and used the Golden Roc's speed, then how fast could I travel?"

As Su Ming mumbled to himself, the desire to try it grew within him. However, the chances of him forming Runes within the Divine General Armor were still not high.

He was just about to try when his expression suddenly changed and he charged into the cave abode. Once he was in, he did not hesitate and walked to where He Feng was fusing with the Wings of the Moon.

In the cave, He Feng was slowing opening his eyes, and they were bloody red. He lifted his head and howled, and cracks rapidly tore his skin open, but no blood flowed out. Instead, black mist spread out from those cracks.

There was a pair of wings that belonged to the Wings of the Moon on him. With one flap of those wings, he looked as if he wanted to rush out of the cave, but when Su Ming walked in, he lifted his right hand and drew a line down with his finger.

At the same time, Han Mountain Bell appeared above He Feng. Bell chimes echoed in the air and turned into a mighty pressure in the form of a sound wave. It shook He Feng and caused him to freeze, then he seemed to regain his senses, and pain appeared on his face.

"Master... I'm almost there... I can tell... If I make it through this

and make it through another fusion, I'll succeed..." He Feng's voice rose and then fell, and when it reached Su Ming's ears, his finger had already touched the center of He Feng's brows.

The moment he did so, Su Ming's robes flapped about violently and his hair was lifted. A grim expression appeared in Su Ming's eyes. A presence that could rival that of those in the great completion of the Awakening Realm, even the powerful Berserkers who had just arrived at the early stages of the Bone Sacrifice Realm, abruptly erupted forth from his body and his finger, surging into He Feng's body that was still fusing with the Wings of the Moon.

He Feng shuddered and slowly sat down.

"Master... I... When I was fusing with them... I saw... their... memories... I..."

As He Feng spoke, his teeth suddenly grew longer. They instantly shot out of his mouth, causing his unfinished sentence to turn into a howl.

"Fire..."

That one world was contained within He Feng's howl. As he howled, fire abruptly burst forth from within his body. It was as if that fire wanted to burn down Su Ming's cave abode on the ninth summit.

Yet the moment it appeared, the blood moon in Su Ming's right eye shone. He lifted his left hand and tapped He Feng's forehead with his finger. He pressed his finger down, and it caused the fire from He Feng's body to freeze for a moment before flowing back inside.

Time trickled by. The time Su Ming took in this attempt to help He Feng fuse with the Wings of the Moon far surpassed all his previous ones. Even when one day had passed by, it had yet to end.

Bai Su had arrived at the ninth summit a long time ago. She waited for a while before entering Su Ming's cave abode. Yet the moment she entered, she was immediately pushed out by an invisible force. After several attempts, she sat down by the side with a huff and only left unwillingly when night came.

The entire process lasted seven days. When the seventh evening was over and night fell, Su Ming opened his eyes. He Feng had once again turned into a gigantic black ball of light before him. It was silent all around him, but there was a mighty pressure spreading from the ball of light.

A feeling as if their blood was connected appeared in Su Ming's heart when he looked at that ball of light. There was a slight hint of fatigue on his face. He looked at it for a little while longer before walking out of the room, sitting down cross-legged in his cave, and meditating to recover.

It was also at that moment that an unwelcomed guest appeared outside Bai Su's cave abode in the seventh summit. That person was also a woman and lived in the seventh summit. However, her

level of cultivation was not high and she usually kept to herself, that was why it was easy for people to overlook her.

The woman came to give a Bai Su a bamboo slip.

The name Si Ma Xin was written beautifully on it.

Once the woman handed the bamboo slip, she stated coolly, "Senior brother Si Ma wants to see you." She then turned around and left.

Bai Su looked at the bamboo slip with a blank expression, and her thoughts became chaotic. This was the first time she experienced such an emotion when she heard that Si Ma Xin wanted to see her.

## Chapter 282: Murderous!

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After the time takes to burn an incense stick, Bai Su quietly walked out of her house. Her hair was still tied by the red string, and she still had two braids by her ears. She still wore a blouse with its fur overturned, and there were still crystals stuck to her forehead.

She could not describe what she felt, but she could tell that it was different from before. In the past, when she went to see Si Ma Xin, she would be filled with warmth. Whether she was just talking or playing chess with him, every single gaze of his would make her heart pound as if there was a horde of deer running rampant within her.

Yet now, while the feeling was not gone per se, it had become much weaker. This brought about a mix of emotion in her heart, along with great confusion.

She quietly left the seventh summit and walked on the familiar path leading up to the first summit. Yet as she walked on this path this day, she felt that the trail had become much shorter.

Bai Su was not overly familiar with the first summit. She might have come here several times, but she only knew the road leading to Si Ma Xin's cave abode. When she arrived outside it, she saw Si Ma Xin sitting by a stone table dressed in a long robe and looking as handsome as ever.

There was a gentle look on Si Ma Xin's face, and his smile was

very captivating. His eyes shone like stars when he looked at Bai Su.

"Su Su, you haven't come here to see me for more than a month, is there something wrong?"

"Big brother Si Ma..."

Bai Su's paused in her footsteps. She did not know what to say. The wildness of her disposition disappeared without a trace at that moment and was replaced with docility, obedience, and that complicated feeling that still remained within her.

"Come, sit before me."

Si Ma Xin looked at Bai Su. The moonlight made his smile even more captivating; this was Si Ma Xin's unique charm.

Bai Su walked quietly forward, sat down before him, and dipped her head down. She looked like a completely different person compared to when she was in the ninth summit. It was as if they were from two separate worlds.

Bai Su's thoughts were a little messy. She had no idea why, but ever since she came here, her heart had been racing. However, she still knew at the very least that the reason for it was not because of Si Ma Xin but that hint of uneasiness lying deep within her heart.

She could not find the source of the uneasiness. She just had a

feeling that she should not be here.

"Su Su, what's wrong? Why do you look so troubled?"

There was worry on Si Ma Xin's face, and he lifted his right hand to grab Bai Su's hand.

Yet before he could even touch her, she pulled her hand back as if shocked by lightning. She lifted her head to look at Si Ma Xin with nervousness and a short moment of bewilderment.

"It's... It's nothing... Big brother Si Ma, I'm fine."

Bai Su forced out a smile. She saw the worry in Si Ma Xin's eyes, but for a reason she did not even know, when she saw him, a person sitting cross-legged and allowing her to throw her tantrums suddenly appeared in her head.

"Su Su, have you talked to your father about Freezing Sky Cave?"

Si Ma Xin was not bothered by Bai Su's expression or actions. He still looked calm when he spoke gently. Even his voice felt like the spring wind. In the freezing weather, his smiles could make people's hearts feel warm. That tone, smile, and expression were something Si Ma Xin could put on with ease. He was already used to it, used to all the girls looking at him differently when he spoke to them in that voice.

He believed that Bai Su was the same.

‘What’s wrong with him? I haven’t seen him in seven days. What is he doing in his cave..? Did something happen to him..? No, it shouldn’t have...’

Bai Su’s mind wandered. There was a single thought that had been lingering in her mind for the past few days, and it was about why Su Ming had not come out of his cave for seven days.

She had a lot of questions about it, but as time passed by, those questions were also tinted with a hint of slight worry.

"Su Su!" Si Ma Xin frowned.

Bai Su was stunned and snapped out of her stupor. Immediately, she returned to her docile self with a hint of nervousness.

"Big brother Si Ma... I..."

"Su Su, if something happened to you, you must tell me. Don’t be like this. It’ll just make my heart ache for you when I see it..." Si Ma Xin said softly. "If you’re troubled because of me going into Freezing Sky Clan, then I can give it up. For you, I can give it up." Gentleness appeared in Si Ma Xin’s eyes.

"If you’re troubled because I told you to get closer to Su Ming, then I can also give it up. I told you, for you, I can give up on everything."



Si Ma Xin's voice was laced with a strange attractive quality that made it very pleasant to the ears.

Bai Su looked at Si Ma Xin, at the man before her, and Su Ming's face appeared faintly in her mind once again. These two completely different people treated her in absolutely different ways, and the way she acted before them was also different.

"Su Su..." Si Ma Xin looked intently at Bai Su.

"Big brother Si Ma, don't worry. I'm fine... I already told my father, and he has agreed to let you go into Freezing Sky Cave," Bai Su said softly, biting her lip.

Joy blossomed in Si Ma Xin's heart, but on his face was only a look of worry.

"I don't care about that, I only care about..."

"Big brother Si Ma, I'm tired..."

This was the first time Bai Su had interrupted Si Ma Xin's words. Fatigue and confusion fused together on her face. She stood up gently, left her seat, and walked away.

When Bai Su disappeared in the distance, Si Ma Xin calmly picked up the wine cup on the table, took a sip, then placed it down slowly. He closed his eyes and immersed himself in his thoughts for a moment before standing up and walking to his cave abode.

His expression remained calm and not a hint of change due to Bai Su's expressions and actions could be seen on him.

Yet after he left the table, the stone chair he had sat on shuddered and cracks appeared on it. In an instant, it turned to dust and scattered into the wind.

The eighth morning arrived with the sun rising into the sky. When the first rays of sunlight shone on the land, Su Ming opened his eyes and looked at the light outside his cave. Gradually, a dark expression appeared on his face.

‘It’s been eight days... and Zi Che isn’t back yet.’

Su Ming got up, walked out of the cave onto the platform, and frowned.

Zi Che had said before he left that he would need at most three to five days before he could return, and he also said that most of the trading squares were courteous towards those of Freezing Sky Clan. Most of them were also fair towards those who came to trade.

After all, that place belonged to Freezing Sky Clan, and there were few who would dare to offend Freezing Sky Clan in the Land of South Morning!

Freezing Sky Clan was also very close to the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky. The tribe and Freezing Sky Clan complemented each

other. Although the two of them seemed like two completely different forces, they came from the same root.

All the disciples in Freezing Sky Clan would go to the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky to be given a title once they reached a certain level of cultivation. They would treat the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky as they would their own Master. The area around this place might not be impenetrable, but accidents rarely happened in the area near where Freezing Sky Clan disciples regularly went to.

While Zi Che might not have reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm, he was one of the best among those who had reached the later stage of the Awakening Realm. He was also ranked within the top ten in the Great Frozen Plains ranking boards. He might not be as prodigious as Si Ma Xin, but it was still enough for people to look up to him.

This sort of person did not lack experience venturing out either. He understood the area around the place very well, that was why Su Ming let him go alone so that he could save up more time for his own training.

Yet now, eight days had gone by, and there were no news from Zi Che. Su Ming did not believe for one second that Zi Che would leave without a reason. This brought nothing beneficial to Zi Che, unless he betrayed his own Master because of this and never returned to Freezing Sky Clan, for as long as his power could not surpass the ninth summit's and as long as his Master could not surpass Tian Xie Zi, then the only thing left waiting for him was the punishment for not fulfilling his promise.

Su Ming and Zi Che had been around each other for quite some time. He could tell that Zi Che was not someone so foolish. He was a person who knew how to act accordingly, and most importantly, the seal on his person was only lifted for ten days.

Besides, while Su Ming was not very good, he was not bad to him either. In this sort of situation, Su Ming could not find reason for Zi Che to not return.

‘Unless something happened to him...’

A freezing glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes and a murderous aura accumulated within his body. After the experiences he gained during those few days he was in the Shaman Tribe, the murderous aura within his body was no longer empty inside but was now filled with bloodiness.

Almost at the instant the murderous aura within him gathered together, Su Ming lifted his head and looked in the horizon. Over there, a long, dim arc was flying crookedly towards the ninth summit.

The person within the long arc was Zi Che. His face was pale, and there was fresh blood flowing out of his mouth. When he arrived at the ninth summit and the long arc disappeared to reveal his body, Zi Che coughed out a large mouthful of blood.

Within his blood were black bugs that were densely packed together. They squirmed around and devoured each other in a crazed fashion. Just the sight of it was terrifying to behold.

Zi Che's face was bloodless. There was a wound on his chest so deep that his bones could be seen. There was also black arrow on his right leg. Black mist seeped out of it, turning into ghosts that were laughing hideously.

"Uncle master..."

Zi Che shuddered and fell to his knees with a bang. His eyes were dull, and with a broken laugh, blood spilled out of his mouth once again. Those black bugs could still be seen in his blood. There was only a thread of life left within him, and that small thread was clearly because his enemy did not want to kill him. That small hint of life was left on purpose.

"Zhuo Ge, the Black Arrow Berserker of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky's Northern Frontier Tribe..."

The moment Zi Che uttered his last word, he fell to the side, unable to cope with his injuries any longer.

Su Ming stood by the side, his expression growing terrifyingly dark. The murderous aura in his right eye surged like raging clouds, but his left eye was as calm as the water in an ancient well. His hair danced in the air. Wind blew past, but it could not blow away the murderous aura coming from within him.

A cry of surprise came from the mountain stairs ahead of Su Ming. That sound came from Bai Su, who would come every day around this time. She stood there and stared at Su Ming with wide

eyes. This was the first time she saw Su Ming acting this way!

The killing intent in his right eye and calmness in his left eye created a powerful contrast that made her breathing freeze for a moment.

## Chapter 283: Phantom!

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Bai Su's heart pounded against her chest, and it was due to the powerful impact of Su Ming's change. Not only did Bai Su's breathing freeze because of it, she also felt a freezing chill that seemed to be much colder than the cold from the sky and world surging out from the area around him. She shuddered.

This was the first time Bai Su saw this Su Ming.

He terrified her.

She suddenly felt that she did not understand the person before her. Before this day, she never knew that when this man was burning with silent anger, such a powerful murderous aura would come from him.

Su Ming was no longer a boy, no longer a rash child who would do things recklessly. He had learned how to be calm and got used to being cool-headed. He might be angry, but besides the killing intent in his right eye, he did not let anything else show. Instead, he lifted his right hand and tapped a finger against the center of Zi Che's brows.

With that one tap, Zi Che instantly started trembling. Su Ming crouched down, brought out some medicinal pills, and placed them into Zi Che's mouth. He picked him up and raised him to a sitting position. He placed his right hand on Zi Che's jugular notch, and the moment the power of Awakening surged into his body, Zi Che trembled even more violently. He coughed out another mouthful

of blood, and it was still filled with those black, squirming bugs.

Su Ming frowned. He noticed that once his power surged into Zi Che's body, it immediately turned into thousands upon thousands of threads that disappeared into all parts of Zi Che's body. It was as if his power was swallowed.

This was something normal and to be expected, and it was what Su Ming had wanted to do. He wanted to use his power of the Awakening Realm along with the medicinal pills Zi Che swallowed to nourish Zi Che's body. Only then would he be able to wake him up as quickly as possible and begin healing him, though he would only be able to cure him a little.

Yet now, even though Su Ming's power was continuously disappearing into Zi Che's body, the man wasn't getting better. In fact, he grew worse. He had a single thread of life left previously, and now that thread was rapidly disappearing.

Once it completely disappeared, Zi Che would definitely die.

Su Ming let out a cold snort. The killing intent in his right eye grew stronger. He might have never treated Zi Che as one of the ninth summit, but ever since Zi Che came to the ninth summit, besides the disobedience at the start, he had always listened to Su Ming's orders.

Over the past months, Su Ming had found no reason to complain about Zi Che. More importantly, Zi Che had gradually begun to refer to Su Ming as 'Master' instead of 'uncle master' entirely of



his own will. Su Ming had not asked him to do it.

Deep in his heart, Su Ming had always thought his eldest senior brother could hurt Zi Che as much as he wanted to. His second senior brother could do it too, and it was the same for his third senior brother. Of course, it was the same for his Master. However, besides these people, if anyone else harmed his follower, then they would need to pay for it.

With a cold harrumph, the green sword mark at the center of Su Ming's brows flashed, and instantly, his divine sense spread out to gather on Zi Che's body. After it scanned it, it surged inside and began looking in detail through each and every inch of the body.

After a moment, a sharp look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He could clearly sense a cocoon like thing in Zi Che's stomach with his divine sense. That thing was about the size of a fist, but there seemed to be an endless space within it for black bugs were incessantly crawled out of it.

These bugs stayed inside Zi Che's body and continuously absorbed his life force to strengthen themselves. That act was incredibly vicious and cruel.

Su Ming lifted his right hand from Zi Che's jugular notch and drew a slash across Zi Che's robes covering his chest, then pressed his palm on his abdomen. Once he did so, he fused the power of Awakening with his divine sense and swept it across the cocoon like thing in Zi Che's stomach.

Zi Che lay with eyes closed, unconscious, but right then he let out a piercing scream. As he screamed, Su Ming's right hand turned into a claw and pierced his abdomen. Once the fingers sank into his flesh, Su Ming seized the cocoon and yanked it out, forcefully bringing it out of Zi Che's body.

The instant the cocoon was brought out, Zi Che's eyes flew open, revealing an extremely exhausted look in his eyes. At the same time, Su Ming pressed his left hand against the wound on Zi Che's abdomen. The power of Awakening surged in with Su Ming's command to clear up the body, and caused the wound to quickly close up and numerous black bugs to crawl out of Zi Che's eyes, nose, ears, and mouth. They struggled for a moment before falling to the ground, lifeless.

A hint of red gradually appeared on Zi Che's face, and his life force slowly stopped fading away. He panted harshly and sat down cross-legged to meditate, slowly showing signs of recovery. However, there were still wisps of black mist surrounding the black arrow that was protruding from his right leg. That black mist would occasionally gather up to turn into ghosts that howled without sound.

Su Ming pulled his left hand back and was about to draw that black arrow out, but he stopped himself. He stared at the arrow and frowned. He had a feeling that the arrow was not something that he could take out easily.

"The arrow of the Black Arrow Berserker... The ones who are shot will find their life force continuously disappearing, as if they were poisoned... Without the proper method, if you pull out the

arrow, Zi Che will die in his weakened state..." Bai Su's said in a weak voice from nearby.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he averted his gaze from Zi Che's body to look at the cocoon he held in his right hand. That cocoon was entirely black and looked like a stone. When Su Ming brought it out of Zi Che's body, it had been soft to touch, but when it was exposed to wind, it hardened up rapidly.

There was a crack on its corner, and black bugs were crawling out of it. However, that crack was quickly closing up. The bugs that had crawled out all fell to the ground under the cold wind.

Su Ming stared at the cocoon in his hand and a light of curiosity alighted in his eyes.

"This isn't something from Freezing Sky Clan..." a weak voice laden with fear said from the direction before Su Ming.

When he lifted his head, he saw Bai Su walking onto the platform with a hesitant look on her face.

"All the things in Freezing Sky Clan can withstand the cold, but this thing hardens up once it's exposed to cold wind. It doesn't belong to Freezing Sky Clan," Bai Su stated softly.

Su Ming did not speak. He lowered his head and continued looking at the cocoon in his hand. A frown gradually formed on his brows. His eyes seemed calm, but no one could know the storm

raging in his heart when he saw the bugs Zi Che vomited out and when he held the cocoon in his hand.

Bai Su hesitated for a moment before continuing, "Even in the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky, it's rather impossible for something like this to appear, because the climate is not suitable for these things to survive... See, they're already dead. The cocoon in your hands will also die before long..."

"What's the relationship between Northern Frontier Tribe and the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky?" Su Ming slowly asked.

"There are four branches under the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky. Northern Frontier is one of them. As for Zhuo Ge... I've heard of him before. He's not a disciple of Freezing Sky Clan but is the son of Zhuo Ya, Northern Frontier Tribe's Chief of War...."

Bai Su hesitated for moment, but still chose to tell what she knew in the end. However, there was one thing that she did not tell Su Ming after her hesitation. Zhuo Ge... was someone who was closely acquainted with Si Ma Xin.

"What does Black Arrow Berserker mean?"

As Su Ming asked, he averted his gaze from the cocoon in his hand and turned to look at Zi Che's, who still remained sitting cross-legged, right leg.

The ghosts formed from the black mist around the arrow were

floating around hideously.

"The Berserkers in Northern Frontier Tribe train in ways that are largely different from what we do here in Freezing Sky Clan. They refine their blood, but don't Awaken, neither do they sacrifice their bones. They choose instead to walk down the path of training which stimulates the power of the blood in their veins, turning their bodies invincible.

"This cultivation method is unique to Northern Frontier Tribe and they seldom share it with outsiders. When Northern Frontier Tribe surrendered to the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky, they also gained the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky's respect. That's why they could retain that unique cultivation method of theirs.

"Black Arrow is just one of their titles. They are divided into Blue, Black, Green, and Purple. Black Arrow Berserkers are around the same level as a Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm... Besides the cultivation method which Northern Frontier Tribe keeps secret to themselves, they also keep the method they use to create their arrows a secret.

"Their arrows can only be shot by the tribe members who practice their secret cultivation method. They have the power to absorb life and cannot be drawn out lightly. The black mist on it has to be refined, and then enough life force has to be offered for it to be possible to take the arrow out," Bai Su explained softly, telling almost everything she knew in detail.

Su Ming stared at the arrow in Zi Che's right leg and the murderous aura in his right eye became stronger.

"What is that black mist?" he asked calmly.

"A Phantom... This is the name Northern Frontier Tribe gave it. Every single year, the Berserkers who have become adults will be sent to a secret place in the Northern Frontier to search for their own Phantom.

"Once the person finds it, the arrow he or she shoots out will have the power of the Phantom. The more people the person kills, the stronger the Phantom will become. Eventually, the Phantom's power will reach a shocking level.

"The Great Tribe of Freezing Sky suffered quite a lot before they subdued this tribe in the past and named it Northern Frontier.

Su Ming was silent for a moment before looking at Bai Su. The knowledge she possessed of these things shocked him. "What was the name of the tribe before Freezing Sky subdued it?"

"Phantom Dais..." Bai Su answered in a low voice. Once she finished speaking, she hesitated and cast a glance at Su Ming. "Perhaps... I can try getting rid of the Phantom Aura on the arrow..."

Su Ming looked towards her.

"My... My power may not be great, but I've always liked reading ancient scrolls since I was young. I know a lot of things other

people don't know... I also learned a lot of Arts from some strange tribes from my father..." Bai Su said softly.

She did not tell Su Ming that her father had done everything he could to get all sorts of valuable ancient scrolls and Arts that could be casted without relying on the caster's level of cultivation to foster this one and only interest of hers because of what had happened to her when she was young.

"How confident are you?" Su Ming asked calmly.

Bai Su hesitated for a moment before she answered softly, "Three tenths... two tenths... maybe even less..."

"If you fail, then Zi Che will die?" Su Ming asked after a moment of silence.

Bai Su did not speak for some time. After a long while, she nodded her head with a grim look on her face.

## Chapter 284: Ninth Summit's Call to Assemble!

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"If you don't cure him, he won't be able to live for long either. First, his power will fade away, and once he loses his power, his body will be the next to be go, and eventually his life force will also fade away. When he is truly and completely dead, he will turn into a Phantom and return to his Master's side," Bai Su stated softly.

"Northern Frontier Tribe also belongs to Freezing Sky. If Zhuo Ge kills Zi Che, won't Freezing Sky Clan take action?"

Su Ming looked at the cocoon in his hand. The cocoon had completely hardened up by then and felt like an ice rock in his hand.

"Don't... Don't you know?"

Bai Su was taken aback, she looked if she just understood something. She cast a look at Zi Che and a complicated look appeared in her eyes.

"What?" Su Ming lifted his head and looked at Bai Su.

"Three months ago, Zi Che's Master notified the Mountain Gate and chased him out of the second summit... He's no longer a Freezing Sky Clan disciple..."



Su Ming's eyes flashed with a dark light and he looked towards Zi Che, who was sitting on the platform with a pale but determined face; he could not hear Su Ming and Bai Su's words. Right now, he had to make sure to keep curing himself, or else he would not be able to fight against the power of the arrow.

"Three months ago..."

Su Ming understood it then. This thing had happened during the five days he was gone from Freezing Sky Clan. Yet he had seen nothing out of place from Zi Che.

However, it was clear that this was not something unimportant to Zi Che.

"If that's not the case, then there would've been no need for him to lower his head in shame every time he saw his sister..." Bai Su sighed softly.

Su Ming stayed silent, looking at the cocoon in his hand. After a long while, he gave it a squeeze.

"You said that this bug isn't something from Freezing Sky and that it dies when it's exposed to the cold?"

Su Ming's voice was calm. Not a hint of emotion could be heard from his tone.

Bai Su nodded.

Su Ming crouched down and picked up a bug that was so stiff that it seemed dead. Once he held it in his hand, a powerful ball of fire abruptly appeared on Su Ming's palm and enveloped that bug.

That bug's rigid body suddenly trembled within the fire, then flipped over energetically. It screeched and started moving as if it wanted to crawl into Su Ming's body through his palm.

Yet before it could enter, the fire on Su Ming's palm was snuffed out. As chilling wind blew past, Su Ming clenched his fist. Cracking sound rang out, and Su Ming relaxed his grip.

Bai Su sucked in a sharp breath when she saw that the black bug in Su Ming's palm had turned to pieces.

"This bug wasn't dead, it just went into slumber. It'll wake up once again when it becomes hot!" Su Ming flicked his wrist, and the pieces in his palm scattered into the wind. "That is the case for the bug, and it is the same for the cocoon."

Su Ming's voice was freezing cold. A scene from his memories rose before his eyes. He saw a chain, and on that chain was an illusionary figure of a person. There were numerous wounds covering that person's entire body, and within those wounds were countless black bugs that were identical to the bug he just held!

‘Lei Chen...’

Su Ming closed his eyes. He hadn't known whether what he saw on the Chains of Han Mountain was real or fake, and he still couldn't tell even now. Yet the appearance of these black bugs shook him.

He had never seen them before he challenged the Chains of Han Mountain, so there had been the possibility of it just being a figment of his imagination or that it was a mere illusion, but now that he saw the exact same bug, there was no way Su Ming would believe that he had imagined it.

‘If it's real, then why is the truth different from my memories..? If it's fake, then how could something of my imagination exist in the real world, and in the exact same form too!

‘This is a clue!’

Su Ming opened his eyes and Bai Su's soft whispers fell into his ears.

"Let me try for Zi Che..." she whispered, looking straight at Su Ming.

"Don't need to. There's a method with which I can cure Zi Che completely without any risk," Su Ming stated calmly. His voice was cold, and a red glare shone from his right eye.

"What method is that?"

Bai Su was taken aback. She did not understand the meaning behind Su Ming's words.

"Kill Zhuo Ge and destroy his Phantom, then the Phantom Aura on the arrow sticking out of Zi Che's leg will disappear naturally." Once Su Ming finished speaking, he looked at Bai Su. "You know this area better than I do. Bring me to Northern Frontier Tribe!"

Bai Su bit her bottom lip and stared at Su Ming with wide-eyed astonishment, but she still shook her head firmly.

"With your power, if you go to Northern Frontier Tribe alone, you'll definitely die. I won't take you there!"

"I'm not alone."

Su Ming turned and let out a piercing howl towards the sky. That howl echoed through the entire ninth summit, causing the glaciers to tremble and rumble loudly.

When that howl started, Hu Zi was drinking in his cave with his eyes closed and a silly grin on his face. He was just about to hug his wine gourd and go to sleep so that he would have enough energy for his nightly activities.

Yet the moment he was about to close his eyes and begin snoring, Su Ming's piercing howl shot into his cave. That howl was like a rumbling thunder, causing Hu Zi's cave to tremble, and Hu Zi to open his eyes. He rubbed them hard and a surprised look

appeared within them.

"What's wrong with fourth?"

But he did not hesitate, Hu Zi immediately picked up his pot of wine and rushed out of his cave before running towards Su Ming's cave abode.

At the same time, around the middle of the ninth summit was a spot where a large amount of flowers bloomed. Green leaves covered the entire area and created a scene on the ice that looked as if time had traveled back.

Su Ming's second senior brother sat cross-legged among the flowers, maintaining a position in which the sun would always shine on the side of his face. There was a gentle smile on his face, and before him, many of the plants were swaying even though there was no wind. Some of those plants were growing rapidly and intertwining with each other as if they were trying to knit something.

There was an intense look of concentration on the second senior brother's face. Yet at that moment, Su Ming's howl reverberated through the ninth summit. There was a shocking amount of killing intent within that howl. The plants that were knitting something before the second senior brother froze momentarily under that killing intent.

Surprise appeared on the second senior brother's face. He lifted his head and looked at where Su Ming's cave was located in the

distance.

"Who offended youngest junior brother now?"

Second senior brother stood up at a moderate pace and patted his robes before placing his hands behind his back and walking towards Su Ming's cave abode with the sun shining on the side of his face.

His feet may have seemed to be stepping on the ground, but in truth, every single time his feet landed, they would stay an inch away from the ground!

Similarly, as Su Ming's howl traveled through the ninth summit, at the ice located at the position downwind of the ninth summit, a gaze appeared in the darkness in the place that was always used as an isolation grounds.

Faint mumbling sounds came from within the silent glacier.

"Such killing intent... If he doesn't release it, it'll be difficult for him to clear his mind... Youngest junior brother, you may want to go release it, but I still can't go out..."

Yet suddenly, an ice rock that was about the height of a person suddenly cracked. Fire spread out from within that crack, looking as if it was burning that ice rock. In an instant, more cracks appeared on the ice rock, and it eventually exploded.

The moment it exploded, a black hand stretched out from within the ice rock!

A powerful gust of freezing wind spread from that black hand. Once it stretched out, it pressed against the ice floor by its side, and gradually, as if someone was crawling out, a man whose skin was completely black appeared.

That man was half naked. When he crawled out, he closed his eyes and knelt down on one knee in the direction of the gaze.

"All 300 of my slaves stopped the slaughter at the same time as I did in the past and joined me when I isolated myself here... Now, I've awakened you, one of the 300 slaves. Go and do something for me."

"Your instructions, Young Master!"

The man opened his grey eyes. Within those grey eyes were madness and mercilessness. While those could cause people to feel a chill creeping into their hearts, they would also be able to clearly sense the bloodthirst coming from within the man.

"Protect my junior brothers and listen to them. If necessary... I will allow you to cast the Forbidden Curses!"

The gaze within the ice glaciers gradually disappeared. Only the words remained floating in the air, and as they echoed calmly, they radiated with bloodlust.

That man grinned and licked his lips. He bowed and stood up. The moment he took a step forward, his body immediately turned into a layer of black mist that crawled into the ice walls around him before disappearing.

At the same time, at the top of the ninth summit, Tian Xie Zi yawned and stretched his back as he walked out from his cave. As he walked, mumbling sounds could be heard spilling out from his lips as well.

Once he reached the top of the mountain, he took a deep breath, laid down facing the ground with both hands supporting his entire body and started doing pushups. Once he did a few of them, he stood up, and a contented smile appeared on his lips.

"I did ten today. That's one more than last year! That's great! That's wonderful! That's marvelous! Tian Xie Zi, you're just too amazing. You're the strongest person I've ever met in my life!

"Tian Xie Zi, you awesome bugger, I'm proud of you!"

With a pleased smile on his face, Tian Xie Zi mumbled to himself for a moment before lifting his head. He was just about to let out a roar towards the sky like how he usually did every day before he flew in a certain direction to train his body in the morning when he stopped.

The moment he opened his mouth to roar, someone did it before him and let out a piercing howl. That howl rumbled like thunder



and traveled in all directions, stunning Tian Xie Zi.

"Hmm? I haven't even shouted, why's there sound?"

Tian Xie Zi blinked and lifted his hand to cover his mouth. When he heard that the sound was still echoing in the air, he quickly crouched down and looked down the edge of the peak with his neck outstretched.

"Fourth's cry is really unpleasant. Hmm? Third is rushing over... Ah! Second is also going over! Well, I'll be damned! That eldest disciple of mine in isolation is also joining in?!"

"Are they going to fight? Haha, this is going to be fun!"

An excited glimmer appeared in Tian Xie Zi's eyes. He quickly rolled up his sleeves with a look as if he wanted to join in.

As Su Ming's howl echoed in the air, Hu Zi was the first to appear on the platform outside Su Ming's cave abode. The moment he came to the platform, he saw the wretched state Zi Che was in and an angry glare immediately appeared in his eyes.

"Bloody hell, who hurt my kitten?!"

Soon, second senior brother walked towards them with his hands behind his back and a gentle smile on his face, but the moment he saw Zi Che's condition, that smile on his face disappeared.

"Youngest junior brother, who did this?!"

Su Ming looked at Zi Che and stated calmly, "Zhuo Ge, Black Arrow Berserker of Northern Frontier Tribe. He's the son of Zhuo Ya, Northern Frontier's Chief of War."

"Bloody hell, I'm going to f\*ck his birdie up! How dare he touch my kitten?!" Hu Zi roared.

"This... is not good..." Second senior brother shook his head and a faint smile appeared once again on his lips, but this time, there was a frightening quality to that smile.

"We won't f\*ck his birdie up. We'll cut this birdie off and eat it!"

The smile on the second senior brother's lips grew wider.

As Bai Su continued listening to them, her face turned red and she clicked her tongue in distaste.

# Chapter 285: The Legend of the Phantom Equal

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"Cut off his birdie and eat it?" Hu Zi was stunned when he heard those words and instinctively lifted his hand to scratch his head, but thought that it was not an act suitable for him.

He immediately lowered his hand, which was already partly lifted. He had always believed that he was the smartest person in the ninth summit, and he absolutely did not want anyone knowing that he did not seem to have fully understood the meaning behind those words.

"That's right! That's what I meant, we'll cut off his birdie and eat it! That bugger... I'll eat it once I cut it off!" Hu Zi patted his chest and grinned foolishly as he looked at his second senior brother with a look that screamed he understood it.

Second senior brother blinked and smiled in a gentle manner at his spot. Once he heard Hu Zi's words, surprise, disbelief, hesitation, admiration, anticipation, and all sorts of other emotions appeared in his eyes. The changes on his face would have been indiscernible if the people looking at him did not know him well.

Hu Zi saw it and had a feeling that something was off, but he knew that he absolutely must not reveal that he did not understand what his second senior brother had just said. He repeatedly told himself that he was the smartest on the ninth summit and understood everything. That was why he lifted his chin and puffed out his chest before nodding at his second senior

brother sternly.

A serious look soon appeared on second senior brother's face. He patted Hu Zi's shoulders as if he was about to say something to him but eventually chose to let out a long sigh before a respectful replaced the seriousness on his face.

That uneasiness in Hu Zi's heart grew stronger, but he kept the nonchalant look on his face.

Zi Che remained sitting cross-legged on the platform. He was still. The Phantom Aura from the black arrow surrounded his right leg, causing the slight red flush on his face to quickly fade away.

As second senior brother patted Hu Zi's shoulders, Su Ming turned around to look at Bai Su.

"Now, will you lead the way for the three of us to Northern Frontier Tribe?"

Su Ming's voice was calm, but the murderous aura in his right eye and the calmness in his left eye created a strange feeling that made it seem that both things had fused together, causing those who saw it to feel shaken to the core.

Bai Su dipped her head down and fell silent for a moment before lifting her head and looking at Su Ming. She nodded gently.

The moment she did so, Su Ming walked over and wrapped his

arm around her waist, eliciting a cry of surprise from her. He turned into a long arc and flew into the sky while holding her tightly.

Bai Su's vision blurred and her view turned indistinct. Her heart pounded and raced against her chest. The strong presence that belonged to a man wafted into her nose. Not only did she hear her own heartbeat, she also felt Su Ming's.

That strange feeling made her cheeks turn redder. Even if she was with Si Ma Xin, they would at most only hold hands. Due to Si Ma Xin's worries and Bai Su's nervousness, they did nothing more than holding hands, which was why things like her being held had never happened before.

When Su Ming took hold of Bai Su and flew into the sky, Hu Zi took a big swig from his pot of wine and followed after with a vicious sneer on his face.

Second senior brother's face remained gentle and, with a smile on his lips, he placed his hands behind his back and walked into the sky. Every single time his feet landed, a faint light would flash in the air. As his speed increased, it looked like a green arc was slicing through the sky.

Behind those three, an indistinct wisp of black smoke followed behind. That black smoke drifted about and could not be discovered easily, but if anyone did manage to notice it and observed it closely, they would discover a shocking bloodlust within.

That faint black smoke was naturally that one slave from the 300 the eldest senior brother owned!

He was following the orders of his Young Master to protect his junior brothers. When the time came, he would cast the strongest skill from their tribe – the Forbidden Curse!

Behind that wisp of black smoke, in the smoke that even the eldest senior brother's slave did not notice, was an old man dressed in white. That old man had an excited look on his face and continuously rubbed his hands together. Sometimes, he would roll up his sleeves to reveal thin and dried up arms while a brilliant light shone in his eyes as he followed behind them cautiously.

"Are they going to fight? This is going to be fun! Fourth isn't dumb. At least he knows to not fight alone. Group fights are the only exciting fights! I can't let them know I'm following behind them. If I do this, it'll be more exciting!

"But these brats just can't match up to me when I was young. If they knew to go fight in a group, then why didn't they know they should also wear masks?"

The old man was, of course, Tian Xie Zi. Besides the excited look on his face, there was also enthusiasm simmering within him. However, dissatisfaction soon appeared on his face.

This was the first time since many years that the entire ninth summit ventured out together!

Together, they charged towards Northern Frontier!

If Zhuo Ge, the Black Arrow Berserker of Northern Frontier knew beforehand that injuring Zi Che would bring about such a result – bringing out the monsters of the ninth summit that happened to be connected to each other by a Master and disciple relationship, then perhaps he would have immediately turned back when he saw Zi Che and would not have bothered him.

"It takes about a day to reach Northern Frontier Tribe from Freezing Sky Clan. They're both on the ice plains, but they're quite different. Their tribe isn't built on ice mountains or frozen rivers, but on a snow plain."

Bai Su felt the cold from the wind seeping into her bones as they continued flying in the air while Su Ming held her. She shuddered, then immediately felt warmth traveling from Su Ming's body to hers.

With that warmth around, the chilling wind also seemed gentler to the skin. Bai Su's cheeks were flushed red, and she spoke in a low voice after remaining silent for a while. It could be said that she was recalling everything she remembered about Northern Frontier Tribe so that she could help Su Ming and the others to make detailed preparations.

"Northern Frontier Tribe is very big and looks like a city, but there aren't any walls surrounding it. They only use ice to make their houses... To the people of Northern Frontier Tribe, ice and

snow are part of their lives, they cannot put up a wall and separate it from their lives.

"There are two giant statues right before Northern Frontier Tribe. The two statues are carved in the image of two ferocious and malicious spirits fighting against each other. Their big bodies form the gate to Northern Frontier Tribe."

Bai Su's voice echoed in the howling wind, her words falling not only into Su Ming's ears, but Hu Zi and his second senior brother's too.

"In the past, it was said that there were three Green Arrow Berserkers who were as strong as those within the Berserker Soul Realm. One of them was even halfway to the Purple Arrow.

"This powerful tribe might not have been a big tribe, but it was strong enough to make big tribes fear them. The Great Tribe of Freezing Sky paid a great price in subduing them as well. They managed to kill the Elder of Northern Frontier Tribe, who was the person who was halfway through to becoming a Purple Arrow Berserker, and also killed another Green Arrow Berserker before managing to conquer Phantom Dais and changing their name to Northern Frontier.

"The only remaining powerful Berserker who was at the level of the Berserker Soul Realm in Northern Frontier was the tribe's Chief of War in the past. That person escaped death by a hair's breadth, but before long, due to his largely reduced life force, he died... The Northern Frontier Tribe now may no longer be as great as they were in the past, but they still cannot be underestimated.



"As one of the four great branches of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky, Northern Frontier Tribe definitely has powerful Berserkers at the Berserker Soul Realm defending them, because the Elders of these branches in the past had to go to the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky to train when they attained great completion in the Bone Sacrifice Realm. Only when they reached the Berserker Soul Realm would they be given the title of Elder.

"There was a period of time where Northern Frontier Tribe had no Elder leading them for more than 2,000 years, but I remember reading in one of the ancient scrolls that a 100 something years ago, an Elder that Freezing Sky approved of appeared in Northern Frontier Tribe!

"That person's name is Mo Shan..." Bai Su quickly explained.

Half a day passed by as the four of them continued dashing forward. The land was filled with a vast expanse of white, the end of which could not be seen at first glance. All they could see was the sky and earth that were filled with ice and snow.

They seldom saw anyone moving towards them as they flew in the sky. It was as if there were no longer any living souls within the world, and the only ones left were their group.

There were no tracks of anyone walking on the ground either. If a normal person trudged upon this land filled with ice, snow, mountain ranges, and plains, they would definitely die.

The wind moaned like ghosts crying and wolves howling. Snow hurricanes would occasionally appear on the land and blow in all directions while moving the snow on the ground, creating a shocking sight to behold.

This was a white world. It was a world of ice and snow, a world where no other color could be seen.

"Besides the Elder Mo Shan, there are four other leaders in Northern Frontier Tribe. They're the Chief of War, Chief of the Hunters, Phantom Equal, and Spirit Chief. The power of these four people is so great it cannot be discerned. Even if they're not at the Berserker Soul Realm, they should not be too far from it... We have to be especially careful of the Phantom Equal among them.

"There is a rumor about him that people seldom hear. I only read about this legend in an ancient, broken scroll. It said that up till now, no one has ever seen the face of the Phantom Equal of Phantom Dais Tribe, ever since the tribe appeared in the Land of South Morning. Neither have they seen his clothes, his voice, or his actions.

"Over the years, he has created a presence among others, which is what led to this rumor. The Phantom Equal of Phantom Dais will never die and will never be destroyed. The Phantom Equal will only be one person for all eternity!"

Bai Su's voice gained a hushed quality as it echoed in the other three people's ears. In the moaning wind, a mysterious quality was added to her words when she uttered them.

"Youngest junior brother, this lass knows a lot of things. This... is good!"

A smile appeared on second senior brother's lips, and he cast an approving look at Bai Su.

Bai Su quickly returned a smile to second senior brother from Su Ming's embrace.

"Thank you... for your praise, uncle master. I just like reading."

"You can refer to me as second senior brother like my youngest junior brother does," second senior brother said with a smile.

A red flush colored Bai Su's face once again. She had no idea why, but she was blushing quite frequently this day.

"Why is there no tribe leader?" Su Ming suddenly asked.

This was exactly what second senior brother was about to ask too. As for Hu Zi, he continued drinking as he kept his gaze in front of them while occasionally licking his lips, revealing a hint of ruthlessness. He did not listen to Bai Su's words. In his mind, he would just beat up all those he met, and there would be people naturally reminding him how to fight these people when the time came.

To him, that was what smart people should do.

"Northern Frontier Tribe still retains the customs left behind by their ancestors when they were still Phantom Dais Tribe. They don't have a tribe leader. Their tribe leader is something without substance. I heard that he's a malicious spirit in the world, but it's just a mere symbolism," Bai Su answered softly.

A thought flitted through Su Ming's mind. Once he heard of the things related to Northern Frontier Tribe, especially about the tribe leader, the first thing that appeared in his head was the old man from Lizard Shaman Tribe summoning the giant lizard Totem!

That giant lizard was also just a symbol and a mere Totem.

"Northern Frontier... Phantom Dais..."

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

Time slowly passed by in this manner. Their speed increased, and when dusk arrived, Bai Su's breathing suddenly quickened.

"We're here..."

# Chapter 286: Northern Frontier Tribe!

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Su Ming came to a halt, while Hu Zi took a few steps forward by his side. With his wine gourd in hand, his eyes were gradually tainted with bloodlust. As for the second senior brother, he had his hands behind his back and stood nearby in a relaxed manner. It was a pity that the sun was covered by the clouds. But even if the land was still bright, it was not hot.

About 10,000 feet ahead of Su Ming and the rest of them were many big buildings built on a large expanse of snow. As wind blew past, the snow would be lifted from the ground.

Right before Su Ming were two giant statues. These two statues were carved in the image of malicious Phantoms fighting against each other. A heinous, murderous aura spread from within the two statues without restraint, and filled the entire area with it.

Behind the two giant malicious Phantom statues were rows upon rows of neatly arranged houses. These houses were all made from ice and connected in a long, unbroken line. With just one glance, it was hard to find the end of that line.

This was a tribe bigger than a city. The enormous size of the tribe was not due to how grand it looked, but due to its length. It seemed endless, stretching far into the distant land.

If anyone stood in the sky high above the tribe and looked at the ground, then they would be able to see that the buildings within Northern Frontier Tribe were positioned in a manner that they

formed the shape of an arrow on the vast and endless plain of snow!

It was like the mark of a gigantic arrow that was branded on the land belonging to Northern Frontier Tribe!

Beneath the snow plains were layers upon layers of snow that continued sinking into the snow plains. The bottom most layer, which touched the earth buried under the snow plains, had the least amount of snow.

If a person could see far ahead, beyond the snow plains, they would find hints of green growing on the ground, which was also located much lower than the snow plains itself. If that person could see even farther ahead, they would find birds flying about and flowers blooming.

This snow plain was like a ravine that separated winter and summer!

Northern Frontier Tribe existed within this land, a land that made it seem as if the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky was located south, but was in truth a place that was located to the north in the maps detailing the topography of the Land of South Morning. The tribe stayed here defending the northern gate of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky.

"This is just one part of Northern Frontier Tribe on the Great Frozen Plains. There's another part of the tribe underneath the snow plains..." Bai Su said softly.

"Northern Frontier Tribe has retained the customs of Phantom Dais. All their Berserkers have very long hair. If they fight against outsiders, those who die will lose their heads. If they fight among themselves, the person who loses will have a choice. He can choose to cut off his own head or cut off his hair.

"That is why if a person has very long hair, it means he seldom loses. It might also be that... he has never lost before," Bai Su whispered, looking at Su Ming. Once she finished speaking, she hesitated for a moment.

"Su Ming, I would suggest all of you to wear hoods... If you do that, I think it might be easier for all of you."

The moment Bai Su finished speaking but before Su Ming could manage to say anything in return, second senior brother gave the girl an approving look. He then turned to Su Ming.

"Youngest junior disciple, this lass is very good! But lass, I've already made preparations for this a long time ago." Second senior brother smiled gently and lifted his right hand to bring out a number of black hoods from his bosom.

"Ahem, as disciples of the ninth summit, we have no need to hide our faces, in fact, it's below our dignity to hide our faces, but..." A stern look appeared on second senior brother's face when he looked at Su Ming and Hu Zi.

"We have to be considerate of our Master. He's already old, and

his mind can't react fast enough for him to formulate lies, so we have to find an excuse for him, no?

"We're not worried about showing our faces, but for our Master, for our old man, we have to bear with this shame and wear the hood."

Hu Zi blinked, then nodded his head firmly in understanding.

"You're right. Ah... this is for Master. We're doing this for Master. Second senior brother, I can bear with this. I will bear with it!" As he spoke, he snatched a hood and covered his head, which left only his eyes to be seen. He snickered.

"Third senior brother, I'm sorry you have to go through this..." Second senior brother patted Hu Zi's shoulder with a touched expression on his face.

"Second senior brother, we're doing this for Master, this insult is nothing!" Hu Zi stopped snickering and a resolute look appeared in his eyes.

"We're all Master's good disciples. Youngest junior brother, what about you?" Second senior brother handed a hood to Su Ming.

Su Ming took it with an odd expression on his face, but he still covered his head with it without a word.

Bai Su widened her eyes where she stood by the side. She had a



sudden feeling that she had never come to understand the ninth summit as clearly as she did at that moment...

‘Just what are these people..?’

Bai Su rubbed the center of her brows. She had thought that convincing these people to wear a hood would be difficult, but the strange development made her suddenly think that she was far too young and inexperienced compared to these people.

"Master, for you, we will suffer through this injustice, but we're doing this willingly because we're your good disciples. We love you..."

Second senior brother lifted his head and puffed out his chest before putting on the hood. He winked at Su Ming and Hu Zi, then threw the leftover hood down as if he did not just do it intentionally and charged towards Northern Frontier Tribe in a long arc.

Hu Zi stomped the ground with his right foot, and as snow scattered in the air, he dashed after his second senior brother.

"Find a safe place and wait for me!"

Su Ming cast a glance at Bai Su and leaped into the air to chase after his second senior brother and Hu Zi. The three of them were like shooting stars traveling in the sky, and their destination... was Northern Frontier Tribe!

Bai Su stood there and watched the three of them. She remained silent for a moment before she sat down cross-legged. There were hints of worry along with a complicated look on her face.

In the sky, the three disciples of the ninth summit closed in rapidly on Northern Frontier Tribe, side by side.

"Second senior brother, is Master really behind us?" An excited and savage look appeared in Hu Zi's eyes when he asked softly.

"Of course, Master is even faster than we are. Besides, when we left the ninth summit, I saw him peeking at us in white with my own eyes," second senior brother whispered in a hushed tone.

"...I saw him too..." Su Ming offered in a whisper.

"Ha ha! Then there's no mistake about it. I left a hood for Master. We can kill as much as we want today. We'll kill that little birdie, and even if it's a serious matter, the Master is there to hold the line! There's nothing for us to be afraid of!"

Second senior brother had clearly become excited as well. His eyes sparkled.

"How will we kill them?" Hu Zi pulled the hood back and licked his lips.

"Third, Fourth, I'll tell you the rule of the ninth summit today. This is what our eldest senior brother told me in the past!" Second senior brother looked at Su Ming and Hu Zi.

"Kill those who have harmed even a single plant of ninth summit!

"Kill those who have harmed even a single follower of ninth summit!

"Kill all the Berserkers of the tribe of the person who harmed even a single disciple of the ninth summit!

"The ninth summit will never cause trouble, but if someone provokes us, then we will use murder to tell them that the ninth summit is not someone they can offend! That is why we will look for Zhuo Ge, and if anyone stops us, they'll die!" There was a murderous aura within second senior brother's words, and his voice was as cold as ice.

Hu Zi sucked in a deep breath, then pulled the hood back on his head. A blood-red light appeared in his eyes. However, after a moment of hesitation, he turned to look at his second senior brother while flying forward.

"Second senior brother, why didn't you help me when I was bullied last time? That doesn't fit the rules of the ninth summit." Hu Zi was very dissatisfied.

"If you didn't peek at me every single night, I'd help you as well!"

Second senior brother shook his head and sighed deeply.

Su Ming did not speak. Green light shone at the center of his brows and the murderous aura in his right eye spread through his entire body, causing him to look like an arrow filled with killing intent. With one single charge, he flew to the forefront of the three of them.

As they charged forward, the distance between them and Northern Frontier Tribe grew shorter!

At the same time, at the spot where Bai Su had sat down behind them, she had cast some unknown Art and her body gradually faded away until she looked almost invisible and was as unnoticeable as a spectral.

Yet right then, Bai Su's eyes flew open and she nearly cried out in surprise.

A layer of black smoke had appeared before her. That black smoke filled the air and was charging forward through the snow plains. In the span of a breath, it had traveled 10,000 feet and was already far away from her.

"Lass, don't make a sound..."

The cause for Bai Su's held back scream was the old voice that fell into her ears. Soon, she saw an old man dressed in white robes walking forth from the snow plains on her side.

That old man had his back bent and was walking towards her with light footsteps. When he was before Bai Su, he placed his index finger to his mouth and made a shushing sound.

A strange expression immediately appeared on Bai Su's face. She had seen this old man before and knew that he was Su Ming's Master, Tian Xie Zi!

Tian Xie Zi lowered his head and picked up the hood second senior brother had thrown down while mumbling under his breath.

"Those brats sure are sly, at least they knew to bring hoods with them. Looks like they're not dumb, after all. They even left one for me... Shoot! Did they see me?"

The white-robed Tian Xie Zi pulled the hood over his head as he continued mumbling, then turned around to look at the stunned Bai Su. A smile appeared on his face.

"Hey, you must be that young companion of my fourth disciple. So... do I look good?"

Bai Su was stunned. She instinctively nodded her head.

A pleased look immediately appeared on the white-robed Tian Xie Zi's face. He turned around and walked in the direction Su Ming and the other two had taken to Northern Frontier Tribe.

The instant Su Ming and the other two arrived 10,000 feet away from Northern Frontier Tribe, the people within it noticed them. However, the treatment given to Su Ming and the other two by this tribe was completely different compared to the other tribes Su Ming had run into in the past.

If it was any other tribe, someone would have flown out a long time ago to stop them.

Yet Northern Frontier Tribe was not so. When they noticed Su Ming and the other two approaching, only a few of the tribe members stopped whatever they were doing and lifted their heads to look at the sky coldly. Most of the rest chose to ignore them.

In an instant, Su Ming and his brothers arrived at the gate formed by the two statues. With a smile, second senior brother took one step forward and wrapped his fist in his palm to bow towards the Northern Frontier tribe members who were looking at them coldly but were not saying a single word.

"I am Gong Sun Hu of Freezing Sky Clan's third summit, I would like to meet brother Zhuo Ge. Please tell him on my behalf."

The people who were looking at them coldly from behind Northern Frontier Tribe's gate continued remaining silent.

Second senior brother shook his head.

"You are all far too rude. This... is not good..."

While speaking, he took one step forward. The moment his foot landed, the earth suddenly trembled and a large amount of snow shot into the air. It blotted out the entire sky and earth, causing the Northern Frontier tribe members who had been looking at them coldly to change their expressions drastically.

"Give us Zhuo Ge! Anyone who try to stop us, die!" Hu Zi lifted his arms, and a gigantic battle axe materialized in his left hand. He took a big swig from the gourd in his right hand and charged forth.

## Chapter 287: The Ninth Summit Broke into Northern Frontier!

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Hu Zi was like a tiger jumping down a mountain. Once his feet landed on the ground, the snow there flew into the air, causing the area to look clouded, but from that indistinct view, he charged abruptly out with the giant axe now in his right hand. Su Ming had never seen that axe before. The blade was rusted in several places, but the axe's handle was made with a beast bone.

When Hu Zi stormed out, a faint tiger's howl that shook the skies broke through Northern Frontier Tribe's gate!

Second senior brother held himself in an imposing manner that made him seem like a tidal wave. That one step he took had caused the earth to tremble, and as snow shot into the air, green appeared under his foot. Grass had completely covered the area over there in a bizarre fashion.

"You are far too rude. I was courteous towards you, and yet you treated me like this? You went too far this time!"

Second senior brother's face was flushed with rage and his smile was no longer present. Moving forward, he lifted his right hand and waved it towards the people who came to stop them from entering.

When he waved his arm, green appeared on the white snow and fell on the hair and shoulders of the three people charging towards second senior brother. Snow spread through the bodies of these



ferocious looking Northern Frontier tribe members.

Almost at the same moment, green grass shot out from underneath the feet of these three Northern Frontier tribe members who had rushed out, covering their bodies at a monstrous speed. When the three arrived before second senior brother, their whole bodies had already been covered by green grass and their faces were as pale as death itself. They struggled but could not move.

"Second senior brother, it's not that they're rude, it's because we're wearing hoods. No matter how polite you are to them, anyone who sees us coming will know what we want to do, so why would they bother being f\*cking courteous to you?!" Hu Zi was swinging his axe not too far away, but he still did not forget to turn his head back to shout at his second senior brother.

Second senior brother was momentarily stunned and touched the hood covering his face instinctively before he shook his head and sighed deeply.

"I didn't manage to frame Gong Sun Hu. That bugger should consider himself lucky."

Su Ming had a calm expression on his face, and only the murderous aura in his right eye was revealed. He moved forward, but without the shocking, imposing manner of his second senior brother or the domineering pressure of Hu Zi. Yet as he moved, he held a green sword in his hand, and lightning sparked at the tip of the sword.

Right before him, there were three people storming toward him. Su Ming let them. The moment he was about to cross paths with them, he suddenly increased his speed and moved away from them so quickly that he seemed to have overlapped his body with theirs for an instant when he moved past them. Immediately, blood gushed out from the three people's necks and their heads fell to the ground.

Su Ming calmly held the sword in his hand and moved forward.

The three brothers were within Northern Frontier Tribe's gate, right under the two giant, malicious Phantom statues. Behind them was the vast snow plain where freezing wind moaned in the air.

Before them was the large Northern Frontier Tribe whose end could not be seen. The sounds of war drums being hit reverberated through the air and traveled forth from deep within Northern Frontier Tribe. The war drums were deep and exuded an oppressive presence. It spread through the air, telling the entire tribe that they were attacked by strong enemies.

People charged out from within the tribe and stormed towards where the three brothers were. There were also quite a number of normal Northern Frontier tribe members around Su Ming and the other two.

They looked different from the normal people Su Ming had seen before. Not much fear could be seen on their faces. In fact, very

few of them left in panic. At most, they retreated a little, making enough space between themselves and the attackers, before stopping still and watching the three of them coldly.

There were many people who had charged out from the tribe. With just one glance, Su Ming counted at least a few dozen of them. As they closed in, they split into three parts and stormed towards Su Ming, Hu Zi, and second senior brother.

Hu Zi grinned, took a big swig of alcohol, then took an unstable step forward. He placed the axe by his side, spread out his arms, and shouted towards the sky.

"Enter... Dream..."

His shout shook the sky and earth, and the Northern Frontier tribe members who had split into three parts were all stunned, but they were only taken aback for a moment. Snoring sounds echoed in the air, and Hu Zi fell to the side just like when Su Ming fought against Si Ma Xin, deep in sleep.

A strange look appeared on Su Ming's face. Second senior brother sighed and moved to where Hu Zi was to kick him.

With that one kick, Hu Zi immediately opened his eyes and picked up the axe beside him with embarrassment on his face.

"Third, don't always... enter your dreams..."

Second senior brother shook his head and walked towards the dozens of Northern Frontier people. He lifted his arms, and immediately, green appeared on his hands. He slammed them on the ground.

The snow on the ground rapidly melted and green grass rose before it started growing in a bizarre manner, turning the entire area into a plain of grass. The moment the Northern Frontier tribe members charging towards second senior brother arrived, the grass on the ground broke off from its roots and charged towards those people like arrows.

Hu Zi was angered by what had happened just now and picked up his axe to engage the dozen people charging towards him. This was the first time Su Ming witnessed Hu Zi's valor. He did not care about pain or getting injured at all. With a terrifying force, he rushed into the crowd like a fierce tiger and started slaughtering those people.

There was one thing that caught Su Ming's attention. Every single time Hu Zi was attacked, a light would flash and he would appear to be completely unharmed. It was as if there was a layer of invisible armor around him, causing the blows that landed on him to be painless.

Hu Zi threw his back and laughed. As he continued with his slaughter, his eyes filled with red. Eventually, he spread his arms and made the gesture as if he was about to Enter his Dream again, but right then, second senior brother let out a fake cough. Only then did Hu Zi stop.

Su Ming moved to his side. The Northern Frontier tribe members all had different levels of cultivation, but the instant they got close, lightning shot out from around Su Ming and spread swiftly in all directions. The lightning appeared too suddenly, and all the people who were enveloped in it froze momentarily.

The second they did so, Su Ming charged forth. Green light swept through his foes, and a dozen heads flew into the air in the midst of blood.

After Su Ming killed these dozen people, he lifted his head and shouted towards the deeper parts of Northern Frontier Tribe, "Zhuo Ge, come out!"

Before the echoes of his shout faded away, cracking sounds came from around Hu Zi, and a loud rumbling shot into the sky. An invisible, mirror-like thing shattered around Hu Zi's body. The numerous invisible shards shot out in all directions from around him, causing the people who had surrounded him to fall back screaming as their bodies were shot full of holes.

"Hey, a\*\*holes, this is your Grandpa Hu's latest invention, the invincible armor!" Hu Zi shouted towards the sky proudly. "Zhuo Ge, come out!"

It was also at that moment that second senior brother swept away the snow on his clothes. Before him were a dozen corpses that had been pierced by grass. He lifted his head and looked towards the deeper part of Northern Frontier Tribe with a faint smile. He, too, shouted those four words.

"Zhuo Ge, come out!"

Their voices fused together and turned into a powerful sound wave that rumbled through the entire area.

The normal Northern Frontier tribe members could no longer remain unperturbed. Their expressions drastically changed.

"Bone Sacrifice! That person who used grass to kill is a powerful Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm!"

"Just what is going on with that man with the axe? How could he resist so many hits? It may have seemed to explode at the end, but the ones who were injured were our tribe members!"

"There's also the one with the green light flashing and lightning swimming around his body. His power may not be great, but he's incredibly fast. Yet by the looks of it, he should be the weakest among the three of them!"

About 100,000 feet away from Su Ming was the middle part of Northern Frontier Tribe. There were a large amount of ice buildings over there. The faint sounds of fighting from the tribe's gate had become much weaker when they reached that particular section.

There were numerous Northern Frontier tribe members over there, and their expressions were all aloof, as if they were

unconcerned with the battle at the front of the tribe.

There was a house that was clearly much taller than the other ice houses in the middle section of Northern Frontier Tribe, and outside that house was a bonfire. Three men sat beside it.

They were three middle-aged men, and all of them had hair that reached their waists. Their hair was braided so that it would not look messy. They sat by the fire with calm expressions as their followers standing by their side roasted a small beast. At times, they would wipe some spices on the food.

"I bet they won't be able to come here," one of the three men said calmly.

"That won't do. Of course they won't be able to come here. We talked about gambling time, right? I bet that within an hour, their heads will be hanging at the gate," another person said, smiling.

"Alright then. I'll bet two hours. That person who's good at using grass doesn't seem too bad. He should be able to live a little longer."

"If that's the case, I'll bet on the time for one incense stick. Don't forget, while the front section is occupied by those who are only affiliated to us and they don't have any warriors from Phantom Dais Tribe, but... the one who led the team out to patrol today is You Lin.

"His power is around the same level as mine. I even heard that he already has a black thread in his Arrow Aura. His Phantom is about to go through the second transformation as well."

The three of them spoke as if they were completely unbothered by what was happening in front of their tribe. Instead, they decided to turn it into their entertainment and started betting against each other.

Yet as the three of them spoke, a dark voice traveled out from the house behind them that was clearly different from the other ice houses in the middle section of Northern Frontier Tribe.

"I bet that they can come here, and I will drink their blood and tear off their hair to give it to that useless little brother of mine, Zhuo Ge."

When that voice spoke, the bonfire in the middle of the three people dimmed a little, as if it no longer dared burn too wantonly. The three men immediately stood up and bowed towards the ice house with devout expressions tainted with zealousness.

If things were quiet in the middle section of Northern Frontier Tribe, then it was much more so for those living at the later section on the snow plains. The tribe members who could stay there were all of much higher status. Besides the sound of war drums echoing there, it was completely silent. No sound of battle reached that place.

There were hundreds of houses there, and in each of those



houses, a strong presence resided.

## Chapter 288: Enter Dream!

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Right at the end of the hundreds of houses was the end of the snow plains, a cliff with an abyss underneath, stretching hundreds of thousands of feet downwards. The cliff was dyed white by snow, and at the edge of it was an ice house. There was a big white tree with black leaves next to it. There were cracks on the tree trunk that grouped together to form a human face with his eyes closed.

Underneath the cliff was the other part of Northern Frontier Tribe!

If anyone stood at the edge of the cliff and looked down, they would see that the other part of Northern Frontier Tribe below the cliff was actually a city!

In truth, while the people staying at the front section may be Northern Frontier tribe members, they were not part of Phantom Dais Tribe! This was something not even Bai Su knew!

The ones staying there were other tribes that were forced to surrender to the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky when the tribe became powerful in the past. They merged with Phantom Dais, and that was how Northern Frontier was formed.

In truth, there were blood descendents from several tribes within Northern Frontier Tribe. Among them, Phantom Dais was the strongest, that was why Phantom Dais was in control of the tribe. Since the past, all the Elders who were chosen also came from Phantom Dais.

Even if the distinction between the different blood lines have faded, but under the might of Phantom Dais Tribe, those who were not from Phantom Dais Tribe could only stay at the front of the tribe. This was related to the customs of Phantom Dais. They believed that those who stayed in front were subordinates, and only those who stayed at the back were the masters.

At that moment, at the forefront of Northern Frontier Tribe, the tribal land that stretched out hundreds of thousands of feet, stood a middle-aged man with a ghastly expression and hair that reached his waist. He wore clothes made of beast skins and held a bow made of bone. Blue aura surrounded that bow, and a faint black thread could be seen within that blue aura.

Behind him were nearly 100 Northern Frontier tribe members standing in silence. However, these people did not have bows in their hands because they were not from Phantom Dais Tribe!

Yet they still listened to the man with the bow. Within Northern Frontier Tribe, those who could obtain bows were worthy of respect.

The middle-aged man's gaze was like lightning when he looked at Su Ming and the other two fighting with another batch of dozens of Northern Frontier Berserkers tens of thousands of feet away. A scornful and condescending sneer appeared on his lips.

"If it wasn't because the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky used a despicable method to win, then Freezing Sky Clan would be known

as Phantom Dais Clan right now," the man said in a chilling voice. The blue aura in the bow in his hands coiled up as if it was responding to his words.

"Sir You Lin, they're looking for Zhuo Ge..." a man from Northern Frontier Tribe standing beside the middle-aged man said in a low voice.

"Are you saying that since they're looking for people of Phantom Dais Tribe, that's why your people don't have to fight against them?" the middle aged man asked coldly as he turned around and stared at the man.

It was clear that the man's status was also quite high, yet under You Lin's gaze, especially when he saw the blue aura around the bow in his hand turning into a Phantom Shadow and opening its mouth to howl soundlessly, sweat gradually beaded on the man's forehead.

He lowered his head.

"I wouldn't dare..."

"If you don't dare, then shut up!" You Lin's gaze turned colder.

"But... sir!" The man gritted his teeth, then lifted his head swiftly and looked at You Lin.

"With your power and your Phantom, if you act now, then fewer

of my tribesmen will have to die! And these aren't just my thoughts alone, the other tribes have the same thoughts."

The man's heart pounded against his chest. If it was not because he saw many of his tribe's Berserkers dying and he felt his heart aching in pain for them, he would definitely not have said that.

You Lin stared at the man. After a long while, a cold sneer appeared on his lips. He lifted his right hand and patted the man's shoulders.

"You're right! It's about time this farce ended!" With his right hand raised, You Lin pointed at Su Ming and the others.

"All warriors of the tribes in Northern Frontier Tribe's front get together and take the heads of those three people there. Anyone who doesn't go will be considered a traitor and be punished accordingly!"

"Sir!" The man froze momentarily, then frowned.

"Do it, or die." You Lin narrowed his eyes and killing intent appeared within them.

The man fell silent, then gritted his teeth and let out a low growl before he bounded forward and charged towards the battleground tens of thousands of feet away. Behind him, the other Northern Frontier tribe members that numbered to nearly a hundred rushed out in silence. These people charged towards Su Ming and the

others like a billowing tidal wave.

At the same time, low growls echoed in the front section of Northern Frontier Tribe.

More Berserkers turned into mere shadows and stormed towards Su Ming and the other two!

When almost all of the Berserkers within the front section of Northern Frontier Tribe rushed out, You Lin licked his lips and watched the sight.

"Kill as much as you want. This is a rare chance. This time, perhaps my Phantom will get enough blood and complete the second transformation..."

At the Northern Frontier Gate, Su Ming, Hu Zi, and second senior brother traveled about like three long arcs. All those who tried to stop them in their path died. Behind them, the ground was covered in grass. Besides blood, there were also dozens of corpses lying on the grass.

Hu Zi had already killed until he went into a frenzy. As he drank, he swung his axe. On his body, there seemed to be an unknown number of layers of invisible armor. Right then, as he fought right in front of the three of them, he howled, and completely ignored the blows landing on his body.

Second senior brother employed a more gentle method. He did

not do something as gruesome as Hu Zi, but there was also practically no need for him to act. Most of the time, before anyone could even get close to him, they would turn into human plants and die.

Over at Su Ming's side, the murderous aura in his right eye was thick, and a layer of lightning swam around him. Anyone who touched that lightning would find themselves freezing for a moment, and what awaited those people would be their heads flying in the air.

The small virescent sword in Su Ming's hand continued dripping with fresh blood. Even if Su Ming had his eyes closed, he could still sense what was happening around him with his divine sense. Even as he moved forward, he could still observe what was happening to Hu Zi and his second senior brother. There was a relaxed air coming from his calm demeanor.

"Second senior brother, the people here aren't from Phantom Dais Tribe..." Su Ming said languidly, walking forward.

"If the people of Phantom Dais Tribe refuse to come out, then we will slaughter until they come out." Second senior brother smiled and moved forward.

Su Ming and his two senior brothers continued with the slaughter and almost entered the front section of Northern Frontier Tribe when, suddenly, roars traveled forth, and more than one hundred Berserkers charged towards them from up ahead.

There were seven people leading the charge, and all of them held power that would not lose to Zi Che. When they got closer, they looked like a swarm that had covered the sky and earth under the light from the dark sky.

With his divine sense, Su Ming immediately noticed a person looking towards them from several tens of thousands of feet behind the incoming people. That person had a cruel smirk on his face and held a big bow in his hand. His hair was so long that it reached his waist!

Right at the instant these one hundred or so Berserkers charged towards them, a glare appeared in second senior brother's eyes. He was just about to move forward when Su Ming also lifted his foot and Han Mountain Bell began faintly forming behind him.

Far too many things happened at that instant.

The Berserkers charged forward madly, and in the distance, anticipation and eagerness appeared in You Lin's eyes. The blue aura around the bow in his hand started swaying fiercely, and turned into the Phantom Shadow. Within its eyes were greed and bloodlust.

The seven people at the front of the charging Berserkers had unwilling looks on their faces, but they had to attack.

In the land behind Su Ming, a wisp of black smoke was charging forth, and behind that black smoke was a thin old man walking



forth with his hands behind his back.

All these things froze in an instant due to one thing!

Hu Zi stood before his two brothers. Right at the moment those one hundred something Berserkers closed in, he loosened his grip on the axe. It landed with a thud on the snow. The wine gourd in his left hand no longer had any wine left, but he still placed it to his lips and seemingly drank a huge mouthful from it before he let go.

The wine gourd fell to the ground, and as it fell, Hu Zi spread his arms wide and looked at the sky.

"Enter... Dream..."

His soft first syllable soon turned into a shocking roar. That roar reverberated through the air and covered an area of 10,000 feet of the front section of Northern Frontier Tribe. As his voice echoed in the air, that wine gourd crashed into the ground with a bang.

As if it was a coincidence, when that sound rang out, Hu Zi's eyes fell shut. Right then, an indescribable pressure swept out with his body acting as the center. A thick alcoholic scent filled the air, along with snoring sounds.

The places where the sound and alcoholic scent passed through made Su Ming widen his eyes and suck in a sharp breath. Those charging Berserkers suddenly froze, and with confused looks on

their faces, they shut their eyes and fell to the ground.

At that instant, the area of 10,000 feet at the front section of Northern Frontier Tribe turned into a land where everyone was in deep sleep. Besides Su Ming and his second senior brother, all the living souls closed their eyes and fell unconscious.

"Enter... Dream..." Su Ming mumbled. He looked at Hu Zi. At that moment, Hu Zi stood on the ground with his eyes closed as if he was in deep sleep.

Second senior brother was momentarily stunned before an ecstatic look appeared on his face and he laughed heartily. "Third made it!"

Yet the moment second senior brother's laughter left his lips, a sharp whistle that shocked the skies traveled forth from tens of thousands of feet away, bringing with it an indescribable killing intent. It was an arrow!

It was an arrow surrounded by blue aura, and as the aura floated through the air, it turned into a malicious Phantom. That malicious Phantom surrounded the arrow, and with a nigh indescribable speed, charged... towards Hu Zi!!

Every single inch of earth that the arrow passed through started cracking. All those within its path, be it the buildings or the Northern Frontier tribe members, would be destroyed abruptly. The buildings would crumble, and the living would have their flesh and skin disappear, turning into skeletons. They were all

absorbed by that arrow. Like thunder, it turned into the one and only sound in the sky.

Tens of thousands of feet away, You Lin still had his hand lifted up. The bowstring he let loose was still trembling and humming. There was anger lying underneath his ferocious expression.

At that moment, everything in Su Ming's sight became blurry. The only thing he saw was Hu Zi, who had his eyes closed, and the charging arrow. There was no communication between him and his second senior brother beside him, but the two of them seemed to have known what the other was thinking and the both of them did two completely different things!

Su Ming took one step forward, and as if piercing through air itself, he rushed towards Hu Zi.

Second senior brother also took one step forward, but he did not move towards Hu Zi. Instead... he charged towards You Lin, whose bow was still humming in the distance!

## Chapter 289: The Wind from the Cold Sky...

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Su Ming's speed reached an unbelievable pace in an instant. You Lin had always thought that while his arrow might not be the fastest in his tribe, but it was definitely much faster than a Berserker.

If the person he wanted to kill had the ability to dodge the arrow himself, then he would have a possibility of dodging the arrow during the entire process the arrow was shot from the bow.

However, if the person did not have the ability to do so and required outside assistance, then when he shot that arrow, he was confident no one would be able to save him at that instant!

When he saw Su Ming's actions, besides the thought that appeared in You Lin's head, there was only derision and condescendence.

Yet just as he started mocking Su Ming in his head, that derision instantly froze and was replaced by disbelief and shock!

In You Lin's eyes, when Su Ming took that one step forward, two figures appeared. One of them maintained the action of when Su Ming took that one step, while the other shockingly appeared right before Hu Zi, and the moment that figure appeared, the arrow also closed in!

With his own eyes, You Lin saw that young man with the monstrous murderous aura in his right eye and the calmness in his

left eye lifting his right hand and drawing a line. He did it as if he was drawing a picture in the direction of the approaching arrow and the ferocious Phantom Shadow formed by the blue aura.

With that one stroke, it was as if the entire world disappeared in You Lin's eyes. The only thing left was that one line, its trajectory, and the arc formed when the youth's finger drew that line.

It was as if that trajectory had opened the gate connecting the sky and earth. During that instant, the sky and earth fused together. During that instant, the weather changed, and that one single instant turned into a moment that seemed like it would exist for eternity!

With that one line, Su Ming's finger slashed through the approaching arrow, and that arrow turned into two halves without a sound. The moment it split, cracks started appearing on those two halves inch by inch before they turned into dust!

As that finger fell, grief spread out and filled the hearts of all those watching! It made You Lin's eyes turn blank and vacant. His body trembled and he started crying tears of blood. Blood flowed out of the corners of his lips and a roar rang in his mind. That grief, that sorrow which seemed to have come from the depths of his heart seemed to have surpassed the limits of what his body could take. It was as if he was being crushed by the world, being rejected by the world itself.

The moment Su Ming's finger fell, the faint voice he'd heard when he was in the land of the Shamans spoke once again. This time, it did not stay in his heart but spread out. The aged voice

spoke to everyone in the endless land.

"The place where I was born still did things according to the laws of the universe...

"When I was born, the Berserkers had weakened...

"If the heavens are heartless, then we will all be separated...

"The earth was heartless, and it made my Dark Mountain die...

"When war begins, the moon will shatter into millions of pieces...

"The roads leading to our homes will become unfamiliar to us, and we will grieve...

Su Ming lifted his head. His body was within the second shadow in the distance. As that shadow disappeared and he lifted his head, that one line of his destroyed the arrow as it slashed through the blue Phantom Shadow.

The Phantom Shadow let out a piercing scream as if it was letting out a cry of despair before it died, as if it had just discovered something that threw it into disbelief. It struggled as if it wanted to retreat, and as it did so, a pleading look for mercy, panic, and absolute terror could be seen on its face!

However, when Su Ming's finger slashed past the Phantom

Shadow, those expressions disappeared and scattered into the wind along with its body...

The Phantom died!

Almost the moment Su Ming drew that line and in turn crushed the arrow and destroyed the Phantom, one man walked swiftly past the three people kneeling in the ice house in the middle section of Northern Frontier Tribe.

That person was short and looked like a child, but his face had a boorish quality to it. Perhaps it was due to his height, but his hair was so long that it dragged on the floor.

"God of Berserkers Transformation!" A serious look appeared on the person's face. "Bring me my bow," the short man stated languidly.

At the same time, in the quiet later section of Northern Frontier Tribe, some of the auras in the ice houses suddenly started moving with a rumble. It was as if they were drawn out by Su Ming's line and moved like a gigantic wave that appeared on calm water.

You Lin's face was pale where he stood on the battlefield. He staggered backwards and coughed out a mouthful of blood. His hand which held the bow trembled viciously. Blood lines also appeared in his eyes, yet the appearance of those blood lines could not give him the anger he needed to motivate him. They could only hold an endless amount of terror and shock.

Almost at the instant he staggered backwards, he saw Su Ming lifting his head to look at him. That gaze radiated mercilessness, and... a chill that could freeze bones!

This was the final gaze and the final scene You Lin ever saw in his life. A green figure walked out from behind him and swept his cold hands across his neck gently; then those hands brought with them... a human head gushing with blood!

Second senior brother carried You Lin's head in his hand, and with a gentle expression, he looked towards Su Ming. As he did so, a smile curled up on his lips and admiration appeared on his face.

"Let him sleep. He won't be harmed over here." While speaking, second senior brother averted his gaze from Hu Zi's body and turned to look at the deeper parts of Northern Frontier. "Youngest junior brother, have you given a name for that line of yours?"

"Not yet," Su Ming replied softly.

"Then call it Berserker Obliteration..."

Su Ming remained silent for a moment, then nodded his head.

"I look forward to the day you complete Berserker Obliteration and play the full piece with the xun..."

As second senior brother spoke with Su Ming, the two of them turned into long arcs and charged into the deeper parts of



Northern Frontier Tribe. No one dared to stop them as they passed through. Even the remaining Berserkers scattered here and there retreated, allowing Su Ming and his second senior brother to be able to travel faster.

After a moment, they arrived at the border between the front and middle sections of Northern Frontier Tribe. Over there, they saw the middle section lying just 10,000 feet away, and that section belonged to Phantom Dais Tribe!

They also saw three middle-aged men looking at them coldly from one particular ice house within the tribe. They lifted the bows in their hands and blue aura surrounded them as Phantom howls echoed in the air. Behind the three men was a short man who held a bow that was about half his size!

That man stabbed that bow onto the ground and grabbed the bowstring. As he drew it out, thick black aura grew from the string, and in the blink of an eye, it turned into a savage, malicious Phantom in midair, roaring at Su Ming.

Before it finished roaring, a dozen people appeared from within the middle section of the tribe. All of them had different lengths of hair, and with their hands, they began drawing out the bows they held!

A fierce killing intent gathered swiftly in the air!

"Second senior brother, I have a second Style after Berserker Obliteration... Please help me name it as well." While speaking, Su

Ming took a step forward.

The moment he took that one step, his body appeared 500 feet away from where he was previously. His speed was so quick it was indescribable. The instant he did so, one of the eight ice hoops on his legs exploded with a bang!

His speed increased explosively!

The explosion of the ice hoop made shock appear on second senior brother's face.

"Youngest junior brother was actually... wearing those things?!"

The breaking of the first ice hoop made Su Ming's entire body instantly feel as if a large weight had been lifted. The moment he felt as if his body had abruptly become lighter, he crossed another 1,000 feet in the time he he had previously taken to cross 500 feet.

When he crossed that distance, the others could no longer see Su Ming, they could only see an afterimage warping to the end of those 1,000 feet.

By that time, most of the Phantom Dais tribe members in the middle section had only started drawing their bows. Su Ming's astonishing speed made Zhuo Ge's short older brother's pupils shrink. Shock appeared on the faces of the three people before him.

"This speed..."

Before the short man could finish uttering his words, which had come out of lips instinctively, banging sounds rang once again around Su Ming's body. Almost the second he crossed those 1,000 feet, another two ice hoops on his legs exploded.

There were only five ice hoops left on his person. His speed became even quicker, and in an instant, he crossed a few hundred feet and rushed towards the short man with the big bow.

The short man widened his eyes and let out a low roar. "Shoot him!"

In the wake of that roar, arrows sliced through the air and charged towards Su Ming!

But just as the arrows left the bowstrings and flew into the air at incredible speeds, banging sounds once again came from Su Ming's feet. Three more ice hoops exploded simultaneously!

At that moment, he only had two ice hoops on his person. Yet even so, his speed had reached a terrifying level. In just an instant, Su Ming crossed 5,000 feet as if he flew through time itself, as if he passed through space, and as if he had just turned those 5,000 feet into an inch!

Right then, the world before Su Ming's eyes seemed to have slowed down. Those arrows also slowed down to a pace that was

even slower than an arrow shot by a normal person. Those arrows may have seemed to have passed through Su Ming, but in truth, they only shot through his afterimage!

Not only did the arrows slow down, even the actions of the three middle-aged men before him letting go of the bowstrings in their hands also slowed down. In fact, even though Su Ming was already standing before these three people, their eyes did not seem to have seen him. It was as if Su Ming was invisible and the three of them were still looking into the distance...

...Right until the moment Su Ming lifted his right hand and pushed forward!

When he pressed forward, his palm seemed to have struck air, but the skin of the three people before him sank down, their hair flew up slowly, and their bodies started trembling.

Su Ming did not stop. He hurled another punch towards the air!

That one punch caused the three people to cough fresh blood and let go of the bowstrings, causing the three arrows to change direction and lose their accuracy.

Finally, Su Ming lifted his right hand, unfurled his fist, then tapped at the air with one finger!

When his finger landed in the air, the heads of the three middle-aged men who were gambling just now exploded. Only at the

moment of their deaths did Su Ming's reflection appear in their eyes, and that was the end of their lives.

‘So uncle master Bai's palm strike, punch, and tap... can be done at extreme speeds...’ Su Ming understood then.

At the instant those three people died and the world's speed returned to normal, a black arrow suddenly appeared right in Su Ming's line of vision, then once it sent the three people's flesh and blood flying into the sky, it shot through and charged towards him!

There were ferocious and malicious Phantoms howling on the black arrow. Coming from behind that arrow was the short man's killing intent, and hidden underneath that killing intent was his shock and alarm. Still caught in his shock, the short man felt a faint gust of wind blowing towards him from the cold sky above him...

# Chapter 290: It's Dark Now

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Where did the wind come from?

The wind started from this place itself!

Su Ming's expression was calm besides the murderous aura in his right eye. At the moment the black arrow and the ferocious Phantom Shadow on it closed in on him, the final two ice hoops on his body exploded!

Six of the eight ice hoops had shattered while he was on the way there. Every single time one of them was destroyed, Su Ming's speed would exceed his previous state's and would raise once again in an inconceivable fashion. At that moment, when the final two ice hoops broke in succession, in Su Ming's eyes, be it the black arrow or the Phantom Shadow formed by the black aura, or even the Phantom Dais tribe members that appeared around him in the middle section of Northern Frontier Tribe, all of these things seemed to have come to a standstill.

The black arrow seemed to have frozen in the sky and looked as if it did not even move. The only thing that seemed to be moving in the entire world was Su Ming's body. He moved forward and walked past the black arrow, past the ferocious Phantom Shadow, and arrived before Zhuo Ge's older brother.

This was a powerful Berserker with power equal to those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm. Even if he was not in the later stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm, judging by how thick the black aura was on

the arrow he shot, it could be determined that his power was around the peak of the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. If he wanted to, he could arrive at the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm any time he wanted.

However, this person was not the strongest person Su Ming had ever defeated!

He walked past this person and the Virescent Light Sword in his right hand glowed before it sliced through the short man's neck.

When Su Ming delivered that slash and stood behind the short man, at that moment, it was as if the world returned to normal. It changed abruptly back from that frozen state, and a shrill cry came from behind Su Ming, followed by the sound of a corpse falling to the ground and an arrow shooting into the sky. Within the whistle of that arrow was also the wretched shriek of the malicious Phantom who also died because its Host passing away.

There were many other sounds mixed within, and they all came from the Phantom Dais tribe members in the middle section of Northern Frontier Tribe. Those were the sounds of them drawing their bows and shooting their arrows. At that moment, those arrows let out whistling sounds as they sliced through the air and fell to the ground.

Su Ming was so quick that he managed to kill three people in a go, followed by another kill, and all of this happened in the span of an arrow being shot. When the arrows flew into the sky, he took his first step, and they only fell to the ground when he had stopped.

Su Ming's face was slightly pale, but his expression was calm, save the glint from the murderous aura in his right eye. He looked around his surroundings and at all the Phantom Dais tribe members who were looking at him with shock and horrified surprise on their faces.

When these Phantom Dais tribe members looked at Su Ming, disbelief and shock could be seen in their eyes. They did not see just how Su Ming had managed to kill those four people.

They only saw him taking one step 10,000 feet away. When that step landed, he was already standing at the spot he was now, and lying closest to his back were those three people whose bodies were completely mangled, and their arrows were broken while their Phantoms destroyed!

Then slightly further away was the brother of Zhuo Ge. That Black Arrow Berserker seemed as if he could not even resist before his head flew into the air and his Phantom Shadow died with a wretched screech!

Su Ming's speed had surpassed everyone's imagination, causing them to be unable to believe what they just saw. Only their hearts remained pounding increasingly faster against their chest, which then turned into nervousness and fear. At that moment, silence fell upon the area.

Ten thousand feet away, second senior brother also widened his eyes. He took a deep breath after a long while, and when he looked



at Su Ming, his gaze was filled with praise and shock. He had watched Su Ming move during the entire process, but even so, when Su Ming killed the short man at the end, he too had lost sight of him for an instant.

This could only mean that Su Ming's speed at that instant had surpassed second senior brother's senses. If his speed was quicker and he could disappear for a long time from a powerful warrior's sight, then he would also become a powerful warrior!

He was a gust of wind. A gust of wind that people could only feel blowing against their faces but could not see!

When Su Ming's gaze swept through all the Phantom Dais tribe members around him in the middle section of Northern Frontier Tribe, all the faces of those who had fallen into his line of vision were instantly drained of blood, and rumbling sounds echoed in their heads.

It was as if Su Ming's gaze contained numerous sharp swords that could pierce through their eyes and crash into their souls, leaving behind a deep brand. That brand was a feeling of powerlessness that made them feel as if they could not resist, as if the person before them was someone they could not hope to win against.

With this feeling in their hearts, under Su Ming's gaze, and as their hearts raced even more quickly in their chests, those whom had fallen into Su Ming's line of vision as he swept his gaze through the area instinctively knelt down before him. They placed the bows in their hands next to their legs, wrapped their arms around their chests, and lowered their heads.

When Su Ming's gaze swept past all the people in the area, all of them, no matter the length of their hair or whether they were a Berserker or a normal person, knelt down and worshipped him.

"The second Style is like a moment that only lasts for an instant, and during that moment, all ghosts and phantoms are destroyed. It is a power that is incomparable... How about naming it Phantom Flash?" second senior brother asked gently as he walked towards Su Ming.

"Phantom Flash... Alright!"

Su Ming nodded his head, his face growing somewhat pale. The speed just now was already his limit. When the final two ice hoops exploded, he sensed that the speed had slightly surpassed what his body could bear. If it was not because he had been training his physical body for the past few months, then it was highly likely that he would have been torn to shreds under that astonishing speed.

"However, youngest junior brother... that Style may be stunning, but... it's still lacking." Second senior brother walked towards Su Ming slowly, and when he was behind him, he cast a glance at the ground, specifically at the short man's corpse, who had his head separated from his body.

"It might not be accurate for me to say that it's lacking. After all, you're the one who Created it... but I think, when you're traveling in that speed, your observational skills fall." As second senior

brother spoke, a glint appeared in his eyes, and instantly, a large amount of grass appeared out of nowhere around the short man's corpse.

"You're recovering, I see..."

The instant second senior brother's words were said, the short man's head started melting and turned into an innumerable amount of black bugs that spread out on the ground. The corpse did the same thing and turned into numerous black bugs. As they filled the entire ground, these black bugs let out a piercing screech and flew into the sky simultaneously.

Yet the moment they flew up, the grass on the ground also shot up and ensnared them. The black bugs moved about incessantly, trying to escape from the grass, but it was clear they would not succeed.

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the black bugs in the sky. His gaze turned cold.

"My Creation is unlike Third's when he Enters Dream. It's also largely different from the Pictures you Draw... My Creation is that of seeking Death when walking the path of Life... just like how day searches for night..."

While speaking, second senior brother lowered his head to look at his left hand before he slowly lifted it and seized the air in the direction of the bugs that were trying to escape from the grass in the sky.

The moment he did so, the grass that had ensnared the bugs turned brown as if having lost all its life force, as if it was a flower in spring that rapidly withered away under autumn wind.

Yet the moment it withered away, that loss of life seemed to spread and covered the black bugs. When second senior brother lowered his hand, those black bugs fell from the sky and crashed into a mangled heap of flesh on the ground. When all the bugs fell, they did not remain as the carcasses of those bugs but transformed back into the short man's corpse.

"When you use Phantom Flash next time, don't cast your attention on your surroundings. Focus on the enemy you want to kill and observe his life... See whether it is still there or whether it is hidden... If you're not certain, then remember one thing: Always treat it as if he is still alive and kill him again, maybe twice, or even more." As second senior brother spoke, he moved to the side of the mass of flesh, lifted his foot, and started stomping on it.

His expression was still gentle, and it was a huge contrast to what he was doing at the moment.

"Now, he's truly dead. Absolutely, and without a doubt, dead!" second senior brother said softly, lifting his head with a smile towards Su Ming.

His actions made the Phantom Dais tribe members who were gathered around them feel an endless chill creeping up their hearts. Right then, to them, this man who had been smiling all this

while was even more terrifying than Su Ming.

This terror did not come from his power but from his actions!

Su Ming was silent for a moment, then nodded deeply.

"Let's go and see just how many people will come out to stop us in the later section of Northern Frontier Tribe." Second senior brother smiled and patted Su Ming's shoulder. There was still a look of praise in his eyes.

Su Ming was just about to follow him, but the moment he lifted his foot, his body trembled, and he lifted his head to look towards his second senior brother standing by his side. He saw a hint of paleness appearing on his second senior brother's smiling face.

"Second senior brother ..." Su Ming opened his mouth, about to say something more.

"It's fine. I'm your senior brother, this is what I should do. Let's go." Second senior brother shook his head and smiled before he moved forward.

Su Ming stared at his second senior brother blankly, and warm affection appeared in his eyes. Just now, when his second senior brother patted his shoulder, he clearly felt a surge of warmth traveling from second senior brother's hand into his body. That warmth circulated through him once and turned into an abundance of life force. This life force was like a powerful

medicinal pill that almost entirely healed the injuries Su Ming's body had sustained due to that unbelievable speed.

Yet it was clear that this was not an easy task for second senior brother to do either!

The kindness of the Sect was carved into Su Ming's heart. For all eternity, he would never forget... the ninth summit!

As the two of them moved forward, no one tried to stop them anymore. The Phantom Dais tribe members around them simply watched Su Ming and second senior brother walking further into the distance. Gradually, they arrived at the later section of Northern Frontier Tribe built on the snow plain.

What was revealed before Su Ming and second senior brother were the quiet ice houses located at the very end of the tribe, along with the black leaved tree at the edge of the snow plains, and the house underneath that tree.

"Phantom Dais Tribe... lives up to its name. Youngest junior brother, there are about a hundred people living within the ice houses in this area, and there are about a dozen of them whose power is equivalent to those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm." Second senior brother swept his gaze across those ice houses, then smiled at Su Ming before he lifted his head to look at the weather.

"Youngest junior brother, it's dark now..." The moment those words left second senior brother's lips, his previously gentle demeanor changed so drastically it was as if heaven was

overturned!

# Chapter 291: Second Senior Brother's Secret!

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"It's dark now."

The moment those words came out of second senior brother's mouth, a freezing cold aura spread out from within his body. That cold aura was like the darkness in the sky, like the cold and merciless night. At that moment, it was as if second senior brother had turned into a completely different person!

Although he was standing beside Su Ming, Su Ming could clearly feel that his second senior brother had become different! Yet he was not unfamiliar with this second senior brother because he had seen him before!

Second senior brother's feet slowly rose into the air and he hovered several inches above the ground. His long hair fluttered slowly in the wind, and that aloof expression on his face made him look incredibly stern.

At that moment, as the sky turned dark and night came, he turned into the darkness that would only appear at night, the one his day personality searched for!

All that which entered Su Ming's line of vision was darkness appearing on the ground below where his second senior brother floated like a ghost. That darkness was not from snow but from the black grass that grew on it.

"The grass at night is black... Did you know that..?"



Second senior brother's voice echoed in the air. As his voice traveled forth, the black grass behind him rustled. In that silent night, those rustling sounds were like people talking about something in soft mumbles.

The moment second senior brother approached the ice house closest to him, a sharp whistling sound came, and along with it came a black arrow. That arrow charged out of that ice house and towards second senior brother.

A ferocious Phantom Shadow materialized on the arrow. It howled as if it wanted to tear apart second senior brother alive and devour his flesh.

"I cannot find the darkness during night... Because I... am night itself..."

Second senior brother's voice was cold. As he spoke, he turned towards the arrow and did not even bother dodging it. He simply let the arrow pierce his body, but as if his body had turned into a mere illusion, that arrow passed through him before it fell onto the black grass on the ground, humming as it did so.

Second senior brother's footsteps did not show any signs of stopping. He continued moving forward, and what happened to him made Su Ming's pupils shrink. Su Ming saw the Phantom Shadow that was formed by the black aura on the arrow around second senior brother's body as if it had fused with him, and it was letting out shrill cries.

That cry shook the skies, and it was so shrill it sounded as if the Phantom Shadow was going through an unbearable pain. Yet in Su Ming's eyes, he could only see the Phantom Shadow revolving around second senior brother and gradually becoming smaller, looking as if it could disappear at any time.

"Great Phantom Devourer Art! Why do you know Phantom Dais Tribe's Secret Art?!" A voice filled with shock came from within the ice house the arrow had came from. At the same time, a person walked out from it.

It was a man dressed in a long white robe. His eyes sparkled, but they were currently shining with surprise and shock.

The moment the man walked out, sharp whistling sounds abruptly tore through the air, and more than a dozen sharp arrows shot out from the ice houses in the later section of Northern Frontier Tribe.

Most of these arrows were blue, but there were some which were black. There was even one of them whose black aura was so thick that the Phantom Shadow forming above the arrow was about 1,000 feet tall under the dark sky.

That sight was like Phantoms rushing out together and charging towards second senior brother in the form of arrows as they roared.

Su Ming's expression changed. Without any hesitation, he took a

step forward. Green light shone by his side and the small virescent sword sliced through the air towards the sky. Yet at that moment, second senior brother stopped moving and stretched out his arms. He then lifted his right hand and seized the air in the direction of the sky.

With that one move, Su Ming was thrown into disbelief. In his second senior brother's hands, a large bow appeared!

That bow was entirely black. The body of the bow was made of black wood, and the bowstring was made of black grass. Second senior brother held it in his hand and drew the bow.

"I don't only know Phantom Devourer, I also know your Phantom Bow Art."

As second senior brother's aloof voice echoed in the air, he drew the bow fully. There was no arrow in his hand, but as he released the bowstring, Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. With his own eyes, he saw his second senior brother's body turning into a wisp of black aura the moment the bowstring was released. Just like an arrow that left the bowstring, it charged towards the arrows raining down from the sky!

It was difficult to describe this scene. In Su Ming's eyes, it was as if his second senior brother lost his physical body and turned into an arrow!

Yet this arrow was shot out the moment he released the bowstring. All of this happened in an instant. Su Ming saw his

second senior brother turning into a black arrow, and in the black light of the arrow, he even saw a lock of hair!

At that moment, Su Ming suddenly gained a deeper understanding towards his second senior brother's Creation.

He wandered about in-between life and death, like day-searching for the darkness at night, but this did not mean that he was only searching for darkness when it was day.

This was him searching for darkness at night.

Because he existed within night itself, that was why even if he found it, he would still forever be unable to see it... Su Ming looked at the arrow which was his second senior brother. The black aura on that arrow was very thick, and he could even see the faint Phantom Shadow gathering on it.

And... that Phantom Shadow's appearance was exactly like his second senior brother's face. Su Ming's heart trembled. He understood then.

Understood why his second senior brother's Creation was life and death, why his second senior brother liked flowers, why his second senior brother loved having sunlight fall on the side of his face...

...and also why his second senior brother was always searching during night...

"Phantom Shadow?!"

"He actually turned into a Phantom Shadow?! Who is he?! This can't be possible!"

"There is no Host, only the Phantom Shadow. This... This is... Could the Host be him?!" The Phantom Dais tribe members' faces were filled with disbelief. Some of them even looked towards Su Ming.

At that moment, the arrow which was the transformed second senior brother in the sky and his Phantom Shadow crashed into the dozen arrows shot by the Phantom Dias Tribe.

A booming sound that shook the sky and earth, echoed far through the air. As that sound spread at a maddening pace, all the arrows flying towards second senior brother shattered and turned into millions of shards that tumbled backwards.

The many malicious Phantoms on the arrows and that Phantom that was 1,000 feet tall and surrounded by black aura let out terrified, shrill shrieks. Second senior brother's body was like a vacuum that sucked in everything. All the malicious Phantoms were pulled towards him and revolved around him, causing second senior brother to look blurry as he stared at the ground underneath him coldly.

The vague shape of a horn could be seen faintly on second senior brother's head. The color of that horn was black, but with a hint of

green! The malicious Phantoms on his body quickly shrank, shrieking. It was as if they were all devoured by this second senior brother that only appeared during night.

"Phantom King! He's the Phantom King!"

"This is impossible... It's impossible!"

"He doesn't have a host... How... How is he still alive?!"

Uproars reverberated through the surroundings, and the Phantom Dais tribe members present instinctively retreated. Their gazes when they looked at second senior brother in the sky were filled with terror and disbelief.

Behind them, balls of illusionary shadows appeared against their wills. These illusionary shadows were their Phantoms. When these Phantoms appeared, they looked towards second senior brother in the sky and their faces were also filled with the same horrified surprise, but there was still a difference. Within that horrified surprise was also a hint of zealous respect.

Su Ming looked at his second senior brother's back and a complicated look appeared on his face. He understood then why Hu Zi chose to Enter his Dream so many times here. It was because this was a rare chance. They had their Master protecting them in the dark, and that was why he could Enter his Dream without worry.

It was just like the initial time he Entered his Dream when he was by Su Ming's side. It was because he knew that Su Ming was by his side. Even if Su Ming had just joined the ninth summit, he could still tell that Hu Zi had truly regarded him as his junior brother.

A junior brother that could be protected and would offer his own protection at the same time.

It was just like how second senior brother acted now. This was clearly second senior brother's secret, yet he did not choose to hide anything before Su Ming. He simply stood there and revealed his deepest secret.

Because second senior brother knew that his junior brother was there. Because he knew that his Master was there. Because he knew that even if he showed all this and something happened to him, he would still be safe. Because there were people who would protect him here, and several years later, perhaps another person he wanted to protect with his life would appear again.

"The rules of the ninth summit... aren't made for killin but for protecting each other..." Su Ming mumbled. He understood.

He looked at his second senior brother's back and the complicated look in his eyes vanished, replaced by steadfast resolution. This was not the first time that a determined gaze had appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and this gaze did not just appear because his sense of belonging to the ninth summit had been wavering previously. This time, the steadfast resolution that appeared within his eyes was born of a desire to protect his home and his family!

This protective desire reminded Su Ming of Dark Mountain.

Dark Mountain was what he wanted to protect, but he did not succeed in the end... Right then, the ninth summit gave him the desire to protect something once again. He did not know whether he would succeed, but he knew that this was his home, and over here, he had a family.

Even if the family members within this home were different from others, even if one of the family members, his second senior brother... was not human!

He was a Phantom, one that had somehow escaped fate. He was a Phantom that longed for light even though he was of darkness. He loved plants because the life force within those flowers was similar to his...

His Creation was that of life and death, because he, he did not walk from life to death, but from death to life!

Su Ming understood now.

At the moment he gained the epiphany, suddenly, a cold harrumph came from the house underneath that lonely big tree at the edge of the snow plains of Phantom Dais Tribe.

When the harrumph sounded, Su Ming's body trembled and his Divine General Armor materialized on his body while Han



Mountain Bell rang to resist it. Yet no matter what, blood still trickled down from his mouth.

There was a cold chill seeping out of that voice, and once it appeared, all the tribe members of Phantom Dais Tribe shuddered and knelt in the direction of that house.

Second senior brother's body trembled in midair when that cold harrumph sounded. Rumbling sounds came from nearby, and before second senior brother, a gigantic Phantom Claw shot out from the dark sky, moving to catch him!

When that gigantic Phantom Claw appeared, a cold and old voice followed suit. "Are you done fooling around?!"

Once that voice spoke, suddenly... another voice answered back with the exact same words, "Are you done fooling around?" However, this voice was not cold. Instead, it held a hint of playfulness.

# Chapter 292: I'm Not Tian Xie Zi!

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The first voice came from within the house under the big tree at the edge of the snow plains and from the Phantom Claw that was extending from the sky.

The second voice... came from Tian Xie Zi.

"You're exactly right. Bloody hell, are you brats done fooling around?" Tian Xie Zi was wearing a long white robe and a black hood covering his head which only revealed his eyes and mouth, making him look... very odd.

When his words were said, not only did it not make the Phantom Claw from the sky that was working on catching second senior brother stop, it made him move even faster. In an instant, it closed on second senior brother. Yet the moment it got closer, second senior brother did not move. A black bundle of smoke suddenly appeared out of nowhere before him.

That black smoke's presence seemed similar to second senior brother's, but in truth, it was completely different. As the black smoke gathered together, a man walked out from within it.

That man's skin was completely black, and he was 20 feet tall. Like a giant, he stood before second senior brother, and with a ferocious sneer on his lips, he hurled a punch towards the incoming Phantom Claw.

That person was one of the 300 slaves that eldest senior brother

owned!

He was constantly lusting for blood and held a crazed desire for slaughter. When he attacked, his fist immediately crashed against the Phantom Claw. A shocking boom reverberated in the air, and the Phantom Claw was forced back several dozens of feet, but the man also trembled and coughed out a mouthful of blood.

Yet even though he had just vomited blood, he was not weakened, instead, he became even more excited. He lifted his head and roared before charging towards that Phantom Claw. As he moved forward, that person lifted his right hand and slammed it against his chest.

"[Nine Li](#) Tribe1 relic, Forbidden Curse: Blood Swamp!"

When he slammed his palm against his chest, his body... was bizarrely torn apart!

His arms, legs, head, and body were all instantly split up from each other and turned into wisps of black smoke. As those wisps moved forward, they merged together and turned into a black vortex. Low growls could be heard coming from within it.

That sound seemed to have come from the depths of hell itself and was filled with a desire to slaughter the living and exuded an air of madness. When it got close to the Phantom Claw, a blood-red hand stretched out from within the depths of the vortex. That hand had no skin, only flesh and bone, and there were numerous runic symbols marking its flesh. That hand seized the Phantom

Claw and pulled.

The two different hands clashed together in midair and both used the strongest power they could muster against each other. With a loud boom in the sky, a shrill cry echoed in the air, and the Phantom Claw was ripped apart. The ripped portion of the Claw was then dragged into the vortex.

At the same time, the vortex trembled and chewing sounds could be heard from within. Soon, the vortex dissolved into black smoke once again, and when they merged together, they turned into the man once more.

The man coughed out a huge mouthful of blood, then laughed maniacally towards the sky as he wiped off the blood from the corners of his lips and smeared it on his chest.

The Phantom Arm that had lost its hand swiftly vanished into the dark sky. At the same time, an angry voice came from the ice house located at the edge of the snow plains. "Tian Xie Zi, what is the meaning of this?!"

The hooded Tian Xie Zi lifted his head and cast a glance at Su Ming's second senior brother. "Second, get down here!"

Second senior brother's expression was calm and he slowly descended onto the ground to stand beside Su Ming. Once he did so, he bowed respectfully towards Tian Xie Zi.

"And you, the eldest told you to come, right? Get down here!"

The dark skinned man glared at Tian Xie Zi and looked as if he was just about to go against his words when he seemed to remember something. That rebelliousness instantly turned into obedience and he moved to stand beside Tian Xie Zi.

Su Ming hesitated for a moment before said softly, "Master..."

"Shut up!" Tian Xie Zi glared at Su Ming and pointed at him, at his second senior brother, then at the dark skinned man as well. Anger appeared on his face, and it did not seem fake. Tian Xie Zi was truly and absolutely livid. "Look at what you've done. Have you grown a pair now, hah?! Are you done fooling around?!"

Just as Tian Xie Zi was giving his disciples a piece of his mind, that old voice once again came from the house at the edge of the snow plains.

"Tian Xie Zi, you must be held accountable for what happened to Phantom Dais Tribe this time!"

Tian Xie Zi did not even glance back to acknowledge the voice. He simply continued glaring at Su Ming and the others. That enraged expression of his made Su Ming instinctively look at second senior brother by his side.

Second senior brother lowered his head and did not speak.

"What are you doing? Tell me, exactly what are you doing?! You ran to other peoples' tribe and started fighting and killing them, is it fun? Come on, tell me! Are you done fooling around?!"

"Bloody hell, I've been following you brats all the way, and I can't watch this anymore!" Tian Xie Zi roared loudly.

"Are you people even stirring up trouble? Are you even killing? Is this what you call breaking into someone else's tribe? Do people even break into other tribes like this?! There's not even an ounce of grandness in what you just did! You piss me off! Watch, I'll teach you right now exactly what it means to break into a tribe and what it means to be arrogant!"

Tian Xie Zi's anger did not fade, but instead, his voice grew louder as he continued speaking, and he looked absolutely disappointed that they did not live up to his expectations. The only thing missing was him pounding his chest in exasperation.

A voice burning with anger almost at the same intensity as Tian Xie Zi's rage shot out from within the ice house at the edge of the snow plains. "Tian Xie Zi!"

"Who? What did you just call me? I'm definitely not that brilliant, handsome, extraordinary, powerful, strapping, and what else is there... wise, valiant and all the other things you can think of Tian Xie Zi!" Tian Xie Zi immediately turned his head around and looked at the house in the distance before he patted his chest with a proud look on his face.

"Just how in the world could you mistake me for Tian Xie Zi? It's a pity, but I'm not him!" Tian Xie Zi blinked and quickly retorted.

"That's enough, Tian Xie Zi. You and your disciples trespassed into my tribe..."

Before that old voice even finished speaking, a piercing shout that was much louder than it spilled out from Tian Xie Zi's mouth.

"I'm not Tian Xie Zi! I'm really not Tian Xie Zi!" Tian Xie Zi shouted out with a nervous expression on his face before taking a step forward and grabbing one of the Phantom Dais tribe members who was kneeling down and worshipping in the direction of the house. He lifted him up as if he was lifting up a small creature, and with bloodshot eyes, he stared fixedly at the person who was so scared he was stunned.

"Tell me, am I Tian Xie Zi?!"

That Phantom Dais tribe member shook his head rapidly, his body trembled.

A smile instantly appeared on Tian Xie Zi's face and he tossed the Phantom Dais tribe member to the side.

"Tian Xie Zi, you've gone overboard!"

A furious howl came from within the house, and the big tree beside the house suddenly started twisting and moving bizarrely.

The black leaves on its branches fell off, and as they floated down, they turned into eighteen Phantom Shadows that looked like young boys. With savage looks on their faces, those boys opened their mouths so wide they looked as if they were about to split their heads open and turned into thick black smoke that charged towards Tian Xie Zi.

Tian Xie Zi widened his eyes, rage burning within them.

"I'm not Tian Xie Zi, damn it! I'm not Tian Xie Zi!"

As he spoke, he took a step forward and was just about to rush towards the eighteen Phantoms when he suddenly stopped, turned his head back, and glared at Su Ming and the others.

"What are you doing? We're going together! Are you actually thinking of letting me attack alone?!"

Second senior brother's eyes sparkled and he was the first to rush out. In the blink of an eye, he passed Tian Xie Zi. A dark smile appeared on his lips and an aloof look settled in his eyes.

The second person to rush out was the dark skinned man. With a bloodthirsty look on his face, the man let out bizarre cries and charged forward like a gust of black wind.

Su Ming may have been the last to move, but with his speed, he only needed one step before he arrived in front of the others. With the Divine General Armor covering his body, the chimes from Han



Mountain Bell, and his Origin Lightning, the dark sky started rumbling thunderously.

His Origin Vessel, the strange fragment that was formed within Su Ming's body after he refined lightning in the past, was letting out lightning sparks that no one could see. They spread all over Su Ming's body, causing rumbling bolts of lightning to shoot out in all directions.

Tian Xie Zi grinned, then lifted his right hand and waved it before him. Instantly, a layer of fog appeared before him. That fog rolled about as if it was a gigantic wave and rushed forward. All the ice houses in its path exploded, and the people who did not manage to evade were swept into the white fog, screaming in terror. As the white fog moved forward, it turned into a gigantic ball about hundreds of feet in size.

It charged towards that house by the edge of the snow plains with loud booming sounds.

The instant that gigantic ball of fog got close to the house, an old man with white hair walked out from within and pressed his hand against the ball of fog. Right then, Tian Xie Zi's body suddenly vanished. When he reappeared, he was within that fog, and he hurled a punch towards that old man.

"I'm not Tian Xie Zi!" One punch!

"I'm really not Tian Xie Zi!" Another punch!

"Damn you! Even if I die, I won't admit it!" And another one!

Booming sounds reverberated in the air. The white-haired old man resisted the blows with an angry face, but he was repeatedly forced back until eventually, Tian Xie Zi hurled out a punch that caused that house to burst into pieces.

The white-haired old man was pushed to the cliff of the snow plains under Tian Xie Zi's relentless punches. Then with a low growl and one final punch, the old man was sent flying off the snow plains!

"Third, Fourth, do you see it now? If you kill someone but don't destroy their houses, can you still call it breaking into a tribe? What you did was fooling around! This is the real deal!"

A proud look appeared on Tian Xie Zi's face and he turned his head back to look at Su Ming and the others, who were fighting against the eighteen Phantom Shadows.

"Tian Xie Zi, you lunatic!"

The white-haired old man was floating in the air beyond the snow plains, and he was in a sorry state. His clothes were torn, his hair was messy, and blood was running down his mouth.

A vicious look appeared on his face.

Tian Xie Zi was stunned for a moment when he heard the old

man's words before his expression instantly changed to one of agitation. His eyes even became bloodshot.

"Lunatic? I'm not a lunatic! I'm not!"

Tian Xie Zi took one step forward and started shouting at the old man, "I'm really not a lunatic! I'm not... I'm not crazy!"

There was a hurt look on his face, along with agitation, and even terror, which seemed to have come from having someone discover his secret.

"I'm not a lunatic! I'm already cured! I'm really not crazy!"

As if he had sunk into hysteria, Tian Xie Zi rushed towards the old man in one step. By the looks of it, he wanted to catch that old man to prove something.

The old man's eyes widened, and terror appeared within them.

Su Ming stood in the distance laughing wryly, and he could only laugh wryly...

This one is interesting. The Nine Li Tribe is an ancient legendary Chinese Tribe, who are also the ancestors of the Miao Tribe. The Nine Li Tribe led by Chiyou were insanely good at fighting and making weapons, but were defeated in the end. Most of their story can be found in the Battle of Zhuolu. The words for Nine Li are 九(jiu3) and 黎(li2) respectively. The word 九 is nine, and 黎 is actually a surname. Nine Li is actually composed of nine tribes, and the

family names of each of the leaders of these tribes were Li. Now then, I searched through the English wikipedia pages and some other sources regarding the Battle of Zhuolu, Nine Li, and Chiyou, and there is one piece of information missing from these English sites compared to the Chinese sites that have information regarding the Nine Li Tribe and Chiyou, one that can be considered as a spoiler [or maybe I missed it when I was searching through the English sites, who knows]. So for the readers who understand Mandarin and who have somehow stumbled across that information, for the love of God and all things cute, please don't spoil eldest senior brother's background.

## Chapter 293: Compromise

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As Su Ming continued laughing wryly, in the distance, Tian Xie Zi took one step, and a distorted wave of ripples appeared in the air. Just like when Su Ming used that extreme speed, he disappeared in a flash. When he reappeared, he was already standing before the white-haired old man.

The old man's pupils shrank and he was about to retreat when Tian Xie Zi's thin left hand grabbed his shirt.

"I'm not a lunatic! I'm really not! I'm cured! I'm completely cured... Why do you say I'm crazy!"

With bloodshot eyes, Tian Xie Zi started roaring at the white-haired old man. No matter who it was that saw his expression then could tell that he was nervous and frightened, as if his secret was just discovered and he was trying hard to explain himself to hide something.

This scene fell into the eyes of Phantom Dais tribe members, and all their gazes when they looked at Tian Xie Zi were filled with deep terror.

The white-haired old man was shaken to the core. This was not the first time he had met Tian Xie Zi, and he also knew some of the rumors regarding the man.

He originally didn't pay too much heart to it, yet when he was seized by Tian Xie Zi at that moment, he suddenly discovered that

this Tian Xie Zi instilled a terror within him that made even his heart tremble in fear.

"Damn it, I already told you I'm not crazy! You don't believe me? You don't?" As Tian Xie Zi shouted, some of his spit flew out out of his mouth.

The white-haired old man who was really close to him wanted to struggle and get away, but clearly... it was not possible. "Tian Xie Zi, you lunatic! What are you doing?! This is Phantom Dais Tribe! This is the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky's Northern Frontier Tribe! I'm Phantom Dais' Chief of the Hunters!

"If you dare hurt me, I'll make sure your entire ninth summit dies with me!"

The white-haired old man growled as he struggled. His face was filled with rage, but underneath that rage was well-hidden terror.

"Y-you..."

Tian Xie Zi was so agitated that tears started welling up in his eyes, looking as if they were about to fall at any moment, and then... he started shouting madly.

"Why do you insist that I'm a lunatic?! I'm not! I'm not a lunatic! I'm really cured now! If you don't believe me... If you don't believe me, then look at this!"

It was as if Tian Xie Zi remembered something, and with one hand still holding onto the white-haired old man, he stuck his right hand into his bosom and brought out a small wooden slip.

Once he brought it out, Tian Xie Zi threw it behind him, and that wooden slip turned into a dim ray of light that flew towards Su Ming, who was standing not too far away.

"Fourth, read the words on the slip for me. Let them hear it!"

A smug expression appeared on Tian Xie Zi's face, but he still continued glaring at the white-haired old man before him.

Su Ming was momentarily stunned, but still caught the wooden slip. When he lowered his head to look at it, his expression immediately turned odd.

"Read it!" Tian Xie Zi yelled at him, displeased.

"Er..." Su Ming hesitated for a moment before he spoke in a voice that echoed in the area.

"Western Region Tribe of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky... admits that Tian Xie Zi is not a lunatic and that he has been cured..."

Su Ming blinked, then laughed wryly as he lifted his head to look at Tian Xie Zi.

Tian Xie Zi's face was filled with smug pride. He glared at the white-haired old man, then with an arrogant demeanor yelled at him, "So? That's the proof. Did you see the proof Western Freezing Sky gave me?!"

"Fourth, flip it over. There's still some at the back. Continue reading."

Su Ming flipped the wooden slip over. When he saw the words written on the back, he laughed wryly once again and shook his head before his voice echoed through the air once again.

"Eastern District Tribe of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky admits that Tian Xie Zi is not a lunatic and that he has been cured..."

"The Barren Southern Tribe of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky admits that Tian Xie Zi is not a lunatic and that he has been cured..."

"The Great Tribe of Freezing Sky admits that Tian Xie Zi is absolutely not a lunatic..."

When Su Ming finished reading all the words, the smug expression on Tian Xie Zi's face became even more prominent.

He grabbed the stunned white-haired old man and yelled at him, "Did you hear that? I'm not crazy, I'm already cured! That's my proof. If you don't believe me, I have more!" This time, Tian Xie Zi



brought out a large amount of wooden slips from his bosom and threw them all to Su Ming.

"Silver Grass Meadow Tribe admits that Sir Tian Xie Zi is not a lunatic..."

"Promised Lattice Tribe admits that Sir Tian Xie Zi... has been cured..."

"Sky Mist City admits that Tian Xie Zi is no longer a lunatic. He is normal..."

"The Great Tribe of Western Sea admits that Tian Xie Zi is not crazy..."

As Su Ming continued reading the words out, he was shocked. All the handwritings on the wooden slips were different, and it was clear that they were from different people. It was as if the wooden slips were telling the truth and they all came from different tribes. Then Tian Xie Zi...

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. He just saw Sky Mist City and the Great Tribe of Western Sea...

As he continued reading the words, not only was he shocked, all the people around the area who heard it were also stunned. They all looked towards the smug looking Tian Xie Zi floating in midair.

"I said it before, I'm not a lunatic! Now you believe me, right?!"

Tian Xie Zi had a deeply wounded look on his face. Even if he was still wearing the hood, all of them could still see it through his words, and from his eyes and his mouth, which were not covered by the hood.

The white-haired old man, who was captured by Tian Xie Zi, had his eyes as wide as saucers and found himself completely speechless. He no longer dared say anything, because he was already very certain that Tian Xie Zi was absolutely and without a doubt a lunatic. If he insisted on his words, then there was a high possibility that he would make him angry.

There was no predicting what a lunatic would do.

‘He’s crazy... He’s a lunatic. If those wooden slips are real, he’s still a lunatic. A normal person wouldn’t go to so many places just to get proof that he isn’t crazy...

‘If those are fake, then he’s definitely a lunatic...’

The white-haired old man, Phantom Dais Tribe’s Chief of the Hunters, kept his lips sealed tight.

"Huh? Why aren’t you speaking? You’re looking down on me!" Tian Xie Zi glared at him, and the moment those words came out, even Su Ming began to pity that white-haired old man.

"How dare you look down on me, you... why are you looking

down on me?! You still think I'm crazy, right?!" Tian Xie Zi flew into a rage, and as he grew even more agitated, a glow appeared in his eyes, one that said he wanted to kill the man to silence him.

Perhaps the others could not tell the meaning behind that glow, but the white-haired old man who was captured in his hands could see it clearly.

"You're horrible! I respected you and brought out all my proof for you, and yet you still think I'm a lunatic?!" With his face burning with anger, Tian Xie Zi lifted his right hand. Judging by the looks of it, it seemed like he wanted to strangle the white-haired old man to death.

The old man's eyes grew even wider, and he began struggling desperately. Yet he had already noticed something before this happened - all the circulation of power within his body was cut off when Tian Xie Zi grabbed his throat. It was as if he had lost his power and could not summon even the tiniest bit of it.

As Tian Xie Zi lifted his right hand, a terror of death filled the white-haired old man's heart and mind, making fear appear on his face. He opened his mouth, looking as if he wanted to say something, but Tian Xie Zi did not give him the chance. He seized his throat and started squeezing with both hands. The white-haired old man's face instantly turned red.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He knew that if the white-haired old man died, then this would instantly turn into a big problem, but he was not afraid. Killing intent appeared in his eyes instead. The moment the white-haired old man died in his

Master's hands, Su Ming would immediately act. Before anyone could strike back, he would kill them all first.

Nearby, second senior brother and the dark skinned man had already crushed the eighteen young Phantom Shadows. Quite a number of them were even swallowed by second senior brother. Right then, he was still in his night appearance. His entire body gave off a chilling aura and his expression was aloof, but within his aloof gaze, there was killing intent.

However, just as the white-haired old man was about to be strangled to death by Tian Xie Zi and the Phantom Dais tribe members on the ground began to show expressions of madness driven by fear and were about to throw everything to the wind and fight back...

...An old voice spoke in a resigned voice, "You're not a lunatic, you're already cured... I, Mo Shan, can be your witness."

Once that voice spoke and spread through the land, the white-haired old man in Tian Xie Zi's hands suddenly shuddered and immediately turned into countless black bugs as if he had just shattered into them. Those bugs quickly fell back and flew several thousands of feet away while crammed closely together before they turned back into the white-haired old man.

There was still terror lingering on his face from having experienced the fear of having narrowly escaped death and knelt in the air.

"Greetings, Elder. Thank you for saving my life..."

Ripples appeared in the spot where the white-haired old man was kneeling, and an old man dressed in a black robe gradually walked out. That old man ignored the Phantom Dais Chief of the Hunters and looked towards Tian Xie Zi.

"Tian Xie Zi..."

His words had just left his mouth when Tian Xie Zi let out a cold harrumph. He too, did not look at Phantom Dais' Chief of the Hunters. He glared at the black robed old man instead. "I'm not Tian Xie Zi!"

The moment Phantom Dais's Elder appeared, Su Ming trembled. He felt a faint pressure coming from the old man, and it made his entire body's Qi freeze. A grim expression appeared on his face, yet when he heard his Master's words, that pressure vanished in an instant.

Su Ming smiled. He had a feeling that if Phantom Dais' Elder continued speaking, he would perhaps be brought back to the previous topic as his Master continued talking in circles.

"Then I must have mistaken you for someone else. How should I address you?" The black robed Phantom Dais Elder smiled softly. There was not a hint of emotion on his face when he spoke slowly and looked at Tian Xie Zi.

"I'm Tian Xie Zi! Blood hell, don't you recognize me?! I even held you in my arms when you were young! How could you not recognize me?! How could you ask me who I am?!" Tian Xie Zi glared at him with a face burning with anger.

A resigned look appeared on the face of the Phantom Dais Elder before he shook his head and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Tian Xie Zi.

"Uncle master, please stop joking around... I only learned of what had happened just now. It's my tribe member's fault... I already brought that accursed spawn here," he said with a wry smile and waved his right arm.

Immediately, a person staggered out from the air beside him, and with a thud, he was forced to kneel in the air.

It was man at the prime of his life. He was half-naked, and his hair encircled his neck several times. There was anger and great unwillingness on his face, along with terror.

## Chapter 294: Phantom Equal!

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"Zhuo Ge was mixing around with some questionable company and was used by others... but since he was the person who did it, he has to be responsible for his actions!

"Henceforth, Zhuo Ge is no longer a member of Phantom Dais Tribe. Whether he lives or dies will be decided by you, uncle master!" Phantom Dais' Elder stated calmly.

Once he finished speaking, he cast a glance at Zhuo Ge, and a chilling glint appeared in his eyes. With one wave of his arm, Zhuo Ge was instantly swept away by wind and blown towards Su Ming and the others. When he crashed onto the ground before them, the dark skinned man laughed viciously and lifted him up.

A pleased look appeared on Tian Xie Zi's face and he stroked his beard before letting out a fake cough.

"Eldest disciple nephew, look. Your uncle master and junior brothers didn't manage to control ourselves and destroyed a lot of your houses..."

"It's fine. Those are physical objects and can be rebuilt. I was just thinking that these houses looked rather old lately. I'd have to thank you for clearing them out for me, uncle master." Mo Shan continued smiling and not much change could be seen from his expression.

"Is that so? Then I don't have to worry about it anymore. But

eldest disciple nephew, your junior brothers injured quite a number of people and even killed some of them..." Tian Xie Zi put on a troubled face.

"It's fine. That just means their power was not great enough. It has nothing to do with others. Even if they didn't die today, once we fought against the Shamans, they would have still died there. They can consider this a lesson." Phantom Dais' Elder's face continued looking as passive as ever as he spoke with a smile. It was as if anger could never be found on him.

Yet no matter how well this sort of person presented himself, he could still not hide the sinister nature in himself. Su Ming stared at Phantom Dais' Elder, standing not too far away. He knew clearly that with this person's power, he must have known when he and his second senior brother had come to this place. He must also have known who they were looking for.

Yet at that time, he pretended not to have known. He had even simply allowed his tribe members to attack, and was only forced to come forth when Su Ming and the others walked up to this place and Tian Xie Zi appeared.

He even let them have Zhuo Ge. All of this was clearly because he was incredibly wary of Master. Perhaps it could even be said that this wariness manifested in the form of hesitation and observation, yet now, when this person appeared before them, judging by his current attitude, it was clear that he had made his decision.

"Uncle master, I have something to give you. Consider this Phantom Dais Tribe's apology for this matter."



Phantom Dais' Elder smiled when he spoke and brought out an item from his bosom. That thing was a wooden slip, and as he held it in his hand, he drew a few lines on it with his right hand to write a few words. Once he did so, he held it out respectfully to Tian Xie Zi.

When Tian Xie Zi took it and lowered his head to look at it, he started grinning from ear to ear.

"Not bad, not bad at all. Next time, if anyone says I'm a lunatic again, I'll have one more proof I can show them."

Mo Shan smiled and wrapped his fist in his palm to salute Tian Xie Zi.

"I still have some matters to deal with in the tribe, so I won't be able to send you off, uncle master. If you have the time, feel free to come to my tribe and be our guest."

Right up till the end, he did not spare even a single glance to Su Ming or the others, neither did he mention them at all in his words. It was as if Su Ming and the others did not exist in his eyes, or perhaps more accurately speaking, they did not have the right for him to take note of them. The only person that deserved his attention here was Tian Xie Zi.

"You're far too courteous. It's fine, you can go back now. I'll also be leaving."

Tian Xie Zi quickly and carefully put away the wooden slip before he patted his chest, looking completely contented. He was just about to turn around and walk towards Su Ming and the others to leave when a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

He took a step forward.

"Master, I have something to say."

"Hmm? Fourth, what is it?" Tian Xie Zi looked towards Su Ming.

Phantom Dais' Elder continued smiling and still continued ignoring all the people around him. Even if Su Ming had just spoken, he still did not look at him and only continued looking at Tian Xie Zi.

"When I was fighting just now, I lost a bag. There was about 500 golden stone coins in there. I also had some enchanted Vessels stored inside. At that time, I saw a Phantom Dais tribe member taking it away.

"Could you please get it back for me?"

The moment Su Ming's words were voiced, before Tian Xie Zi even spoke, Phantom Dais' Elder swiftly turned his gaze towards Su Ming. This was the first time he looked at him properly. The smile on his face vanished for an instant, but it soon returned.

Yet the freezing glare that appeared in his eyes for that one instant could be clearly felt by Su Ming, who had been watching his expression all this while.

"Huh? Something like this happened? You lost 500 something golden stone coins? That's a lot!" Tian Xie Zi widened his eyes. He turned his head around to look at Phantom Dais' Elder and a stern look appeared on his face. "Eldest disciple nephew, that's your fault, isn't it? Come on now, hurry up and bring back that bag my disciple lost."

Phantom Dais' Elder fell silent for a moment, then quickly brought out a bag from his bosom and took out 600 golden stone coins from within. Those stone coins might not be as striking as the one Tian Lan Meng had given Su Ming, but they were about the same, and the large amount of those coins along with their value was something Su Ming had never seen before.

"There's no need for that. There are 600 golden stone coins here. Junior brother, will you accept it?" A smile appeared on Phantom Dais' Elder when he looked at Su Ming.

"The stone coins are good, but this entire area is under Northern Frontier's jurisdiction. We're now almost to Sky Mist Shaman Hunt now, so it's only natural that we will go out shopping. If anything happens to us..." The one who spoke was not Su Ming, but his second senior brother standing nearby.

His voice was no longer cold and aloof, but gentle like spring wind. The moment he uttered his words, Su Ming immediately turned to look at his second senior brother.

He saw that the aloof look on second senior brother's face was gone and he had returned to the gentle man who loved having sunshine on his body while he positioned himself so that the side of his face was turned towards it.

With a gentle smile on his lips, he nodded to Su Ming. That handsome face, the brilliant smile, and the gentle demeanor made it hard for Su Ming to associate his second senior brother to how he was just moments ago, and also made it difficult for him to truly believe that this second senior brother of his had truly come back.

The instant he spoke, Phantom Dais' Elder cast his gaze towards second senior brother. There was a brief moment where his expression turned dark before he spoke languidly.

"That's easy. If anything happens to any of you outside Freezing Sky Clan before Sky Mist Shaman Hunt, Phantom Dais Tribe will be held accountable for it!"

"Is that so? Now I have the courage to say it. Master, in truth, I also lost some stone coins..." Second senior brother smiled gently.

"Huh? You lost it too? Bloody hell, why do you people bring all your money with you when you come out to fight? That's... good! That's very good! Er... Second, make sure you write that down under ninth summit's rules as well!" Tian Xie Zi nodded his head in a very satisfied manner.

Second senior brother looked quite abashed as he turned towards

Phantom Dais' Elder, whose face had turned completely dark.

"About that... I didn't lose too many things. It's also 500 golden stone coins, and a Phantom Fork, and 10 other enchanted Vessels, and also 100 something medicinal liquid used to heal injuries... It's not much, it's really not much. I won't bother about the other items, I'm not that nitpicky, I can give them up.

"Fourth, what else did you lose?" second senior brother smiled and asked softly as he looked at Su Ming.

Mo Shan's face grew increasingly darker.

Su Ming had originally thought he was asking for a lot, but once he heard his second senior brother speak, only then did he know exactly what it meant by demanding an insane amount of things...

"Er... I remember I lost around 100 ice rocks, um... and also Merging Bone Grass, Three Scented Branches, Dust Orchid Leaves..." Su Ming mentioned dozens of herbs of the top of his head.

"And also seven bones from beasts equivalent to that of the Awakening Realm, and eight puppet bodies with power equal to that of the Awakening Realm, and..." Su Ming continued speaking until he did not know what else he wanted.

Phantom Dais' Elder's face was so dark that it had practically turned murderous by then. He glared at Su Ming and the others

coldly. The other Phantom Dais tribe members were also seething in rage.

"Ahem, Fourth, your memory is really horrid. I remember you had a Phantom Fork in your bag as well." Second senior brother let out a few fake coughs by his side.

"That's right. I just remembered. I also lost a Phantom Fork." Su Ming blinked and quickly spoke.

The Phantom Dais Elder became so angry he started laughing, but once he took a few deep breaths, he closed his eyes. Once he reopened them, his eyes had already calmed down and he nodded his head with a smile.

"But I'm curious, how did you manage to store those eight puppets in your bag..? And how exactly did you have our tribe's unique treasure, the Phantom Fork, in your bag as well..?"

"But since you lost them in Phantom Dais Tribe, then we will return it to you!" The moment Phantom Dais' Elder finished speaking, he suddenly lifted his head and looked into the distance.

From the distance, a man holding a big axe could be seen running rapidly towards them. As he ran, he started shouting at the top of his lungs.

"Wait! Wait..! I also lost some things!"

Second senior brother smiled. The grass in his palm shattered and turned into dust. There was in no way he would forget to tell his own junior brothers in the same Sect when there were good things to get. In Hu Zi's case, he woke him up and told him...

"I lost a pot of wine! That's all I lost, nothing else! Give me back my wine!" Hu Zi panted harshly as he ran to stand beside Su Ming, then yelled at Phantom Dais' Elder. There was great eagerness and thirst in his eyes.

The Phantom Dais Elder clenched his hands instinctively. He remained silent for a moment before he waved his arm and turned around to walk towards where Phantom Dais Tribe's city was located beyond the snow plains.

"Give it to them!" His words echoed in the air, and anger could be heard within his voice.

Yet the moment he finished speaking but before he managed to take a few steps forward, a thought struck Tian Xie Zi's head. He let out a few fake coughs and spoke to Phantom Dais' Elder.

"Er... eldest disciple nephew? Look, I'm old now, and I don't remember things that well. I just remembered that I also lost quite a few things..."

The Phantom Dias Elder's footsteps came to an abrupt halt. Although his face was turned towards the crowd and could not be seen, they could still feel that he was seething with an anger that could burn the skies, as if he could no longer tolerate them.

Yet the moment that anger appeared, suddenly, crunching sounds as if someone was stepping on snow came from beyond the snow plains, and they were soon followed by a person dressed in a purple robe that covered even his head, walking slowly forward until he stepped onto the snow plains.

"We'll give you everything you lost... but I want to talk to him... alone..." That person lifted his right arm, which was as dried up as a bone. His fingers had incredibly long fingernails. The person he pointed at... was Su Ming!

His voice was hoarse, as if it traveled through the passages of time, and it drifted in the air...

"Phantom Equal!" Tian Xie Zi's face instantly became stern, and the white hue on his robes started showing signs of change.



## Chapter 295: Lei Chen!

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Su Ming looked at the purple-robed person walking from beyond the snow plains with a look of concentration. That person gave him absolutely no feeling of familiarity, but the instant he lifted his right hand and pointed towards him, Su Ming felt his heart lurch. He could not explain it, but at that moment, that originally unfamiliar feeling suddenly became one of familiarity, as if Su Ming had seen this person somewhere before.

The moment the purple-robed person appeared, Phantom Dais' Elder, who was about ready to fly off into a rage, felt his anger draining away instantly. His expression calmed down and he turned around in midair. His gaze also fell on Su Ming.

Tian Xie Zi had a stern look on his face and his robes were showing signs of changing color. They no longer looked white but were changing into a grey hue. That grey shade was not the end of the change. Purple flecks of color gradually began showing on his robes.

"Sir Tian Xie Zi, with all due respect, I harbor no ill-will towards your disciple. I only have a few questions I need to ask him." The purple-robed person's face still could not be seen even as he spoke once again.

"Phantom Dais' Phantom Equal... It has been rumored that ever since the tribe was formed, there has been no second Phantom Equal since... In fact, it is also said in the rumors that when the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky subjugated Phantom Dais Tribe, the Phantom Equal did not fight back either...

"I'd like to see just how strong you are, Phantom Equal!" Tian Xie Zi's gaze was chilling. At that moment, he no longer looked crazy but, instead, murderous!

"Sir Tian Xie Zi, why don't you ask your disciple whether he is willing to talk to me? If he isn't willing, I won't force him, but if he is willing, I hope you won't stop us." The purple-robed man's voice was raspy, but his tone remained calm.

Tian Xie Zi looked at the purple-robed man and the grave look in his eyes grew stronger. That expression rarely appeared on him, and as that grave look in his eyes grew stronger, a faint will to fight appeared as well.

He licked his lips but did not speak. Instead, he gradually lifted his right hand, and during that process, his robes started rapidly changing to a purple shade.

By Su Ming's side, a grave look also appeared on second senior brother's face. Even the dark skinned man, who was one of the 300 slaves belonging to the eldest senior brother, had the same reaction.

"You can ask, but you also have to answer my questions." Su Ming looked at the Phantom Equal and spoke suddenly.

"Alright," the purple-robed person agreed calmly.

"Master, I'd like to talk to him."

When Su Ming's started speaking, Tian Xie Zi's lifted hand came to a stop while he was in midair. He turned around to look at Su Ming, then after remaining silent for a moment, he lowered his right hand.

"Come with me." The purple-robed Phantom Dais Tribe's Phantom Equal spoke hoarsely before he turned around and walked towards the borders of the snow plains that were previously behind him.

Su Ming did not hesitate and moved forward. The purple-robed person walked in front, and Su Ming walked behind him. Soon, the both of them arrived at the border of the snow plains. Standing there, they could clearly see the city belonging to Phantom Dais Tribe and the land that was gradually being invaded by green grass behind the city underneath the cliff.

Silence fell among them. Neither of them spoke.

There were several dozens of feet between the purple-robed person and Su Ming. After a long while, he spoke languidly. "That is the Southern lands..."

Su Ming looked at the faint hints of green on the land lying at the very end of his sight. He remained silent.

"What is your name?" The purple-robed person turned around

and, with his eyes still hidden underneath his robes, he looked at Su Ming.

"Su Ming. What is your name?" Su Ming hesitated for a moment and decided not to hide anything. Instead, once he finished answering, he threw out a question of his own.

The purple-robed person looked as if he had to mull over the question for a moment before he shook his head and answered hoarsely. "Mine..? I have already forgotten it... Phantom Equal is my name.

"I can sense a unique presence from you. You... are not from the Land of South Morning." The purple-robed person spoke in a whisper, but when his words fell into Su Ming's ears, it made his heart lurch.

That was not a question. That was a statement that did not require any feedback from Su Ming.

"What is this?" Su Ming avoided the topic and brought out a black stone from his bosom. The stone may seem hard, but in truth, when Su Ming first held it in his hand, it was very soft. That stone was the cocoon that had kept spitting out black bugs previously.

"This is a sacred item of Phantom Dais Tribe. Through it, a member of Phantom Dais Tribe can communicate with a unique world filled with countless Phantoms... You're not from the Land of the South Morning, and neither am I..." the purple-robed person mumbled under his breath.

Su Ming cast that person a glance but remained silent.

"I can feel a unique presence from you, and there's something familiar about you as well. It's as if... we met before.

"Or perhaps I should say, you met the next Phantom Equal of Phantom Dais Tribe..." The purple-robed person turned around abruptly and gazed into Su Ming's eyes.

"The Phantom Equal in Phantom Dais Tribe hasn't always been the same person. When one dies, the next will awaken. But I've searched through the entire Land of South Morning and I still haven't found the next Phantom Equal!

"I should have died many times in the past, but every single time, I persevered and survived, and I've kept searching... Tell me, where did you find that person...

"You know who I am talking about. Right at the moment you brought out our sacred item, I knew that you already had an answer in your heart, and you have questions as well. Tell me about the person who was the source of those questions. Where is he? What is his name? He is the next Phantom Equal of Phantom Dais Tribe!"

Su Ming felt shaken to the core. He looked at the purple-robed person and remained silent for a long moment before he shook his head.

"He's not in the Land of South Morning."

"It doesn't matter. Tell me where he is and his name. I will repay you with this!" The purple-robed person spoke in a raspy voice, then lifted his dried up right hand. In his palm, a purple bug appeared!

That bug was covered from head to toe in purple, and it was lying quietly on the purple-robed person's dried up palm. A faint fragrance came from its body, and when that fragrance wafted into someone's nose, uncontrollable hunger would arise within them.

"This creature is called Purple Harmony... Any ferocious beast that eats this bug will revert to their ancestral form. If they succeed, then their combat strength will increase by leaps and bounds, if they fail, they will die.

"Take this with you. If you run into danger during Sky Mist Shaman Hunt, with this bug, you can let any Shaman Tribe go mad for you... Refine this bug into your heart. If you do so, you can kill this bug with just one single thought. Unless you're willing, others won't be able to take it away from you. You can form a deal with anyone you like and not be framed for crimes you didn't commit simply because you're carrying this."

Su Ming's heart pounded against his chest. He had originally not believed the purple-robed person's words, but the moment the purple bug appeared, he could clearly sense that unknown rod insect-snake hybrid resting within Han Mountain Bell becoming

restless as if it wanted to rush outside. It was as if the insect-snake hybrid's attraction towards the bug had reached a level Su Ming could not imagine.

Su Ming stayed silent and shook his head. He could not tell whether the purple-robed person's words were true or false. After all, this was a serious matter. He would not tell so easily.

"I'll be taking my leave now." Su Ming turned around and quelled the insect-snake hybrid's almost hysterical restlessness within Han Mountain Bell. He started walking towards Tian Xie Zi, who was standing far in the distance.

"I harbor no ill will. I just want to know where the next Phantom Equal is and what his name is. I cannot possibly walk out of the Land of South Morning to search for him..."

"I just want to know his name and where he is, then tell him of that strange Phantom Realm and the Phantom Art of my tribe. This will be good for his growth. The Phantoms in this world will search for him and protect him..."

"Please help me..." The purple-robed person's voice was hoarse, but Su Ming could hear his sincerity.

"I know that I can't make you believe my words, but I truly harbor no ill will... I swear with the legacy of Phantom Dais Tribe that if my words hold even a hint of untruth and if I want to hurt the person in your mind, then Phantom Dais Tribe's legacy will end and my tribe will forever cease to exist in this world!"

The purple-robed old man took a few steps forward and his raspy voice was tainted with a hint of distress.

Su Ming's footsteps faltered. He could hear the unwavering resolution in the person's words. In silence, Su Ming hesitated for a moment.

"This is my vow, and I swear using the God of Phantom Dais as my witness!" The purple-robed person knelt on one knee, raised both his hands, then lowered his head towards Su Ming.

When he knelt down, all those who saw it in the distance had a change in expression. Phantom Dais' Elder even focused his gaze on them, but he did not get closer.

Tian Xie Zi frowned as he looked at the purple-robed person. He seemed to have understood what was going on.

Su Ming turned his head back to look at the purple-robed person kneeling on the ground for a long while. This person's vow and his actions did not seem fake. He had even used his tribe to give his oath, and that act alone was enough to describe how severe the problem was.

"Alliance of the Western Region, Lei Chen..." Su Ming whispered.

Once he finished speaking, he turned around and walked towards Tian Xie Zi. The moment he did so, the purple-robed person lifted



his head, and his hidden eyes shone with gratitude. With a flick of his right wrist, that purple bug flew towards Su Ming. He caught it.

"Thank you. Don't worry, there were no lies in my words!" After saying this, he bowed deeply towards Su Ming, then turned around and charged towards the depths of the snow plains.

Su Ming left with his second senior brother, Hu Zi, Tian Xie Zi, and that dark skinned man. They left Northern Frontier Tribe, found Bai Su, and flew back to the ninth summit, bringing with them Zhuo Ge and all their rewards.

Once they left, the face of Phantom Dais' Elder turned incredibly dark. He turned around and charged down the snow plains. His wariness towards Tian Xie Zi was not the only reason why he conceded so many times. There was one more reason - it was the Phantom Equal's request.

He was going to ask the Phantom Equal the reason behind it.

There was a tall tower within Phantom Dais City, which was located underneath the snow plains. That tower was entirely purple, and the purple-robed person was currently sitting at the top of the tower. There was a purple bowl before him, and within it was some purple blood.

"Alliance of the Western Region... Lei Chen, I, as the current Phantom Equal of Phantom Dais Tribe, call unto you... My successor... Awaken... Lei Chen... Lei Chen..."

As he spoke, he lifted his right hand swiftly and his right index fingernail shattered, revealing the torn flesh underneath. He pressed his index finger into the purple blood in the stone bowl before him.

"Lei Chen, let me see you!"

The purple-robed person let out a huge shout. As his voice started echoing in the air, the purple-robed person started trembling viciously. His robes were instantly torn apart, revealing an old but normal looking face. His eyes bulged out, and with a look of disbelief, he saw...

## Chapter 296: Invitation

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At that moment, the stone bowl shattered. The few drops of blood within also disappeared. The old man trembled and coughed out a huge mouthful of blood before he was thrown into the wall beside him by a powerful and invisible force.

It was also at that moment that the door leading to the top of the tower was pushed open. Phantom Dais' Elder walked in with a sullen expression on his face, but when he saw the mess in the place, he was stunned.

"How could this be..? This... This is..." The old man had a bewildered look on his face as he leaned against the wall. There was terror in his voice as he continued mumbling under his breath.

Phantom Dais' Elder reached him in a step, and once he helped the bewildered old man to his feet, he immediately asked, "What happened?!"

"I was looking for the next Phantom Equal... There was nothing wrong with the ritual, and I also saw him... but... but what I saw was..."

The old man shuddered, then lifted his head swiftly to grab the shoulders of Phantom Dais' Elder. His breathing quickened, and the bewildered look on his face was no longer present; it was instead replaced by lucidity.

"I understand now! Remember this. Do not provoke that person

called Su Ming. Absolutely do not provoke him... I saw something I shouldn't have, I saw..." The old man held Phantom Dais' Elder in a tight grip and his breathing grew increasingly faster as he spoke with huge difficulty.

"I can't tell you what I saw, but you must remember this. Don't... provoke... him... He... He is..." The old man's body started convulsing viciously. He pushed away the stunned Phantom Dais' Elder and seized his own throat. Madness appeared in his eyes.

A presence that made Phantom Dais' Elder tremble gathered in the house. The strength of that presence made the Elder's skin crawl, and he found himself frozen to the ground. His pupils shrank, because the things he saw far surpassed what he knew and exceeded his wildest imaginations. It even made him forget how to breathe.

He saw a semi-transparent hand before the old Phantom Equal, and that hand held the Phantom Equal's neck in a tight grip. It lifted his body from the ground, and gradually, as the Phantom Equal struggled, he lost all his power. Like a normal old man, he lost all his power to fight back.

Yet Mo Shan knew that he himself was not the strongest person within Phantom Dais Tribe. The strongest was the Phantom Equal! Even if the Phantom Equal was already at the last days of his life, the power needed to kill such a person slowly like how one would a normal person was unimaginable to Mo Shan.

He was shaken to the core as he watched everything unfurl before him dumbstruck. He gradually saw a semi-transparent

person wearing the Emperor's robe appearing before the Phantom Equal. That person's appearance did not bring about the rise of wind or surging of clouds, neither did it cause the weather to change, but a terror that made Mo Shan feel as if he was suffocating.

It was as if he had turned into an ant, and with just one glance from that semi-transparent person wearing the Emperor's robe and crown, his body would be torn to shreds.

It only lasted for the span of a few breaths, but that time felt like an eternity to Mo Shan. He saw that semi-transparent person break the Phantom Equal's neck, and once he let go, he cast a glance at him.

When he looked over, booming sounds rang in Mo Shan's head and his vision turned white. He did not know just how much time had passed, but when he regained consciousness, the house was silent. There was not a hint of sound within. The only proof that told him that all that had happened was real was the rigid corpse lying on the ground.

Mo Shan trembled as he looked at the Phantom Equal's corpse, and the old man's last words echoed in his head.

"I saw something I shouldn't have... Remember this. Absolutely do not provoke the person called Su Ming... Do not... provoke him..."

Mo Shan shuddered and cold sweat beaded on his forehead. He

knew that he would never be able to forget what had happened before the Phantom Equal died and when that crowned semi-transparent person looked at him.

"Just what did he see..? Who is he..?" The two 'he's represented two different people. Mo Shan stayed silent.

In his silence, he did not notice a faint gust of wind blowing outside the tall tower and within Phantom Dais City... That wind came from Freezing Sky.

There were plenty of rumors in the world, and there were also a large amount of them that never faded away even through time. The rumor about the entire ninth summit moving out together to attack Northern Frontier Tribe gradually spread out in a short span of time.

Some were shocked, some were furious, some did not believe it, and some just scoffed at it.

Yet no matter what, another rumor was added to the pile of rumors that had emerged over the years regarding the ninth summit.

Those living within the ninth summit continued with their lives. Eldest senior brother continued isolating himself, second senior brother continued planting flowers, letting the sun shine on the side of his face with a gentle smile on his face during day, while he searched for darkness during night-time like a ghost.

As for Hu Zi, since he got himself a good pot of wine, he had been grinning happily everyday like an idiot while drinking himself into oblivion. He had even skipped a few days on his favorite past time - peeking at others.

Su Ming continued copying the second Style that granted him extreme speed, controlled the arrangement of his Divine General Armor, trained his body, and made the final preparations for Sky Mist Shaman Hunt.

Zi Che's injuries had become better. As for Zhuo Ge, Su Ming had told Zi Che to deliver his head to the first summit, to Si Ma Xin's cave abode.

In truth, there was something bothering Su Ming, but that question did not involve Si Ma Xin. It was meant for his second senior brother instead, but he did not ask him. Perhaps second senior brother had his own secrets, that was why he could not cure Zi Che beforehand.

Ever since Bai Su came back, she did not look for Su Ming for the past half a month, which was a rarity. It was as if she had run into something that threw her into doubt and she needed time to think about it carefully.

Half a month later, when she arrived once more, Su Ming saw more of what reminded him of Bai Ling on her.

The returned Bai Su had returned to her usual self - spoiled and wilful. She would occasionally try to disturb Su Ming, but the price

she had to pay every single time was her having to hang upside down in the air, which was something she was already used to.

Time passed by this way slowly, until there were only less than two months until Sky Mist Shaman Hunt! During those final two months, even Su Ming, who never went down the mountain, could feel an oppressive air enveloping Freezing Sky Clan, just like the calm before a storm.

One day, when Zi Che returned, he brought an invitation card for Su Ming.

That invitation belonged to the biggest trading square nearby and was given to him by the auction committee. The auction this time would be the biggest within Freezing Sky Clan's territory before the battle!

The committee was not composed of people from the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky but from Western Sea Clan! This was a custom, a custom that would only happen during the great war that only happened once a century. There would also be quite a number of people from Western Sea Clan who would also receive invitations from Freezing Sky Clan to join their own large-scale auction.

Su Ming was originally not too interested in this sort of auction, right until the moment he saw something that would be auctioned among the list of items on the invitation card, something that made his heart pound heavily against his chest!

It was an undamaged cauldron to create medicinal pills!



# Chapter 297: Phantom Fork Puppet

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The auction would be held five days later. It was a large auction that would not just be attended by those within Freezing Sky Clan, but even the wealthy people from the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky would also send representatives to take part.

The people from nearby tribes and even some tribes located further away also knew about large auctions that would only be held once a century like this one. These people would usually leave before the date of the auction itself, and they were most probably on the way to the auction at the moment.

Most of the people who were going to the auction were going as buyers, but there were also quite a number who were coming from all over the place to sell their personal belongings to the auction committee.

With the invitation card in hand, Su Ming's gaze swept past that cauldron. He quelled the excitement racing in his heart, closed his eyes, and pondered over it for a moment before handing the invitation card back to Zi Che.

"We'll depart three days later."

Zi Che quickly agreed to it and took back the invitation card respectfully before placing it away in his bosom. His injuries were already healed, and he had also learned of what the ninth summit had done for him after he was injured from Hu Zi. He was deeply moved by their actions, especially since he was excommunicated

from the second summit.

The ninth summit's actions made Zi Che feel warmth in his heart, and he no longer cared about his status of a servant. To him, the ninth summit was already a place he could settle in.

Besides, the seals on his body had also been removed ever since he was cured. Zi Che could be said to have been freed, but by his own free will, he still continued staying in the ninth summit and by Su Ming's side.

He was already used to this sort of life, and he did not feel uncomfortable with it.

He had a deep understanding of Su Ming's strength. The little bits of contact they had with each other made Zi Che harbor a deep respect towards Su Ming. Once he put away the invitation card, Zi Che hesitated for a moment.

"Uncle master... you already have sixteen ice hoops on yourself... I believe that if you put too much external weight on yourself and it becomes difficult for your body to handle it, it won't be good for you."

Su Ming cast Zi Che a glance before a smile appeared on his face.

"It's fine."

Zi Che nodded. He was not in a position to say it in a

straightforward manner, but since he saw that Su Ming understood what he was trying to convey, he bowed and moved back.

Su Ming was sitting on the platform outside his cave and had already been sitting for a long time without getting up; the sun had risen and set multiple times. It was not that he did not want to get up, but because the weight of those sixteen ice hoops added together on his legs were like that of a mountain added to Su Ming's body.

In the beginning, he had felt as if his legs and upper body were about to be torn apart, and he was only starting to get used to it during these past few days, but standing up was still a gargantuan task to him.

Still sitting, Su Ming lifted his right hand. With a flick of his wrist, a black fork of only three inches appeared on his palm.

That fork was like a three-pronged trident. It was entirely black, and at the top of the fork, a faint, ghastly glow could be seen. If he looked at it for a prolonged period of time, he could hear faint screams of ghosts.

Su Ming stared at the thing and mumbled under his breath, "Phantom Fork..."

This item was one of the things he had 'lost' in Phantom Dais Tribe that second senior brother had reminded him of. As of now, he had 'gotten' it back. Originally, if Su Ming had gone on to

examine it himself, he would have needed quite some time to do so.

Yet with second senior brother's help, this fork had become connected with Su Ming as if they had fused together. He could use his thoughts alone to control it, and with Su Ming adding another layer on it with his divine sense in the form of a Brand, his skills with the Phantom Fork became as good as of those from Phantom Dais Tribe.

"Di, Ta, Che!"

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes as he uttered those three strange sounds. The moment those three syllables left his mouth, the Phantom Fork in his hand started letting off black smoke.

In an instant, that black smoke grew incredibly thick and gathered on Su Ming's palm. That ball of smoke grew in size and eventually spread to an area of a few hundred feet. As it floated in midair, the black smoke tumbled about and gradually merged together to form a gigantic figure of a person.

That person seemed to contain an immeasurable amount of power. His face was blurred out and could not be seen. His entire body was formed by that black smoke and he looked like a malicious spirit, but in truth, that thing was not a ghost. In fact, it did not even have life.

It was just a puppet, a Phantom Puppet that was made with a spirit using a unique method created by Phantom Dais Tribe! That

puppet could transform into all sorts of things and there were no limits to it. Anything it imitated, it could do so down to every detail, and it could even imitate the particular object's presence.

Right then, that gigantic puppet landed on the platform. It lifted its muscular arms and grabbed Su Ming, then tensing up the muscles in its arms, it lifted Su Ming's body, which he himself could not move, before placing him on its shoulder.

Since the start, Su Ming did not say anything. That thing was under his control, and he only needed to focus his divine sense on it for him to be able to move it like he was moving his own body.

The giant puppet carried Su Ming over its shoulder and walked forward with huge steps. Every single time it took a step, the ice on the platform would let out low rumbling sounds, a clear sign that Su Ming's weight at the moment was abnormal.

The puppet moved forward and gradually brought Su Ming back into his cave abode. That puppet could change its form as much as it wanted, and as it moved forward, its body gradually shrank, causing it to be able to enter the house door even though it was carrying Su Ming.

The puppet carried Su Ming until he was in the room specially made for He Feng. When he was there, Su Ming's eyes flashed. He Feng's fusion with the Wings of the Moon had reached its final stage. If he succeeded this time, then when He Feng reappeared before him, he would be of a great help when Su Ming ventured into the land of the Shamans.

At this moment, He Feng's entire body was surrounded by a layer of blood mist, preventing it from being seen clearly. That blood mist would occasionally tumble about, making it seem exceptionally bizarre.

Su Ming looked at it for a moment before the puppet under him took a few steps back while still carrying him. They went into another room within the cave. The moment they arrived, a medicinal scent wafted into Su Ming's nose. This particular room was huge, and the floor in the room was not made of ice, but was instead covered in a layer of dirt.

That dirt was brought back by Zi Che from a faraway place under Su Ming's orders. Once they placed it inside, it allowed Su Ming to be able to plant most of the herbs he had 'lost' in Phantom Dais Tribe.

Originally, these herbs could not survive in this place, but with second senior brother's help, who had used a mysterious method, he had managed to make those herbs grow on this patch of dirt.

However, there was a condition to it. He had to bury a large amount of golden stone coins filled with spirit power under the soil.

'I'll need to make ample preparations for the trip to the land of the Shamans, because this is definitely not going to be a short venture...'

A contemplative look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He had gone to the land of the Shamans before. While it had only lasted for a few days, the hardships he faced during those few days was something that would be very difficult for him to forget.

Once he went into the land of the Shamans and got himself in a dangerous situation like that one before, the preparations he made now would become the source for him to protect his life.

As he continued thinking in silence, the puppet under him took one huge step forward. With rumbling sounds echoing in the air, he moved to another room. Within that room were seven different beast bones, and an incredible might could be sensed from each of those bones. These bones came from ferocious beasts that were at the level of Berserkers in the Awakening Realm when they were still alive.

Right then, their bones were covered in herbs that Su Ming had planted on them quite some time ago.

There were seven bodies right beside those bones, and there were no signs of decay to be found on them. Even if they looked like dead people, if anyone took a closer look, they would be able to sense a faint life force coming from their bodies.

These seven people did not have Berserker Marks!

There were numerous rather complex looking Totems carved on their faces. If Su Ming had not seen the Shamans before, he would have thought that these seven people belonged to some unique

tribe in the land of Berserkers.

Yet when Su Ming brought these seven bodies away from Phantom Dais Tribe, he could tell with just one glance that they were Shamans, though he had no idea how they were captured by Phantom Dais Tribe.

‘I just need one more month and then I’ll be able to create Spirit Plunder again... If I can create three Spirit Plunders in a go, then I’ll be able to open another door in that strange dimension and gain a new recipe for another medicinal pill.

‘It’s a pity that I still don’t have enough materials to create the Welcoming of Deities. From what I understand of that dimension, opening the doors is akin to me offering sacrifices. The more of a type of pill I have to offer, the quality and usefulness for that type of pill will be lower, but if I have to offer less of something, the quality will be higher.

‘The numbers of all the offerings required were different, but only the Welcoming of Deities required no offerings.’

The memory of him entering the mysterious dimension when he was in Dark Mountain and obtaining the method to create the Welcoming of Deities surfaced in Su Ming’s head.

‘The spider’s ninth leg, the tail fin of the deviant snake, the small black figure... Right now, I only have one of them.’



Su Ming frowned. The puppet under him walked out of the cave and returned to the platform. Once it placed him down, Su Ming returned to sitting cross-legged.

With a glint in his eyes, he lifted his right hand, and a purple bug appeared on his palm. That bug's name was Purple Harmony, and it was the same thing Phantom Dais' Phantom Equal had given him.

'I wonder what will happen once my snake swallows this Purple Harmony...'

Su Ming hesitated for a moment but did not try it. He remembered the Phantom Equal mentioning that if he failed, then the creature that swallowed Purple Harmony will die.

Unless it was completely necessary, then Su Ming was not willing to try something as risky as this, and it also was that he did not have too much confidence in succeeding.

Three days passed by quickly as Su Ming continued observing He Feng's condition and preparing the materials to make Spirit Plunder.

The auction that was about to be held had garnered a lot of attention from all the nine summits in Freezing Sky Clan's Great Frozen Plains. Quite a lot of people had already left for the auction in teams, though some had also chosen to leave alone.

As for the ninth summit, Hu Zi was still living his life, happily getting drunk, and did not pay the slightest attention to the auction. Second senior brother continued planting his flowers and occasionally going to bother Zi Yan during the day.

Eldest senior brother was still in isolation. Su Ming only learned that the black man was one of eldest senior brother's slaves later. From that one clue, he formed a guess regarding his eldest senior brother's identity.

Tian Xie Zi was rarely seen. Even if Su Ming spotted him, he would be flying off in different directions in the morning after letting out a loud roar while wearing different colored robes.

On the fourth morning, the puppet from the Phantom Fork turned into a gigantic black beast with Su Ming sitting on its back. Zi Che followed beside him respectfully. They were just about to leave the ninth summit when Bai Su came.

With Bai Su's appearance, their trip this time became a trip in a party of three instead of two.

The three of them sat on the puppet's body and turned into a black long arc that shot out of the ninth summit. They flew towards the place where the auction would be held.

As they traveled forward, they met many other Freezing Sky Clan disciples who were also going to the place. All of them turned to look at the black beast that was about 300 feet in size, but when they saw Zi Che and Su Ming sitting on the puppet, they quickly

moved out of the way.

## Chapter 298: Su Ming of the Ninth Summit!

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The puppet beast was entirely black and did not have any fur on its body. It looked like a giant on all fours that was running forward like the wild beasts on land. It was precisely because of its bizarre appearance that most of those who saw them on the way would turn their gazes aside and avoid them.

During these days, the incident of the ninth summit fighting against Northern Frontier Tribe had become one of the many rumors circulating about the ninth summit. There were still plenty who did not believe it, but since this matter was related to the reputation of Northern Frontier Tribe and the tribe had still not come up to say anything about it, gradually, the believability of this rumor increased.

It was especially so when some of those who knew people from Northern Frontier Tribe asked about it and obtained an answer that struck them dumb. It did not matter whether that incident was real, their attitude towards the ninth summit had changed because of it.

That change was not of them wanting to get in touch with the ninth summit, but of them avoiding the ninth summit like the plague.

When they saw Zi Che, even if there were those who had never seen Su Ming would be able to tell at first glance that the young man with a scar on his face sitting beside Zi Che was the ninth summit's Su Ming!

The Su Ming who could fight against Si Ma Xin and who emerged unscathed even though he went to fight against Northern Frontier Tribe in a fit of rage!

Su Ming sat calmly on the puppet beast's back with his eyes closed. He did not want to waste even a single moment of time, using all the time available to let his body get used to the weight of the sixteen ice hoops.

He had the confidence that when he could move and fly around like how he usually did, then once he took off those ice hoops, his speed would become even greater.

He had been thinking lately that he should not put all those ice hoops on his legs, because if he did that, it would be difficult for him to control his body efficiently. He was thinking that once he started getting used to this weight, he would add ice hoops to the other parts of his body so that he could find some form of balance so that he could stay in control of his body movement.

‘It’s a pity that there’s too little time left until Sky Mist Shaman Hunt. There’s only less than two months left...’

While Su Ming was immersed in his thoughts with his eyes closed, Zi Che sat beside him calmly. He was completely unperturbed by the people they met on the way avoiding them while also paying attention to them. Neither was he bothered by the faint sounds of discussions occasionally falling into his ears.

Yet he remained constantly alert and would occasionally scan his

surroundings. If anything that would pose a threat to Su Ming appeared, he would rush out as soon as he discovered that danger and stand before Su Ming.

There was a hint of excitement on Bai Su's face. It had been a long time since she was avoided by others as she traveled, while having them occasionally looking over at her to observe her as well. This sort of thing had only happened when she was traveling with Si Ma Xin.

She did not expect that something like this would also happen when she was by Su Ming's side.

The treatment may seem the same, but in truth, it was two different experiences for her. When she was with Si Ma Xin, the gazes directed towards him were filled with respect, admiration, and reverence.

Even if they moved out of the way for them, they usually did so in respect. Si Ma Xin would also smile and nod towards those people in thanks.

As for her, she would also need to smile beside Si Ma Xin and maintain the same poise as him by smiling and facing all those people. She had originally thought this to be rather good, but once she had something to compare it with...

The situation right now was different. The gazes directed towards them were doubtful and held hints of them not wanting to have anything to do with Su Ming and the others. Most of the

time, when they moved away, it was not out of respect, but due to the rumors that had been going around about the ninth summit lately.

Bai Su did not need to force herself to maintain her smile. She could glare at those people who avoided them on the way as much as she wanted. If she was unhappy, she could even spit in their direction. It allowed her to feel relaxed, and compared to when she was with Si Ma Xin, she preferred this a whole lot more.

Bai Su's gaze fell on Su Ming. As she watched him sitting with his eyes closed, a smile appeared on her face. However, that smile was mischievous, and no one could have any idea what she just cooked up in her head.

The puppet beast was not slow. When dusk arrived on the fourth day, they could see a tribe formed from a large amount of temporarily set up tents on the vast plain of snow before them.

The tribe was huge, and right in its middle was a stage built with a large amount of wood. There were around a thousand people sitting around it. It was a grand sight. Just by looking at it, people could feel a mighty presence coming from that spot.

As of then, there were a lot of Berserkers within that tribe, traveling in and out of those tents. There were also quite a number of men with extraordinary power decked in armor patrolling the area with aloof expressions on their faces.

Their clothes were distinctly different from those who went to

the square to trade. There was a symbol of a sun rising from the sea horizon on their clothes. It was a unique symbol, and if anyone saw it, they would definitely be able to remember it.

Because that sun rising from the sea was bloody red, as if there was a murderous aura coming right at those looking at it.

There were also some strange looking buildings around the tribe which looked like swords that were stuck in the ground. However, those swords were the size of ships that were about one thousand feet tall. They stood tall in the area, and there were quite a large number of them around. If anyone bothered to count, they would find eighteen such buildings in the square.

Due to the puppet beast, Su Ming, Zi Che, and Bai Su's arrival instantly caught the attention of the people in the area. Three people immediately flew up from among the patrolling team and charged towards the incoming puppet beast.

"Stop!"

The three patrolling guards arrived quickly and stopped before the puppet beast. Their eyes as they looked at Su Ming and the others were cold, with hints of animosity shining through. Their gazes continuously landed on the puppet beast as if they were observing it.

One of them turned his gaze towards Zi Che right from the get go, and soon, he brought out a beast skin scroll from his bosom, opened it up, and cast a few glances at it.



"Western Sea Clan Auction Committee welcomes Zi Che of Freezing Sky Clan's second summit, and also seventh summit's Miss Bai Su."

The person checking the beast skin scroll lifted his head and a smile appeared on his face. He wrapped his fist in his palm towards Zi Che and Bai Su, and as he spoke, his gaze swept past Su Ming, who was still sitting on the puppet beast with his eyes closed. A hint of uncertainty appeared on his face.

Zi Che narrowed his eyes. He was not surprised by Western Sea Clan knowing his name. The exchange of auction locations this time by the two big clans was not just to sell items, it was also to provide both tribes a chance to observe the other.

Before they came here, they must have made detailed investigations. Recognizing Zi Che and Bai Su was only to be expected.

"You flatter me. How may I address you?" Zi Che wrapped his fist in his palm to return the greeting and spoke in a low voice.

He could tell with just one glance that the person holding the beast skin was the leader among the three people who came to them. This person was not weak. He should be around the middle stage of the Awakening Realm.

The other two were at the initial stage of the Awakening Realm.

"I am not that famous within Western Sea Clan. You won't be too interested in knowing my name. The auction will be held tomorrow, please come with me and I'll bring you to your lodgings to rest."

The man holding the beast skin smiled. When he spoke as he shook his head to deny giving his name, a glint appeared in his eyes and he looked towards Su Ming.

"Brother, you look quite unfamiliar. If you don't have an invitation card, you aren't allowed to enter this place." As he spoke, the expressions of the two other people beside him turned colder and they looked towards Su Ming.

Zi Che frowned. He took one step, and just as he was about to speak, Su Ming opened his eyes.

His gaze was calm as he looked towards the three people standing before the puppet beast. With a wave of his right arm, his invitation card immediately flew out in the form of a long arc towards the man with the beast skin.

That invitation card flew out so quickly that it whistled in the air, flung out by Su Ming, sounding as if it had just broken through space itself. It made the man holding the beast skin change his expression and quickly retreat, but before he could take even a few more steps backwards, the invitation card had already arrived at the center of his brows, and it was not showing any signs of slowing down. By the looks of it, it was going to pierce through the

center of the man's brows.

The man's pupils shrank. As he retreated, a strong presence exploded from within him. Black mist also surrounded his body and turned into a set of armor that was similar to Su Ming's but was still different in terms of its details.

Even so, that armor was still a true set of Divine General Armor. The moment it appeared, a mighty pressure spread out from him, causing the man's hair to move without wind, though shock could still be seen on his face.

The invitation card suddenly came to a halt when it was three inches away from the center of the man's brows. It floated there unmoving, causing all the preparations made by the man holding the beast skin to turn completely useless. Even if he had not done anything and remained still, that invitation card would still not have caused any damage to him.

With a dark expression, he looked at Su Ming, who was looking at him with a calm gaze from on top of the puppet beast. The moment their gazes met in midair, a booming sound resounded in the head of the man holding the beast skin. He staggered a few steps back.

All of this happened within an instant, and it happened so quickly that the man's two companions did not manage to react to it. Only once it was over did anger appear on their faces, but they were also inwardly shocked by the invitation card's speed.

Zi Che was also shocked. He did not expect that this ordinary looking person would turn out to be a Divine General. Either he truly was not famous within Western Seal Clan, or... he was hiding his identity on purpose and was secretly observing all the Freezing Sky Clan disciples as he hid himself in the patrol team.

But a pity, because he ran into Su Ming!

"That's the invitation card," Su Ming said calmly, and his words were uttered at a moderate pace.

The face of the man holding the beast skin turned pale. He remained silent for a moment, but in the end, he did not touch the invitation card. Instead, he walked towards Su Ming and wrapped his fist in his palm to greet him.

"I am Western Sea Clan's Ao Chen Tai. How may I address you?"

"Su Ming, of the ninth summit." Su Ming did not choose to hide his identity. He simply answered unhurriedly.

Ao Chen Tai's expression changed. He looked at Su Ming closely and was just about to speak when out of the many tents, adorned with golden pictures, on the ground, a middle-aged man walked out. That man wore a purple robe, had fair skin, and his eyes were as bright as lightning. He took one step into the air, and before he even arrived, his laughter had already reached their ears.

"So it's a guest from the ninth summit. Chen Tai, stand down, I

have to personally receive those from the ninth summit."

# Chapter 299: Pardon Me

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Ao Chen Tai took a few steps back and bowed respectfully towards the purple-robed man who was walking over.

"Greetings, Clan Elder."

His two companions standing by his side put on respectful expressions on their faces and bowed towards the purple-robed man as a greeting.

A smile appeared on the purple-robed man's face as he walked in the air and came up to the puppet beast. He did not look at Zi Che or Bai Su, but instead kept his gaze trained on Su Ming as he smiled at him and nodded his head.

"You're senior Tian Xie Zi's new disciple?"

Su Ming looked calm as his gaze fell on the purple-robed man. With just one glance, he could tell that this person was not in the Awakening Realm but was a powerful Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm.

Su Ming had always acted as such - if the other party was courteous towards him, then he would rarely act in an overbearing manner. Even if he could not move as of then, he still made the puppet beast under him shrink rapidly with one thought before it turned into a ball of black mist that surrounded the area under Su Ming's waist. That black mist rapidly merged together, and in the span of a few breaths, the puppet beast disappeared.

Su Ming stood in the sky, and nothing out of ordinary could be seen, but in truth, he was still sitting down cross-legged. The legs that the others saw were formed by the Phantom Fork, which meant that the Phantom Fork Puppet had turned into Su Ming's legs and was supporting him so that he could walk around like a normal person.

"My Master is indeed Tian Xie Zi." Su Ming wrapped his fist in his palm and greeted the purple-robed man.

A look of curiosity appeared in the purple-robed man's eyes once he saw the puppet beast shrinking under Su Ming.

"Looks like the rumors I heard lately about the ninth summit and Northern Frontier Tribe are true. The Phantom Fork Puppet is unique only to Phantom Dais Tribe. Outsiders can seldom get their hands on it."

Su Ming smiled faintly and did not speak.

"Brother Su, since you're under Tian Xie Zi, you must be of the same seniority as me. Brother Su, I am Chang Yi. This way, please!" the purple-robed man said with a smile, then turned his body to the side in an invitation.

"Brother Chang, please lead the way!" Su Ming smiled and wrapped his fist in his palm.

The both of them moved at the same time. With just one step, the purple-robed man traveled approximately 400 feet away. He did not need to turn his head back to know that Su Ming was about 200 feet behind him. Chang Yi's expression was calm, but he had already formulated a guess, which he believed was accurate, within his heart regarding Su Ming's power.

With his power, he could tell that Su Ming was not hiding his speed but was truly slower than him. He could also tell that the black mist formed by Phantom Dais Tribe's puppet surrounding Su Ming's legs had the purpose of increasing his speed.

'He sure is arrogant to turn the puppet into his legs while he continues sitting down.'

The purple-robed man smiled, not too bothered by it. Instead, he slowed down and waited for Su Ming for a while. Once Su Ming came up to his side, he started walking once again.

"Brother Su, your hobby is rather unique. I haven't even experienced such a luxurious act before." As they moved forward, the purple-robed man smiled towards Su Ming and his gaze swept past Su Ming's legs.

"It seems like I have made a fool of myself before you, brother Chang. I can't stand up. I hope you will forgive me for this," Su Ming said with a smile, shaking his head.

Zi Che calmly followed beside Su Ming. Bai Su was originally the same, and she had been looking around the area curiously, but the



moment she heard the purple-robed man's words, she frowned. Yet when she saw that Su Ming did not mind his words, she remained silent.

"Oh? You can't get up? Could it be that your cultivation method has caused your legs to be impaired?" The purple-robed man put on a surprised face.

"You can say that." Su Ming nodded his head.

"A pity, such a pity. But Western Sea Clan's sacred medicine is among the list of items to be auctioned off this time. It might be able to help you." As he spoke, the purple-robed man descended from the sky to the snow in the tribe. Before him was a small tent, and it was clearly the temporary lodgings prepared for Su Ming and the others.

"This is your..."

He was still smiling as he spoke, but before he could finish his sentence, a sudden loud boom rang from beside him. That booming sound was so loud that it even caused the earth to tremble and the snow on the ground to fly at least ten feet into the air. It was as if there was a force that just impacted the ground, and that force was sweeping outwards with this area acting as its center.

The tents in the area were torn off the ground. Almost all the people in the tribe swiftly turned their gazes toward them.

The purple-robed man's expression drastically changed and disbelief shone in his eyes. As he looked at Su Ming, he was momentarily stunned.

He saw the loud rumbling sound start the instant the legs formed by Su Ming's puppet landed on the ground. It was as if a tall mountain fell from the sky and crashed on the ground, causing the earth to tremble and huge gusts of wind to spread out.

The instant the legs landed on the ground, he also saw the legs being unable to withstand that strong force and turning into a thick layer of black mist. As the mist spread outwards, Su Ming, who had been sitting within, was also exposed, and it caused him to fall down with another bang on the ground.

The purple-robed man took a deep breath. He had clearly felt the earth's tremors and sensed that the source of it all was Su Ming!

‘Just... just what did this person bring with him?! How could it be so heavy?!’

The pupils of the purple-robed man shrank. He just remembered Su Ming's speed just now and his previous assumptions. Yet by the looks of it now, his assumptions were like a joke. This person was only slightly behind him when he was carrying a weight akin to a mountain on him. If he took that weight away, then his speed...

When the purple-robed man reached that particular train of thought, he could not help but be stunned.

"Su Ming! He's Su Ming!"

The people around them had gathered their gazes on them due to the two booming sounds and the earth's tremors just now. When they saw Su Ming sitting on the ground, someone instantly recognized him.

"That's Su Ming? The fourth disciple of the ninth summit?"

"That's right. I saw him fighting against Si Ma Xin before. Look, there's Zi Che standing beside him as well."

"He actually came here..? Interesting. I heard that eldest senior sister Tian Lan Meng, senior brother Si Ma Xin, and a lot of other powerful Berserkers who have a spot on Great Frozen Plain's ranking board have also come. The auction this time is definitely going to be interesting."

"It's the auction hosted by Western Sea Clan that is only held once a century, of course it'll attract these sorts of people. I heard that this is only a normal auction too. Once this auction is over, they will be hosting another, smaller auction. But to attend that, the person must at least have attained great completion for the Bone Sacrifice realm, and most of them will be those old men in the Berserker Soul Realm."

Within the temporary tribe built by Western Sea Clan for the auction was another tent located not too far away from Su Ming. Inside that tent was a handsome man sitting cross-legged. Right then, that man opened his eyes, and he looked as if he could see

through the tent and look at the world outside.

"Su Ming..." the man said calmly, and a murderous glint appeared briefly in his eyes. That man was Si Ma Xin! There were quite a number of temporarily set up tents surrounding Si Ma Xin's own. These tents were all filled with Freezing Sky Clan disciples, and they all treated him as their leader. They would only listen to his orders.

In another direction of the tribe was a rather remote area with only eight tents. Right in the center of that area was a white tent, and within that tent was a woman. There was a white wooden chip placed before her. She brushed her index finger across that piece of wood with a frown on her face.

Behind her was a pretty girl who was combing the woman's dark locks. Occasionally, she would peek over the woman's shoulders to look at the wooden chip.

"Eldest senior sister, you've been drawing for a long time. What exactly are you drawing?"

The woman sitting in the tent was incredibly beautiful. When she heard the question, she lifted her head and was just about to speak, but she suddenly frowned, then turned her head towards the direction where Su Ming was at the moment in the tribe.

"He's also here..." That woman was, naturally, Tian Lan Meng.

At the same time, the people sitting within the eighteen sword-ship like objects sticking out of the ground opened their eyes and looked towards the spot where Su Ming was.

Most of the people sitting inside the eighteen sword-ship hybrids were old men. When they looked over to that spot, shock appeared on their faces.

The two bangs had attracted the entire tribe's attention. Su Ming frowned, then using his divine sense, he had the black mist that was formed from the puppet gather once again to cover the area below his waist. Then, slowly, he had those legs stand up, making it seem as if he was the one standing up from a seated position.

"Pardon me, there is something wrong with my body, so it's a little hard for me to control myself right now. I suppose this is my lodging?" Su Ming put on an apologetic look to the purple-robed man staring at him with a dumbfounded expression not too far away.

The purple-robed man sucked in a deep breath, and his gaze, as he looked towards Su Ming, immediately became different. He wrapped his fist in his palm towards him.

"Brother Su, you are mistaken. This is definitely not a place for someone like you to stay. Not only is this place shabby, it's also noisy. Brother Su, this way. There is an empty spot to the north. It's much quieter there, and it's definitely a suitable spot for you to train.

"After all, this auction will last for several days. Brother Su, this way, please!"

A warm look of welcome appeared on the purple-robed man's face. That was an attitude used only when giving respect to the strong and when treating someone else as an equal. It might seem similar, but anyone with a discerning eye could see the small differences in his actions.

"Then... I will have to trouble you, brother Chang." Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he smiled and nodded.

Under the purple-robed man's lead, they weaved their way through the tribe. On the way, all the Freezing Sky Clan members, who saw them, would mostly smile and nod towards him, though they still looked quite uncertain about him.

This lasted until they reached the northern section of the tribe. The place was indeed much quieter. There were not many tents around the place, and the few that were around were spaced out far in-between.

"This place will be suitable for you as a training place, brother Su. If you have anything you need, you can tell me now. If you don't have any now but think of something later, you can search for a patrolling Western Sea Clan disciple. We'll try our best to fulfil your request up to your satisfaction." The purple-robed man smiled and wrapped his fist around his palm to Su Ming.

"Thank you, brother Chang. I'm fine with everything as of now,"

Su Ming said with a smile.

"If that is the case, then I will take my leave for now. I'll have someone send you the pictures of the items that will be auctioned this time. You can take a look at them beforehand.

"Of course, the items listed here are just a part of the items we will auction off later. There are some that were only recently added to the list by other people, and we haven't found the time to update the list." The purple-robed man smiled and nodded towards Su Ming before he wrapped his fist in his palm to bid farewell.

As of then, Zi Che had already brought out some skin tents from his storage bag and set them up in an empty spot. There were two tents, and they were for Su Ming and Bai Su. He had not felt the need to prepare one for himself. The entrance to Su Ming's tent would be the spot where he would meditate and stand guard.

# Chapter 300: Su (1)

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To the north of the tribe was a rather spacious snow plain. In that snow plain was a tent, and within that tent, Su Ming sat on a beast skin spread on top of the snow. The beast skin cut off the cold from the snow, causing the person sitting on it to not feel too cold.

There was a brazier that was roasted to a red shade in the tent. Due to the heat coming from the brazier, the snow on the ground was rapidly melting away. Once the snow inside the tent completely melted, the tent would be filled with warmth.

Besides the crackling sounds from the fire burning within the brazier, the entire area was silent. As Su Ming remained seated, a glint appeared in his eyes and the faint traces of a cold smirk could be seen on his lips.

He had made the puppet shatter on purpose so that his body, which weighed like a mountain at the moment, would fall on the ground and let out a huge bang. With this method, he could instil fear among the people of Western Sea Clan, which would make them not dare treat him poorly, which was the reason that led to the change of lodging.

It was not because Su Ming was being petty and fussing about this matter right down to the smallest detail. Instead, it was because he was no longer just representing himself this time. Most of the time, when he introduced himself, the ninth summit would be mentioned before his name.



He was one of the ninth summit. His reputation was the ninth summit's reputation. If he truly stayed in the densely packed and noisy tribe, people would look down on the ninth summit.

This was something Su Ming refused to accept, especially when there was simply not much need for him to keep too much of a low profile within Freezing Sky Clan territory.

Besides, there was another reason as to why Su Ming acted this way. He wanted to stun those who harbored animosity towards him, and especially... Si Ma Xin and Tian Lan Meng!

During the few days he had been in a contemplative silence after he received the invitation, he came to understand what exactly was going on with this auction. Due to his lack of experience, he still did not possess a monstrous amount of cunning that allowed him to understand things quickly, but if he could not understand what was going on within two hours, he could use four hours to do so. If four hours were not enough, then he would use a day. Hence, after several days went by, Su Ming had come to understand clearly what was going on.

Si Ma Xin might not have played a big part in Su Ming receiving the invitation card, because Su Ming did not think that Si Ma Xin had the ability to ask Western Sea Clan to help him.

Besides, the invitation card asked for the people of the ninth summit to participate in this auction. After some thinking, Su Ming did not think that there were any traps within the invitation itself.

However, if the ninth summit could receive the invitation, then with Si Ma Xin's fame, he would definitely attend the auction as well. Tian Lan Meng and the others would undoubtedly come too.

That was why Su Ming decided to give up on keeping a low profile. Instead, the moment he stepped into the temporary tribe built by the auction committee, in his own way, he chose to arrogantly announce his arrival as Su Ming of the ninth summit to all the people there!

Surprising Si Ma Xin was to make sure he did not make any reckless moves, because Su Ming did not want to fight in this place. Compared to Si Ma Xin, he was much more concerned about Sky Mist Shaman Hunt.

However, on the off chance that Si Ma Xin would ignore his expression of goodwill, Su Ming had also provided him with a response right after his act of stomping on the ground.

"Pardon me..."

As for Tian Lan Meng, Su Ming also wanted to surprise her, but it was for a completely different purpose compared to Si Ma Xin. Tian Lan Meng had a request to ask of him, hence the stronger Su Ming presented himself before her, the more complicated their relationship would be.

By doing so, he could turn that woman into his temporary ally, which would make things easier for Su Ming during this auction. It

did not matter whether he ran into danger or was buying things, that woman would become a great help to him.

‘After all, I don’t have a lot of stone coins on me...’

Su Ming stroked his chin and a smile appeared on his face. This was something he did not notice doing. Living in the ninth summit had caused his personality to change slightly without his knowledge. For example this scheme, before he came to Freezing Sky Clan, he would have never thought of it.

For another example, one has to remember the ‘loss’ of his things in Phantom Dais Tribe. This was also something Su Ming would have never managed to come up with in the past. All of this happened because he was slowly changed by second senior brother, Hu Zi, and... by Tian Xie Zi when he came to the ninth summit.

As Su Ming continued mulling over what was to come, he suddenly lifted his head. The heat from the brazier in the tent had melted all the snow on the ground. The ground beneath the beast skin was already toasted until it was pleasantly warm, making seem like it belonged to another world compared to the snow covered ground outside the tent.

Not long after Su Ming lifted his head, someone tapped on the tent, which was followed soon by Zi Che’s voice traveling into the tent.

"Uncle master, Western Sea Clan has sent the illustrated list of

auctioned items."

Su Ming waved his right hand, and immediately, the tent flaps were lifted. A cold gust of wind charged into the tent. It was already dark outside, but due to the contrast of the white shade of the snow on the ground, the world outside did not seem too dark, and he could still see snow floating down the ground due to the wind.

It was snowing outside.

Zi Che stood at the entrance respectfully. His hair was covered by snow and he was wearing a long robe. In his hands he held the illustrated list for the auctioned items, which was really a book made of several thick beast skins bound together.

Once the tent flaps were lifted, Zi Che walked in and placed the illustrated list respectfully before Su Ming. Then he took a few steps backwards. Once he saw that Su Ming did not have any further orders, he turned around and was about to leave...

"It's cold outside. I should have asked you to come in and keep warm inside the tent, but your cultivation method is related to the cold. This sort of weather is suitable for your training. I've been observing your power for a long time, and I think there's something lacking in it. I suggest you try listening... to the sound of snow."

Su Ming did not lift his head up. He simply spoke calmly as he flipped through the pages of the illustrated list made of beast skins.

Zi Che's footsteps came to an abrupt halt. He stood there for a moment as if he had just reached an understanding, then bowed deeply towards Su Ming before he left the tent.

A bright light appeared in Su Ming's eyes after he flipped through a few pages on the illustrated list. On that particular page was a cauldron, and some wisps of smoke were drawn above the caldron.

"The Nameless Barren Cauldron..." Su Ming mumbled. Those four words were written right on that particular page.

There were a few words written by the cauldron's name as a simple description of its origins. The detailed descriptions of its functions were not written down, however.

"As the Barren Cauldron is a tribal item from the Great Yu Dynasty, that is why all items shaped in the form of a cauldron will contain incredible power, though they are also very rare. This cauldron was taken from a tribe in the land of Shamans and was regarded as a sacred item in that tribe. It was later brought to the Berserker Tribe and offered to Western Sea Clan."

Su Ming stared at the cauldron for a moment before he flipped through the remaining pages in the list. His main target was the cauldron, that was why he did not pay too much attention to the other items, especially since this list did not contain all the items that were going to be auctioned off. There were still some that were not recorded.

When Su Ming reached the last page and his eyes fell on it a look of concentration suddenly appeared in his eyes and he brought that list up to look at that particular page closely. The more he studied it, the more brightly his eyes shone.

‘This thing is...’

A glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. He was almost certain that this thing was exactly what he thought it to be!

That thing was a mountain rock that was taller than a person. It was colorless and transparent. Yet within the rock was a human shaped thing that was completely black and looked as if it was sitting inside.

That humanoid shape thing looked like a real person. It had all four limbs, five fingers on each hand, a head, and everything else that was characteristic of a human.

Su Ming stared at the humanoid shaped thing’s hands which were placed above its knees. The illustration was a little crude and he could not see too clearly. The details were not that accurately depicted either.

"It should be that thing," Su Ming mumbled.

He already had the ninth leg of the Nine-Legged Spider for the Welcoming of Deities but was missing two more materials. If this

thing was truly one of them, then he would only need one more item before he could create the Welcoming of Deities - the scale from a python's tail.

However, Su Ming remembered that the particular scale was different from a normal python tail's scale. There were three corners on that scale.

Yet no matter what, if that small person in that mountain rock was what Su Ming needed, then it would be very important for him to get it, especially when he remembered that the Welcoming of Deities was the only medicinal pill out of all the ones he had obtained currently that did not need any offerings on the gates of the strange dimension.

This could only mean that it would be incredibly difficult to make this pill. Yet similarly, this also meant that the might of this medicinal pill would reach an unimaginable level, perhaps even surpassing that of Spirit Plunder's!

Su Ming stared at the beast skin page and slowly closed the book.

‘This auction is very interesting...’

Su Ming rubbed the center of his brows and entered into deep thought.

Before long, while Su Ming was still immersed in his thoughts, someone suddenly lifted the tent flaps, causing cold air to rush into

the tent. Su Ming did not even need to lift up his head to know who it was. There was only person who could come in without Zi Che blocking their way.

"Su Ming, I can't sleep." Bai Su wore a white beast skin blouse with her hair falling down her shoulders. She yawned and moved to Su Ming's side.

Su Ming ignored her and continued staying with his eyes half closed as he thought about the things regarding the auction.

"Su Ming, you deaf and mute jerk. You're always like this. I can't sleep. You have to talk to me, or else I won't let you have your peace." Bai Su glared at him and moved to stand before him.

"You're the one who insisted on coming." Su Ming cast a glance at Bai Su calmly.

A thought struck Bai Su's head and she said, "I don't care. I can't sleep, and I want to go out and look at the snow."

Su Ming looked at Bai Su and asked after a moment of being silent,. "You want to look at the snow?"

"That's right. I want to look at the snow. Come with me." Bai Su twirled a few locks of her hair with a finger and smiled at Su Ming.

"Sky Mist Shaman Hunt is around the corner... It's about time we end this," Su Ming mumbled. Bai Su could not hear his voice, and



he was the only one who knew clearly that he needed to make a decision.

"Alright."

Su Ming stood up and walked towards the entrance of the tent. Once he lifted the flap, he saw the silver land under the night sky. The silver light reflecting off the snow not only made him be unable to see the end of the land, it also gave him a sensation of familiarity.

"Let's go," Su Ming said softly. He waved his hand, signalling Zi Che, who was about to get up, to not follow him, then walked out with the wind, and snow falling on him.

Bai Su followed quickly behind him with a smug expression on her face. During these past few months, she had entered that strange dream multiple times. Yet those dreams were blurred out and most of them could not be seen clearly. She really wanted to know the story of the girl who looked exactly the same as her and who Su Ming had met in the past.

At that moment, she did not know that her unconscious act had caused the Berserker Seed's battle between Su Ming and Si Ma Xin reach a new height.

Si Ma Xin wanted to leave Bai Su's image in Su Ming's heart and use that familiarity of hers to make a thought blossom in Su Ming's heart, then he could use his relationship with Bai Su and turn that thought into his Berserker Seed.

Su Ming wanted to do the exact opposite. He wanted to turn Bai Su completely into Bai Ling. He would also pour his entire heart and soul into doing so, and the moment he walked out of this, he would leave no traces of himself behind, just like the wind as it blew past a place.